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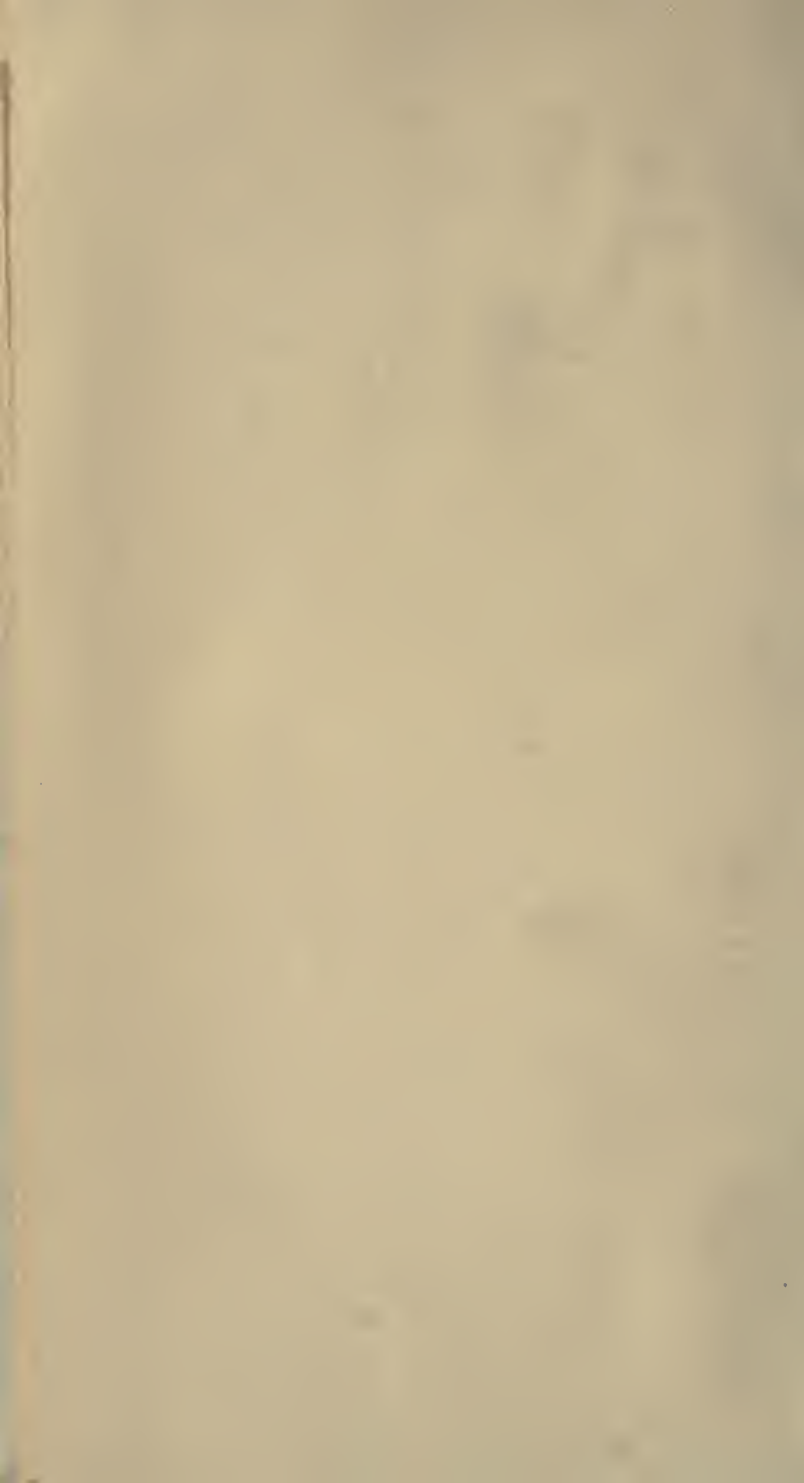
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THE
LIVING POETS
OF ENGLAND.

VOL. I.

THE
LIVING FORTS

OF THE FUTURE

OF THE FUTURE

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THE

LIVING POETS OF ENGLAND.

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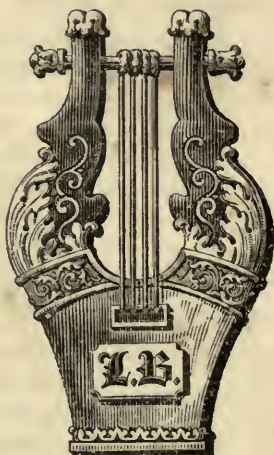
OF THE LIVING BRITISH POETS,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES

AND AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. I.



PARIS,

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ESSAY

ON

ENGLISH POETRY.

THE influence of poetry extends to every intellectual production, and as the virtue, generosity, and capacity of the young may generally be appreciated by their taste for the finer arts, so the collective mind of a nation, its tendency to improvement, or its progress in degeneracy, may be correctly estimated, by its devotion to the Muses, and the character and celebrity of its poets. Poetry is not merely the decoration but the vivifying spirit of literature. It is the wine of the mind, which not only exhilarates but strengthens. It is like the bloom on the female cheek, which at once beautifies and is a mark of health : or like the various flowers which spring up on a luxuriant soil, which both delight the eye and ascertain the fertility of the ground.

In the progress of nations from rudeness to a high state of civilization, there are, undoubtedly, periods peculiarly favourable to the production of poetic genius : but these are periods when all that is generous in sentiment and great in action is most

frequent : when the passions are simple, the manners sincere, the movements of the heart more openly exposed, a familiarity with the elemental forms of nature and life more common, and the poet and the living agent more frequently identified. Then it is that the outline of poetry is simple and grand, the expression natural, and the sentiments familiar : that the strain touches every heart, and finds a responsible echo in every bosom. But when books are multiplied and learning becomes a distinct occupation, nature is seen through the spectacles of books; one work is the reflection or shadow of another, and the productions of the poet are too allusive and too learned to be understood or felt by the mass of society. Yet there are no circumstances or states of life which a vigorous genius may not occupy, and Goldsmith, Cowper, and Crabbe have lately proved, that it can embellish the most vulgar scenes, can dignify the most trivial occupations, and find its proper material in the most common and familiar subjects.

The peculiar qualities of English poetry may be traced up to three distinct sources. The first and most ancient is the Oriental or Scriptural. The poets of this class were accustomed to a narrow and uniform appearance of life, and a language rude and circumscribed. Their images therefore are few and often repeated, and their means of expression scanty : but they derived from inspiration or primitive tradition the most profound and spiritual

views of the divine essence, and the permanent relations of moral agents, and they may be properly regarded as the genuine sources of that purer feeling which so advantageously distinguishes the English poetry from the Greek and Roman : that feeling by which all the workings and appearances of external nature are associated with the great mover of the universe, and considered in their direct and remote connection with spiritual and moral creatures.

The second source is the Grecian or classical. The Greeks were favoured with the advantages of a benignant climate, a delicate organization, and a rich and flexible language. With them poetry appeared in its most graceful and attractive dress. Its four principal forms, the Lyric, in which the poet, as if inspired by the immediate influence of the Muse, is himself the agent; the Epic, in which he narrates the actions of others; the Dramatic, in which he exhibits them as personally acting; and the Didactic, in which he puts on the character of a teacher; these were all suddenly struck out in their highest vigour and perfection. In their earliest poets, Homer, Æschylus, and Pindar, we have the poetry of the Greeks, with some mixture of those higher associations which belong to and were borrowed from the east. But as this people, above all others, were captivated by the clear and precise beauty of external form, they soon forsook whatever seemed vague, indefinite, and casual,

and cultivated poetry as an art, capable of producing certain effects by known and applicable causes. Amongst them, therefore, the principles of a just and severe taste were first expanded. In their study of the works of nature they discerned the important effects of unity in design and a due adjustment and symmetry of parts, of simplicity in the whole, and propriety of detail, for producing the grand or the beautiful. They transferred these secrets of nature to the art of poetical composition, and they carefully reduced all its various kinds to their purest and most genuine form. In all their works they considered only the ultimate effect, and to this effect, with a scrupulous severity, they sacrificed every minor ornament, every superfluous excrescence; and they thus attained those simple, majestic, and pure results which have deservedly been the admiration and model of every succeeding age. The mysteries of their art are explained in Aristotle's treatise on poetry, and to his enlightened criticism and the finished example of Homer and his followers, we are indebted for the chasteness of design and severity of execution which so honourably distinguish English and European literature from the extravagances and puerilities of the Eastern.

We are here speaking of the first or genuine school of Grecian poetry, whilst the various states of Greece were still free, and Athens the home of the Muses. When its liberty was destroyed by

the Macedonians, its genius also seemed to be fettered. There succeeded a second race of poets, whom we shall call the Alexandrine, because many of them lived and studied at Alexandria under the protection of the Ptolemies. They were of extensive learning but feeble genius : they imitated but seldom equalled their predecessors. The only kind of poetry which the Romans added to the common stock is the satire, by which is meant not what that name commonly implies, but a miscellaneous poem on a variety of subjects, loosely thrown together, and connected by some casual principle of association; which is the form of many of the best poems in the English language.

The third source is the northern, Gothic, or German. These tribes, from which most of the European nations are partly descended, were strongly influenced by their physical circumstances. They inhabited vast forests and marshy swamps, exposed to the fury of an inclement sky, howling winds, and rigid frosts. There was a tincture of melancholy in their moral constitution, and they regarded all the appearances of nature and vicissitudes of life, with a superstitious and awful feeling. To them we may trace the terrific form of modern poetry, which derives from the prospect of mortality and the mournful accidents of human destiny, those gloomy forebodings which pierce the soul of the reader. The notions derived from this source are strikingly exhibited in Shake-

spere's Macbeth and Hamlet, and other similar productions of English genius. But from the same source also proceeded that high and gallant respect, or even reverence for the female character, and that chivalrous contempt of danger and death, that estimation of women for virtue and men for valour, which have had a decided influence on the whole train of modern sentiment. It is probable that from them also we have learnt to look upon the picturesque variety of inanimate nature with emotion, and to discern causes of interest in the wild grandeur of the forest and the fell, or in the softer features of groves and meadows and winding streams. Another peculiar difference of ancient from modern poetry may be assigned to the same origin. The ancients delighted in the repetition of the same design, the recurrence of the same form, and were satisfied if they added some new touches to each re-appearance, and improved and embellished the existing groundwork : but in modern poetry, there is a continual demand and search for novelty : the subject, the thoughts, the language, the versification, must all be distinguished by an original character.

The modern poetry, combining all these elements of attraction, began to appear in the extemporaneous and casual works of those wandering poets who under the name of bards, troubadours, or minstrels, occupied the public ear : but it was first embodied in a lasting shape, in the *Commedia*

of Dante (1300), who conducts his reader into the invisible state, and describes the character and the condition of the departed spirits, with a severe precision, a stern dignity, and an intense and awful feeling of reality. The torch which he kindled in Italy was transmitted through a long succession of illustrious followers and rivals. It soon passed into other countries, and within a century, Chaucer, who was acquainted with the productions of Italy, merited in his Canterbury tales and other works the honourable title of the Father of English Poetry. There was in his genius much of that keen discernment of character, that familiar and homely but nervous raciness of thought and expression, that mixture of the grand, the tender, and the comic, which marks the mind of Shakespeare. Nothing but his having written before the language had reached its present improvement, and therefore being partly unintelligible to the common reader, has prevented his being commonly reckoned with the greatest names which adorn the catalogue of English poetry, or becoming a general favourite.

The wars between the rival houses blighted the first spring and promise of our literature, and not till more than a century after did it again burst forth in Spenser; who, in a maturer state of that language of whose powers he was at once an improver and an example, produced the Fairy Queen, the first great work which the lovers of

English poetry can contemplate with nearly unmixed delight. It cannot be said of Spenser, that he excels in the disposition of his work, or the propriety and relation of the several parts, or that he is strikingly eminent for the grand or pathetic, for frequent touches of simple and natural beauty : but these defects are compensated by his singular ability in exact and minute description ; by a vivid fancy, and the power of decorating the clearest images with the most gorgeous colouring of language. His work may be aptly compared to those splendid structures of his own age, which do not present to the mind some grand and simple idea of the architect, but you are led from room to room in endless succession, and are surprised and overwhelmed by a profusion of elegant or grotesque images, carved with singular minuteness and accuracy, by tapestry of splendid dye and rich embroidery, and windows whose quaint compartments shed a dim religious light, whilst they exhibit in the most brilliant hues the form of many a venerable warrior and saint.

Spenser was very soon followed by Shakespeare, a poet whose excellences and defects have been so frequently examined and so nicely discriminated, whose praise has employed the powers of so many of our most illustrious critics, and whose principal works are so universally and familiarly known, as almost to supersede remark. I shall only touch upon one or two of his predominant qualities.

The comprehensiveness of his mind, the fertility of his imagination, the range of his observation are alike unlimited. The almost incompatible extremes of mental excellence seem to congregate in his genius, and what in others might be contradictory or calamitous, is a felicity in him. With too little learning to diminish the freshness and simplicity of his own views and reflections, yet by a fortunate instinct he lights upon that just discernment of ancient or foreign characters and manners, which the most learned might escape, and placed in that happy mediocrity of station which allowed him to detect the workings of the heart and movement of the passions, unrestrained by the curb of decorum, and unveiled by the cloak of refinement, he yet equally preserves the dignity of the noble and the delicacy of the virgin heart. He comprehended the boundless extent of moral relations, and unravelled the intricate complexity of human passions, and whilst he passes with the most graceful facility from the sublime or terrible to the familiar, and from the pathetic to the gay, he has leisure to notice the most minute variation in external nature, or the slightest irregularity in moral habit. Another property which equally distinguishes him is his singular power of individualizing the passions and giving them a living form. The difficulty of effecting this was remarked even by Horace; *difficile est propriè communia dicere*, it is difficult to discriminate the general

forms of virtue and vice, as they are known abstractedly, by those peculiar traits which appropriate them to man; it is difficult to exhibit those qualities which are common to the many, with those nice and delicate touches, which mark them when embodied in the individual; but though Shakespeare has represented every passion, every shade of passion, every variety of temperament and disposition, yet his characters are never airy personifications: they are real men and women, whom we can fancy as our acquaintances, with whom we may have lived and conversed. He exemplifies more than any other that peculiar characteristic of a poetical imagination, which himself has selected :

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespeare, with his celebrated contemporaries and followers, Johnson, Massinger, and others, who display most of his faults exaggerated, and his excellences obscured, closes the first period of English poetry. ¹

¹ English literature, during this age, gathered the first fruits of the emancipation of thought effected by the reformation. Shakespeare, Bacon, Spencer, Sydney, and shortly after Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Milton, Cudworth, and Hobbes, were vast, bold, creative, and original spirits. One can sympathize with the enthusiasm of Warton, when he approaches that golden age at

For a time it seemed almost eclipsed in the strange conceits of those whom Dr. Johnson has

which his history so unfortunately terminates. Campbell equally appreciates it with the feeling of a poet. "This was an age of loyalty, adventure, and generous emulation. The chivalrous character was softened by intellectual pursuits; while the genius of chivalry itself still lingered, as if unwilling to depart, and paid his last homage to a warlike and female reign. A degree of romantic fancy remained in the manners and superstitions of the people, and allégory might be said to parade the streets in their public pageants and festivities. Quaint and pedantic as those allegorical exhibitions might often be, they were, nevertheless, more expressive of erudition, ingenuity, and moral meaning, than they had been in former times. The philosophy of the highest minds still partook of a visionary character. A poetical spirit infused itself into the practical heroism of the age, and some of the worthies of that period seem less like ordinary men than like beings called forth out of fiction, and arrayed in the brightness of her dreams. They had 'high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.' The life of Sir Philip Sidney was poetry put into action."

This age was worthy of figuring as it does in the historical pictures of the author of Kenilworth. The reception of Elizabeth at the castle of Leicester, recalls to mind all the classical divinities, as well as those of the times of chivalry, which the queen took pleasure in forming into a heterogeneous royal escort. But Sir Walter Scott has felt it necessary, also, to remark, that a general failing infected the so much admired poetry of the Elizabethan epoch; it was the fatal taste for conceits — that is to say, the mania for substituting all manner of strange associations in sound and sense, for ingenious comparisons, and even for the national eloquence of passion. This style, of which the character of Percy Shafton, in the "Monastery," is an animated satire, was engendered at the court: a region, the inhabitants of which never imagine that they shine with sufficiently brilliant *eclat*, as long as they have failed in adopting a systematic language and deportment, which may distinguish them from other men. The royal

described under the name of metaphysical poets', but resumed all its purity and splendour in Milton. Of the genius of this great man it is almost temerity to speak. Combining all natural and acquired advantages; the clearest perception of the great or the beautiful; the most profound and various learning; selecting a most exalted subject, and equalling the majesty of his subject; he has achieved an immortal work which may be fairly classed with the greatest of human performances. Yet he is one of many who must be satisfied with a limited admiration. It may be questioned whether he is, or is calculated to be, a popular poet. In all his productions more is meant than meets the ear. There are so many deep allusions, so many recondite references, every word suggests so many distant

pedant, James I. could not avoid encouraging *Euphuism*; the universities made it their tongue, and the poets, whom Johnson calls the metaphysicians, adopted it till after the first revolution. (*Ed.*)

* The phrase 'metaphysicians, imparts rather an incorrect idea of this school; for nothing can be less metaphysical than the poems and subtleties of Donne, Herrick, Cowley, and even Waller, Denham, and Carew, although the three last may not have always revered the melody of rhythm, the justness of imagery, and the elegance of terms. It is worthy of remark, that the youth of Milton escaped the fatal contagion of this pretending and mannerist style. He preferred to be misunderstood by his age, and after having composed the chaste verses of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, the *Penseroso*, and *Allegro*, he reserved for immortality the sublime creation of his great epic.

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

WORDSWORTH. (*Ed.*)

associations, that fully to understand and relish him demands a mind of no ordinary cultivation. Shakespeare therefore is the poet of the people, Milton of the learned; and though we may hesitate at the decision, the former is the highest merit, and the most glorious reward. To move the hearts, to be in the mouths of all, is the first distinction of a poet, but to attain it he must be content to be plain and intelligible, easy to the apprehension of the common mind: if his works demand earnest attention and anxious study, if his terms must be explained by notes, and his allusions illustrated by commentaries, he must be content with the worship of a chosen few.

In this respect, Dryden, to whom we next pass, is the very reverse of Milton. It would be difficult to select a writer in the whole compass of our poetry, whose style is so perspicuous and his sense so obvious. Those who mistake the obscure for the profound, and the indefinite for the sublime, will turn this excellence into a defect, and attribute it to a want of imagination: but it is more justly to be considered as a proof of the highest mental power. He had a masculine genius, a forcible conception, and a clear expression. He sometimes aimed at the highest mark; but whatever he aimed at, his wings were strong enough to bear him thither: he never miscalculated his powers or fell short of his destination. Through a long period and in a great variety of productions,

he regulated the taste, formed the language, and improved the melody of English poetry. Though deficient in dramatic effect, his tragedies must always interest, because they contain the outlines of that system of language and verse which completed the structure of our poetry. His occasional poems are excellent in their kind, and his translations and imitations have all the spirit and praise of originals. The unhappiness of his circumstances, or a carelessness of his fame, prevented his uniting the entire force of his genius in one great continuous work, and this is the only plausible pretext for denying him a place with the very first of English poets; but it ought not to be forgotten, that from the works which he actually accomplished, passages may be selected, which no poet has excelled, and that however careless of his own fame, he was not careless of the poetical language and expression of his country.

What has been said of Dryden may be applied with some modifications to Pope, his pupil and follower. They differed, inasmuch as nature predominated in the master, art in the scholar. What Dryden struck off in a rapid heat, and with a happy facility, Pope elaborated with minute attention, and fastidious refinement. Perhaps he also erred from an excessive diligence, and by pursuing too much compression and polish, lost the rich variety of cadence, and the perspicuous tone of Dryden. But whilst we subscribe to Dr. Johnson's preference

of Dryden to Pope, we must concur with him in considering both as amongst the most illustrious of our poets. We are more anxious to confirm this judgment, because an attempt has frequently been made, to distinguish our poetry into two schools, the romantic or English, and the classical or French: to the latter school Dryden and Pope are assigned, with a question, whether they or any of their followers are not rather to be deemed versifiers than poets. For such a distinction there does not seem the least foundation. They may have differed from their great predecessors in the choice of their subjects, or in the predominance of some particular faculty in their genius, and who will impute this as a fault, but those who would imperiously demand the same constitution in every mind, or limit invention to a dull monotony? But in the leading constituents of the English school, in that mixture of properties which we have endeavoured to trace to their source, all our eminent poets have abundantly shared; and surely those are entitled to a peculiar praise who have enlarged the field of poetry, by extending it to those forms of familiar or even artificial life, in which as all partake, so all are capable of feeling and estimating.

In the succeeding century many writers, amongst whom the names of Young and Thomson, of Collins, Gray and Goldsmith, may be conspicuously mentioned, were improving the language of poetry and enlarging its range; till in Cowper we arrive.

principles, and abandoned the metaphysical style to satire. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the class was the epic parody of *Hudibras*, which displays a singular combination of witty sallies, and ironical affectation.

Dryden, almost a universalian as a poet, who, in order to become the rival of Milton, only required, probably, a less dissipated mode of life, or more generous patrons, exercised the influence of his capricious taste over half a century. Bolder and more variable than Pope, profounder and more energetic as a thinker, but unequal, and less delicate, Dryden has left models of odes, epistles, satires, and didactic poetry. The imputation brought against him, that he founded the continental school, ought not to make us forget, that he revived the romantic fictions of Chaucer, without denaturalizing them by his more modern style. The refinement of Prior, and the wit of Swift, assisted Addison and Pope to regulate the progress of English poetry. The supremacy with which Addison and Pope were invested by their contemporaries, is well known. Modern critics have dethroned these two monarchs of English literature in the eighteenth century. Addison is said to be no more than a man of limited talent, an elegant prose writer, but without eloquence; a flat and timid rhymester. Wit is conceded to Pope, but little imagination; great felicity of diction, but without any other variety than that of antithesis; a satirist, a moralist, a critic,

and a good writer; but the author of the *Rape of the Lock* and *The Epistle of Heloisa* is no longer a poet. What then is to become of Boileau? It is a remarkable circumstance, which we consign to the meditation of the *romantiques*, that the two legislators of classical literature in England and France, have succeeded best in their parodies on the poetic style and thought of the ancients. Which are the most *piquant* verses of the *Lutrin* and the *Rape of the Lock*? Those which apply to customs entirely modern, and expressions appertaining to the epic manners of the heroes of Homer and Virgil.

Pope's imitators have destroyed their master in fatiguing the ear with the monotonous repetition of his rhyme. Thomson and Young were the first to make essay of a new versification. Thomson, more earnest in his enthusiasm, and more natural in the pomp of his style, because it is clear that he passionately admires that which he eulogizes; Young, hyperbolical and strained, seldom inspiring sympathy, because he is too theatrical in his complaints, as in his declamations: Glover, with the masculine energy of his Greek sentiments; the two Wartons devoted to the ages of chivalry; Gray, by turns melancholy and pathetic in elegy, sublime in his imitations of the Scalds, and truly inspired in his odes; Collins, rich like the climate wherein he introduces the personages of his eclogues; Macpherson, by the inventing of a Celtic Homer; Chatterton, by investing with his genius

a monk of the thirteenth century; Bishop Percy, in reviving the ballads of the minstrels, all prepared the great poetical revolution of 1789.

The political revolution of 1688, had done no more than disenchant the public mind. Representative governments, generally materialize too much in what respects the interests of society, to be in the first instance favourable to poetical abstractions. The *useful* and the *rational* are the divinities of the new social condition. The imagination, to use an expression of Mallebranche, is no longer any thing but the “*folle du logis*.” The soldier becomes a mercenary for twopence halfpenny per day; the knight-errant resigns his adventures in foreign countries to the merchant; philosophy analyses even religious opinions; and from all quarters is to be heard the same admonition — to distrust enthusiasm. On the other hand, the relative importance of the middle classes invites them to figure in literature as well as in the state. Under a government in which the king and the great men alone imparted the *ton*, the virtues and vices of kings and courtiers extended their usurpation even to the domain of comedy. When the *man* at length deserves to be studied in the inferior class, but while still unadapted for such poetical phraseology as was hitherto reserved, not for the portraiture of the great, but for the *beau ideal* of their social superiority; the man, I say, of the middle classes, and the noble considered as a man, are at first only

introduced into the prose of a novel. England is indebted, probably, to the democratic elements of her constitution, for the first *chef-d'œuvres* of her plebeian literature; I refer to the *common life* novels of Richardson and Fielding. Nor is it clear to me, whether such publications ought not to console the European nations for the loss of those epopees, which have been rendered almost impossible in modern manners. Meanwhile, poetry, properly so called, chilled by the progress of civilization, becoming more and more artificial, polishes its style in the drawing-rooms, but loses in that atmosphere its frank, independent, and haughty demeanour; to its impassioned style succeeds the didactic and sententious style. The charm of its compositions, thenceforward, consists in accurate and delicate remarks, and in a witty dexterity of reasoning, couched in elegant antitheses. The resources of a poetry of this description are soon exhausted. The world, with tolerable facility, becomes tired of its monotonous perfection, although the authority of the critics who have created it, and the college prejudices which have associated it with the *chef-d'œuvres* of Athens and Rome, will not allow it for a considerable time to admit the fact. At length, when the avowal that the senses are palled can no longer be delayed, a desire of strong excitement declares itself; and if, at this conjuncture, important events, wars, or (no matter what) political convulsions vehemently disturb the

public mind, poetry becomes more enthusiastic, more energetic, more impassioned; she deserts the boudoir, and shaking off the laws of a fastidious delicacy, participates in the disorder of the popular ferment. Literary England was in this situation at the approach of 1789. The poets, like the democrats, dreamed of a new social condition. The activity of politics in France, absorbed the general mind, which the despotism of an individual subsequently succeeded in suppressing, or distracting, by the clamour of his renown. All the force of a Pitt was necessary, in England, to arrest a similar impulse; the English people confined themselves, as to their interior concerns, to speculative polity; but the poets and the metaphysicians became more adventurous and fanatical. The first, especially, emancipating themselves from the authority of models, applied the most conflicting theories to practice. Reasoning, and even eloquence, were no longer sufficient qualifications for their verses. Imagination reconquered the licence it enjoyed in the time of Elizabeth; there was anarchy in all this, beyond a doubt; many attempts have not been justified by their success; but even they not unfrequently attest the erratic flights of genius. This sketch of the characteristic features which are common to the new school of poets is continued in the essay on Wordsworth and the Lake school (vol. I.), and in the comparative merits of Byron and Scott (vol. II).

(THE EDITOR.)

This selection is meant to include considerable portions of many of those contemporary poets who have had a decided influence on the English language and literature. The Editor does not consider himself responsible for all the sentiments which it comprises; but he has taken care that nothing should be admitted, which might be injurious to the morals of the reader. It is presumed that if, in the course of education, the whole of this selection be frequently read or committed to memory, the learner will find his knowledge increased; his understanding strengthened, his judgment corrected, and his power of expression enlarged; and that he will be led in riper years to examine for himself those treasures of original thought and eloquent diction, in which the English language abounds.

(ED.)

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY SKETCH.

FROM a truly interesting biographical account of this gentleman, prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, it appears, that he is a native of Ashburton, Devonshire, and was born in 1757. At the age of thirteen he became an orphan, by the loss of both his parents; was then placed on board a coaster at Brixton, by his god-father, who afterwards bound him apprentice to a shoemaker, with whom he worked till his twentieth year. About this time, some poetical trifles which he had produced, attracted the notice of a gentleman who interested himself so warmly in his behalf that a subscription was raised expressly for the purpose of purchasing the remainder of his apprenticeship, and maintaining him for a short time, while he improved himself in writing and English grammar. Such, however, was his assiduity under the master provided for him, that his patrons extended their views, and determined to send him to the university. The office of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College, Oxford, was procured for him, and thither he removed. About this time, he commenced his translation of Juvenal, which he proposed to publish by subscription, but afterwards relinquished that plan, and returned the money which he had received. Accident introduced him to the acquaintance of the late Earl Grosvenor, whose son, the present Earl, he accompanied in two successive tours to the continent, and by whom he was finally placed in ease and independence. His first avowed work was devoted to the chastisement of the poetasters of the *Della Crusca* school. He is understood to have been the editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*, or *Weekly Examiner*, as he is at present of the *Quarterly Review*.¹

¹ He has published : The Baviad, fc. 8vo. 1794. — The Mæviad, fc. 8vo. 1795. — These two works have since been re-printed, together with an epistle to Peter Pindar, and other additions, and had reached the ninth edition in 1813. — The Satires of Juvenal, translated into English verse, with notes, 4to. 1802. — Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers on the translation of Juvenal, 4to. 1803. — A Supp. to the preceding, 4to. 1804. — The Plays of Massinger, with notes, 4 v. 8vo. 1808. — The works of Ben Jonson, etc., etc.

In 1758, when the imitators of Pope's school continued to fatigue the ears by the monotony of a hundred poetical common places, dressed up in a hundred modes, a coterie, suddenly, usurped an ephemeral vogue, by celebrating platonic love, sentimental friendship, and a pretended enthusiasm for nature, or substituting the affectation and conceits of Italian literature, for the antithesis, and elegant conciseness of the classical models. The coterie *Della Crusca* was an association of *beaux esprits* and equivocal females metamorphosed into the shepherds and shepherdesses of *salons*,

Formés sur le brillant modèle
De ces bergers galans qu'a chantés Fontenelle.

Like Don Quixote and Sancho, adopting the names of Quichotis and Pancino, Mr. Merry signed *Della Crusca*; Mrs. Robinson, Laura Maria; Mrs. Piozzi, Anna Matilda, Adney Yenda; another Carlos, etc. Distributing afterwards their various parts, one was to perform Horace, and proved his title by epistles to his friends, and odes to the moon; the other became an Anacreon, and wrote stanzas to Delia; Mrs. Robinson was surnamed the English Sappho. This free academy was founded at Florence, where chance had brought together Mr. Merry, Mrs. Piozzi, and Mrs. Robinson.

Mr. Merry appertained to a family of magistrates; he was, at first, intended for the bar, but afterwards having purchased a commission, and succeeding to an independent fortune, he took up his residence in Italy, after having made the tour of the divers capitals of Europe. Retained, as it is said, at Florence by love, he devoted himself, while there, to the study of the Italian language, and was received as a member of the celebrated academy *Della Crusca*, the name of which with singular poetic pedantry, he adopted.

Mrs. Piozzi had become the wife by a first marriage of a rich brewer, Mr. Thrale, whose house the famous Dr. S. Johnson much frequented. At the death of her husband, she retired to Bath, and kept up a correspondence with her literary friend; but they quarrelled on his disapproval of her marriage with Piozzi, a music master, whom Mrs. Piozzi carried with her to Florence. She there became acquainted with the female adventurer, Mrs. Robinson, who, at first, in the character of an agreeable courtesan and afterwards in that of a seducing actress, had captivated, by turns, a royal prince and the man of the people, the famous Fox, a conquest not less illustrious.

This coterie made a collection of its verses, to which Mrs. Piozzi wrote the preface; and shortly after these fugitive pieces

were confided in detail to the literary journals of London, where the Anacreons and Sapphos found complaisant puffers. The adventure of the *Métromanie* was revived : Anna Matilda, in the character of an invisible muse, inspired by her verses alone some unknown author with a tender passion, which, for a considerable time, exhausted itself in reciprocal sonnets.

It must be confessed, that in the midst of the affectation of Mrs. Piozzi and Robinson, some harmonious couplets and ingenious thoughts are met with ; or some sentiments tolerably delicate, and expressed in a graceful manner ; but in the height of the greatest intoxication of all these little successes, a satirical voice was suddenly heard — that of Mr. Gifford — which devoted to ridicule all the poetry of the new Parnassus without exception. The Baviad, followed by the Meviad, appeared and effected the disenchantment of all such as had been induced to admire the odes, sonnets, epistles, etc. of Merry and his muses.

The Baviad is a witty paraphrase of the first satire of Persius.

O curas hominum ; o quantum est in rebus inane !

But it possesses all the terseness of Juvenal, with a little more decency, and less declamation in expression. The marginal notes compose a commentary still more malicious than the text, and reveal a multitude of little personal details, or comprise quotations, which demonstrate all the enormity of the offenders whom the poet elastics with his inexorable pen.

It is not alone the Florentine coterie which is branded with the derisive epithets of Gifford ; but the satirist reviews, in this new Dunciad, the degenerate dramatic authors, such as O'Keefe, Morton, and Reynolds, and demonstrates their trite absurdity. The Meviad is but the supplement to the Baviad, and it was the *coup de grâce* to all those poets who had clamoured in the first instance, that Mr. Gifford was but the slave hired to pursue with his insults the triumphal car of their victory. This double satire excites but little interest in the present day. In order to survive the circumstances which give it birth, it is requisite that this species of poem should paint the ridiculous features of manners rather than of mind. Lord Byron was inspired by the mockery of the Baviad and the Meviad, when he composed his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Unfortunately, all the decisions of Byron have not been confirmed like those of Mr. Gifford. The Dunciad¹ of Pope was the common model of both.

¹ Lord Byron, as a satirist, appears to owe still greater obligations to the caustic energy of the poet Churchill, author of the *Rosciad*.

The English have often succeeded in the department of satire; but their satires, more energetic than ingenious, are also more affluent in invectives than in *piquantes* allusions. They may be reproached with all the defects which the English critics have themselves discovered in Juvenal; while they are less obscure than the Latin poet, because they call things by their own names more freely than he, they either descend into a coarse familiarity, or plunge into a style of inflation when they attempt to rise. Under pretence of stripping vice of its deceitful mask and cloak, they lay bare to the eye, with a frequently indecent license, the nakedness of its lineaments. This branch of English literature, is, in short, one of the most faithful *indices* of the national character, and deserves being studied in the burlesque Epics of Hudibras, in the political satires of Dryden, the elegant imitations of Donne and Horace, by Pope, and that of Juvenal by Johnson, etc.

Mr. Gifford has translated Juvenal into English verse, with a happy freedom of expression, which does not exclude poetical merit. He has published excellent editions of Massinger, of Ben Jonson and Shirley; but he is more especially known as the principal editor of the *Quarterly Review* — and he has renounced poetry, in order to give the law to poets.

In order to evince that he had every kind of right to protest, in the name of taste, against the bathos and pathos of the disciples *Della Crusca*, Mr. Gifford introduced into his notes on the Meviad, two elegies, replete with grace and sentiment. That which commences with these words —

I wish I was where Anna lies,

exhibits an affecting simplicity, which reminds one of the regret of the two young princes for Imogene, in the play of *Cymbeline*. — (Historical and literary Tour of a foreigner.)

THE BAVIAD,

A PARAPHRASTIC IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATIRE
OF PERSIUS.

*Impunè ergo mihi recitaverit ille SONATTAS,
Hic ELEGOS !*

P. ^WHEN I look round on man, and find how vain
His passions—

F. Save us from this canting strain!
Why, who will read it?

P. Say'st thou THIS to me?

F. None, by my life.

P. What, none? Nay, two or three—

F. No, not one. 'Tis sad; but—

P. Sad; but—Why?

Pity is insult here. I care not, I,
Tho' Boswell, of a song and supper vain,
And Bell's whole choir (an ever-jingling train),
In splay-foot madrigals their pow'rs combine;
To praise * Miles Andrews' verse, and censure mine—

* This gentleman, who has long been known as an industrious paragraph-grinder to the morning papers, took it into his head some time since to try his hand at a Prologue. Having none of the usual requisites for this business, he laboured to little purpose; till Dulness, whose attention to her children is truly maternal, suggested to him that unmeaning ribaldry and vulgarity might possibly be substituted for harmony, spirit, taste, and sense. — He caught at the hint, made the experiment, and succeeded to a miracle. Since that period every play-wright, from O'Keeffe to Della Crusca, “ a heavy declension ! ” has been solicitous to preface his labours with a few lines of his manufacturing, to excite and perpetuate the good humour of his audience.

No, not a jot. Let the besotted town
 Bestow as fashion prompts the laurel crown;
 But do not THOU, who mak'st a fair pretence
 To that best boon of Heaven, COMMON SENSE,
 Resign thy judgment to the rout, and pay
 Knee-worship to the idol of the day:
 For all are——

F. What? Speak freely; let me know.

P. O might I! durst I! Then——but let it go.
 Yet, when I view the follies that engage
 The full-grown children of this piping age;
 See snivelling Jerningham at fifty weep
 O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep;
 See Cowley¹ frisk it to one ding-dong chime,
 And weekly cuckold her poor spouse in rhyme;
 See Thrale's grey widow with a satchel roam,
 And bring in pomp laborious nothings home;
 See Robinson forget her state, and move
 On crutches tow'ards the grave, to² "Light o' Love;"
 See Parsons³ while all sound advice he scorns,
 Mistake two soft excrescences for horns;
 And butting all he meets, with awkward pains,
 Lay bare his forehead, and expose his brains:
 I scarce can rule my spleen——

F. Forbear, forbear:

And what the great delight in learn to spare.

¹ For the *poetic* amours of this lady, see the British Album, particularly the poem called the INTERVIEW; of which, *soit dit en passant*, I have a most delectable tale to tell, when time shall serve.

² Light o' Love, that's a tune that goes *without* a burden.

SHAKESPEARE.

³ In the first editions of this and the following poem, I had overlooked Mr. Parsons, though an undoubted Bavarian. This nettled him. Ha! quoth he, in the words of a well known writer, "Better be damn'd than mentioned not at all."

P. It must not, cannot be; for I was born
To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn;
On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,
And hiss preposterous fustian from the stage.
Lo, DELLA CRUSCA! in his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent.
Abortive thoughts that right and wrong confound,
Truth sacrific'd to letters, sense to sound;
False glare, incongruous images, combine;
And noise and nonsense clatter through the line.
'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi lends,
And thither summons her blue-stockings friends;
The summons her blue-stockings friends obey,
Lur'd by the love of Poetry—and Tea.
The BARD steps forth in birth-day splendour drest,
His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast,
His left extending, so that all might see,
A roll inscrib'd "THE WREATH OF LIBERTY."
So forth he steps, and with complacent air,
Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair:
With lemonade he gargles first his throat,
Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note:
And now 'tis silence all. GENIUS OR MUSE¹;
Thus while the flowry subject he pursues,
A wild delirium round th' assembly flies;
Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes;
Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands;
And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.
O wretched man! And dost thou toil to please,
At this late hour² such prurient ears as these?

¹ See the commencement of the Wreath of Liberty, by Della Crusca, where our great poet, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, has contrived to fill several quarto pages without a single idea.

² I learn from Della Crusca's lamentations that he is declined

Is thy poor pride contented to receive
 Such transitory fame as fools can give?
 Fools who, unconscious of the critic's laws,
 Rain in such show'rs their indistinct applause.
 That THOU, even THOU, who liv'st upon renown,
 And with eternal puffs insult'st the town,
 Art forc'd at length to check the idiot roar,
 And cry, "For heaven's sweet sake, no more, no more!"
 "But why (thou say'st) why am I learn'd, why fraught
 "With all the priest and all the sage have taught,
 "If the huge mass, within my bosom pent,
 "Must struggle there, despairing of a vent?"
 THOU learn'd! Alas, for Learning! She is sped.
 And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy head
 And broke thy rest for THIS, for THIS alone?
 And is thy knowledge nothing if not known?
 O fool, fool, fool!—But still, thou criest, 'tis sweet
 To hear "That's HE!" from every one we meet;
 That's he whom critic Bell declares divine,
 For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine;
 Whom Magazines, Reviews, conspire to praise,
 And Greathead calls the Homer of our days.
F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name
 Thus blazon'd by the GENERAL VOICE of fame?
P. Nay, it were every thing, did THAT dispense
 The sober verdict found by taste and sense.
 But mark OUR jury. O'er the flowing bowl,
 When wine has drown'd all energy of soul,
 Ere FARO comes (a dreary interval!)
 For some fond fashionable lay they call.

into the vale of years; that the women say to him, as they formerly said to Anacreon, *Γέρωνες* and that Love, about two years since,

" — — tore his name from his bright page,
 And gave it to approaching age. "

Here the spruce ensign, tottering on his chair,
 With lisping accent, and affected air,
 Recounts the wayward fate¹ of that poor poet,
 Who, born for anguish, and dispos'd to shew it,
 Did yet so awkwardly his means employ,
 That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy.
 Lost in amazè at language so divine,
 The audience hiccup, and exclaim, "Damn'd fine!"
 And are not now the author's ashes blest?
 Now lies the turf not lightly on his breast?
 Do not sweet violets now around him bloom?
 Laurels now burst spontaneous from his tomb?
F. This is mere mockery: and (in your ear)
 Reason is ill refuted by a sneer.
 Is praise an evil? Is there to be found
 One so indifferent to its soothing sound,
 As not to wish hereafter to be known,
 And make a long futurity his own;
 Rather than—

P.—With 'Squire Jerningham descend,
 To pastry-cooks and moths, "and there an end!"
 O thou that deign'st this homely scene to share,
 Thou know'st when chance (*tho' this indeed be rare.*)
 With random gleams of wit has grac'd my lays,
 Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.

¹ Recounts the wayward fate. — In the INTERVIEW (see the British Album) the lover finding his mistress inexorable, comforts himself, and justifies her, by boasting how well he can play the fool. And never did Don Quixote exhibit half so many extravagant tricks in the Sierra Morena, for the *beaux yeux* of his Dulcinea, as our distracted amoroso threatens to perform for the no less beautiful ones of Anna Matilda.

"Yes, I will prove that I deserve my fate,
 Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate;
 With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,
 That envying fiends shall think it ecstasy, etc."

Not mine the soul that pants not after fame—
 Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
 I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove
 The grateful influence of the stream I love.
 And yet, my friend (though still at praise bestow'd
 Mine eye has glister'd, and my cheek has glow'd)
 Yet when I prostitute the lyre to gain
 The eulogies that wait each modish strain,
 May the sweet Muse my groveling hopes withstand,
 And tear the string indignant from my hand;
 Nor think that, while my verse too much I prize,
 Too much th' applause of fashion I despise;
 For mark to what 'tis given, and then declare,
 Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care.
 Is it not given to Este's unmeaning dash,
 To Topham's fustian, Colman's flippant trash,
 To Andrews' ¹ doggrel—where three wits combine,
 To Morton's catch-word ², Greathead's ideot line,

¹ Andrews.—Such is the reputation this gentleman has obtained for Epilogue writing, that the minor poets of the day, despairing of emulating, are now only solicitous of assisting him—happy if they can obtain admission for a couplet or two into the body of his immortal works, and thus secure to themselves a small portion of that popular applause so lavishly, and so justly bestowed on every thing that bears the signature of Miles Andrews! See “the PROLOGUE to the CURE FOR THE HEART ACH by Miles Andrews, and ASSISTANTS.

² Morton's catch-word.—WONDERFUL is the profundity of the Bathos! I thought O'Keefe had reached the bottom of it: but as uncle Bowling says, I thought a d—n'd lie—for Holcroft, Reynolds, and Morton, have sunk infinitely beneath him. They have happily found

In the *lowest* deep a *lower* still,

and persevere in exploring it with an emulation which does them honour.

Will posterity believe this facetious triumvirate could think nothing more to be necessary to the construction of a play, than

And Holcroft's Shug-lane cant, and Merry's Moorfields
whine.'

Skill'd in one useful science at the least,
The great man comes, and spreads a sumptuous feast:
Then, when his guests behold the prize at stake,
And thirst and hunger only are awake,
My friends, he cries, what do the galleries say,
And what the boxes, of my last new play?
Speak freely, tell me all—come, be sincere;

an eternal repetition of some contemptible vulgarity, such as
That's your sort! Hey, damme! What's to pay! Keep moving, etc.!
They will: for they will have blockheads of their own; who will
found their claims to celebrity on similar follies. What, however,
they will never credit is—that these drivellings of ideotism, these
catchwords, should actually preserve their respective authors
from being hissed off the stage. No, they will not believe that an
English audience could be so besotted, so brutified as to receive
such senseless exclamations with bursts of laughter, with peals of
applause. I cannot believe it myself; though I have witnessed it.
Haud credo—if I may reverse the good father's position—Haud
credo, quia possibile est.

'Merry's Moorfields' whine.—In a most wretched rhapsody of
incomprehensible nonsense, addressed by this gentleman to
Mrs. Robinson, which she in her *valuable* poems (page 100) calls
a charming composition, abounding in lines of exquisite beauty,
is the following rant:

Conjure up demons from the main
Storms upon storms indignant heap,
Bid ocean howl, and nature weep,
Till the Creator *blush to see*
How horrible his world can be:
While I will GLORY TO BLASPHEME,
AND MAKE THE JOYS OF HELL MY THEME.

The reader, perhaps, wonders what dreadful event gave birth
to these fearful imprecations. As far as I can collect, it was—the
aforesaid Mrs. Robinson's *not opening her eyes!!!* Surely it is
most devoutly to be wished that these poor creatures would re-
collect, amidst their frigid ravings, and common-place extrava-
gancies, that excellent maxim of POPE—

"Persist, by nature, reason, taste, unaw'd;
"But learn, ye DUNCES, not to scorn your GOD."

For truth, you know, is music to my ear.
They speak? Alas, they cannot! But shall I;
I who receive no bribe, who dare not lie?
This then—"that worse was never writ before,
Nor worse will be—till thou shalt write once more."
Blest be "two-headed Janus!" tho' inclin'd,
No waggish stork can peck at him behind;
He no wry mouth, no lolling tongue can fear,
Nor the brisk twinkling of an ass's ear.
But you, ye St. Johns, curs'd with one poor head,
Alas! what mockeries have not ye to dread!
Hear now our guests:—The critics, sir! they cry—
Merit like yours the critics may defy.
But this indeed they say—"Your varied rhymes,
At once the boast and envy of the times,
In every page, song, sonnet, what you will,
Shew boundless genius, and unrivall'd skill.
If comedy be yours, the searching strain
Gives a sweet pleasure, so chastis'd by pain,
Than e'en the guilty at their sufferings smile,
And bless the lancet, tho' they bleed the while.
If tragedy, th' impassion'd numbers flow
In all the sad variety of woe,
With such a liquid lapse, that they betray
The breast unwares, and steal the soul away."
Thus fool'd, the moon-struck tribe, whose best essays
Sunk in acrostics and in roundelays,
To loftier labours now pretend a call,
And bustle in heroics, one and all.
E'en Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to sing—
Bertie who lately twitter'd to the string
His namby-pamby madrigals of love,
In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,
Where airy lays, woven by the hand of morn,

Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn!!!
 Happy the soil where bards like mushrooms rise,
 And ask no culture but what Byshe supplies!
 Happier the bards who, write whate'er they will,
 Find gentle readers to admire them still!
 Some love the verse that like Maria's flows
 No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose;
 Which read, and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
 And gravely wonder what it is about.
 These fancy "BELL'S POETICS" only sweet,
 And intercept his hawkers in the street;
 There, smoaking hot, inhale ' MIT YENDA's strains,
 And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN's brains.²
 Others, like Kemble, on black letter pore,
 And what they do not understand, adore,
 Buy at vast sums the *trash* of ancient days,
 And draw on prodigality for praise.

¹ MIT YENDA. This is Mr. Tim, alias Mr. Timothy Adney, a most pertinacious gentleman, who makes a conspicuous figure in the papers under the ingenious signature above cited; being, as the reader already sees, his own name read backward. "Gentle dulness ever loves a joke!"

Of his prodigious labours I have nothing by me but the following stanza, taken from what he calls his Poor Man:

Reward the bounty of your generous hand,
 Your head each night in comfort shall be *laid*,
 And plenty smile throughout your fertile land,
 While I do hasten to the silent *grave*.

"Good morrow, my worthy masters and mistresses all; and a merry Christmas to you." *

² TONY PASQUIN. — I have too much respect for my reader to affront him with any specimens of this man's poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond example.

* I find I have been guilty of a misnomer. Mr. Adney having politely informed me, since the above was written, that his christian name is not Timothy but Thomas. The Anagram in question, therefore must be MOT YENDA; omitting the H *euphoniae gratia*; I am happy in an opportunity of doing justice to so correct a gentleman, and I pray him to continue his valuable labour.

These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has bless'd them with "*The boke of good advice*,"
For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.
And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are plac'd
By thoughtless fashion on the throne of taste—
Say, can we wonder whence this jargon flows,
This motley fustian, neither verse nor prose,
This old new language that defiles our page,
The refuse and the scum of every age?
Lo, Beaufoy tells of Afric's barren sand,
In all the flow'ry phrase of fairy land :
There Fezzan's thrum-capp'd tribes, Turks, Christians,
Jews,
Accommodate, ye gods! their feet with shoes.
There *meagre* shrubs *inveterate* mountains grace,
And *brushwood* breaks the *amplitude of space*.
Perplex'd with terms so vague and undefin'd,
I blunder on, till wilder'd, giddy, blind,
Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;
And call for Mandeville to ease my head.
Oh for the good old times! When all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber, and of rocks of gold :
Full of their theme, they spurn'd all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves;
Less to display our subject, than ourselves :
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flow'r, a bird,
Heavens, how we sweat, laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,

And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not THIS sad?

F. "'Tis pitiful, God knows,
" 'Tis wondrous pitiful." E'en take the prose;
But for the poetry—oh, that my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.
You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
We want their *strength*: agreed. But we atone
For that, and more, by *sweetness* all our own.
For instance—" ' Hasten to the lawny vale,
" Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,
" And bathes the landscape—"

P. Pshaw! I have it here :
" A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear :
" Wond'ring I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
" More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
" A godlike form advances."

F. You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of those?
" THE MIGHTY MOTHER—"

P. Now 'tis plain you sneer,
For Weston's self could find no semblance here.
Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad, with secret spite,
And, envying the fair fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accurs'd!—O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,
O injur'd bard! accept the grateful strain,
That I, the humblest of the tuneful train,

' Hasten, etc.—This and the following quotation are taken from the "Laurel of Liberty," a work on which the great author most justly restly rests his claims to immortality.

With glowing heart, yet trembling hand repay
 For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay :
 So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
 Inform the simple, and delight the sage !
 While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome rhymes,
 Stink in the nose of all succeeding times !
 Enough. But where (for these, you seem to say,
 Are samples of the high, heroic lay)
 Where are the soft, the tender strains, that call
 For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd drawl?
 Lo! here—" ' Canst thou, Matilda, urge my fate,
 " And bid me mourn thee?—yes, and mourn too late!
 " O rash, severe decree! my maddening brain
 " Cannot the ponderous agony sustain;
 " But forth I rush, from vale to mountain run,
 " And with my mind's thick gloom obscure the sun."
 Heavens! if our ancient vigour were not fled,
 Could VERSE like this be written or be read?
 VERSE! THAT's the mellow fruit of toil intense,
 Inspir'd by genius, and inform'd by sense;

' Canst thou Matilda, etc. (vide Album, vol.-ii.)—Matilda!
 " nay then, I'll never trust a madman again" It was but a few
 minutes since, that Mr. Merry died for the love of Laura Maria;
 and now is he going to do the same thing for the love of Anna
 Matilda?

What the ladies may say to such a swain, I know not; but certainly he is too prone to run wild, die, etc., etc. Such indeed is the combustible nature of this gentleman, that he takes fire at every female signature in the papers: and I remember, that when Olando Equiano, (who, for a black, is not ill-featured) tried his hand at a soft sonnet, and by mistake subscribed it *Olauda*, Mr. Merry fell so desperately in love with him, and "yelled out "such syllables of dolour" in consequence of it, that "the pitiful hearted" negro was frightened at the mischief he had done, and transmitted in all haste the following correction to the editor—"For *Olauda*, please to read *Olaudo*, the black
 "MAN."

Thus, the abortive progeny of Pride
 And Dulness, gentle pair, for aye allied;
 Begotten without thought, born without pains,
 The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.

F. So let it be : and yet, methinks, my friend,
 Silence were wise, where satire will not mend.

Why wound the feelings of our noble youth,
 And grate their tender ears with odious truth?

They cherish Arno, and his flux of song,
 And hate the man who tells 'em they are wrong.

Thy fate already I foresee. My Lord
 With cold respect will freeze thee from his board;
 And his Grace cry: "Hence with your sapient sneer!

"Hence! we desire no currish critic here."

P. Enough. Thank heaven! my error now I see,
 And all shall be divine henceforth for me:

Yes, Andrew's doggrell, Greathead's idiot line,
 And Morton's catch-word, all, forsooth, divine!

F. 'Tis well. Here let th' indignant stricture cease,
 And LEEDS at length enjoy his fool in peace.

P. Come then, around their works a circle draw,
 And near it plant the dragons of the law;

With labels writ: "Critics far hence remove,
 "Nor dare to censure what the great approve."

I go. Yet Hall could lash with noble rage
 The purblind patron of a former age,
 And laugh to scorn th' eternal sonneteer
 Who made goose pinions and white rags so dear.

Yet Oldham in his rude, unpolish'd strain,
 Could hiss the clamorous, and deride the vain,
 Who bawl'd their rhymes incessant thro' the town,
 Or brib'd the hawkers for a day's renown.

Wathe'er the theme, with honest warmth they wrote,
 Nor car'd what Mutius of their freedom thought:

Yet prose was venial in that happy time,
 And life had other business than to rhyme.
 And may not I — now this pernicious pest,
 This metromania, creeps thro' every breast;
 Now fools and children void their brains by loads,
 And itching grandams spawl lascivious odes;
 Now lords and dukes, curs'd with a sickly taste,
 While Burns' pure healthful nurture runs to waste,
 Lick up the spittle of the bed rid muse,
 And riot on the sweepings of the stews;
 Say, may not I expose —

F. No — 'tis unsafe.

Prudence, my friend.

P. What! not deride, not laugh?

Well! thought at least is free —

F. O yet forbear.

P. Nay, then, I'll dig a pit, and bury there
 The dreadful truth that so alarms thy fears :
 THE TOWN, THE TOWN, GOOD PIT, HAS ASSES EARS!
 Thou think'st perhaps this wayward fancy strange;
 So think thou still; yet would not I exchange
 The secret humour of this simple hit
 For all the albums that were ever writ.
 Of this no more. O THOU (if yet there be
 One bosom from this vile infection free),
 THOU who canst thrill with joy, or glow with ire,
 As the great masters of the song inspire,
 Canst hang enamour'd o'er the magic page,
 Where desperate ladies desperate lords engage,
 Gnomes, Sylphs, and Gods the fierce contention share,
 And heaven and earth hang trembling on a hair;
 Canst quake with horror while Emilia's charms
 Against a brother point a brother's arms,
 And trace the fortune of the varying fray,

While hour on hour flits unperceived away —
 Approach; 'twixt hope and fear I wait. O deign
 To cast a glance on this incondite strain :
 Here, if thou find one thought but well exprest,
 One sentence higher finish'd than the rest,
 Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,
 And smooth thy forehead with a gracious smile,
 I ask no more. But far from me the throng,
 Who fancy fire in Laura's vapid song,
 Who Anna's bedlam-rant for sense can take,
 And over 'Edwin's mewlings keep awake;
 Yes, far from me, whate'er their birth or place,
 These long-ear'd judges of the Phrygian race,
 Their censure and their praise alike I scorn,
 And hate the laurel by their followers worn!
 Let such, a task congenial to their powers,
 At sales and auctions waste the morning hours,
 While the dull noon away in Christie's fane,
 And snore the evening out at Drury-lane;
 Lull'd by the twang of Bensley's nasal note,
 And the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
 Thus prematurely dare to rise,

' *Edwin's Mewlings*, etc.) — We come now to a character of high respect, the profound Mr. T. Vaughan, who, under the alluring signature of Edwin, favours us from time to time with a melancholy poem on the death of a bug, the flight of an earwig, the miscarriage of a cock-chaffer, or some other event of equal importance.

And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watry skies;

Retire, retire! THESE tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
THAT sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past—
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of Art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathizing heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come and grace my ANNA's breast.

O! I should think, — that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share, —
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I wish I was where ANNA lies;
For I am sick of lingering here,
And every hour Affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has prov'd
Since that sad hour a dreary void,
A waste unlovely, and unlov'd. —

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have “no business there?”

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hollow'd mold?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I DID IT; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicsome, as good,
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdu'd,
Thy gay good-humour—Can they “fade!”

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye:
Cold turf, which I no more must view,
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

JOHN WOLCOTT.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY SKETCH.

JOHN WOLCOTT, M. D., more generally known by his poetical name of PETER PINDAR, was born at Dodbrook, in Devonshire, and educated at Kingsbridge, after which he was taken under the protection of his uncle, a surgeon and apothecary at Fowey in Cornwall. Here young Wolcott studied pharmacy with becoming diligence, occasionally amusing himself with poetry and drawing. On the appointment of Sir William Trelawney to be governor of Jamaica in 1758, John obtained permission to go out in his suite, and the ship touching at Madeira, he wrote some of his best sonnets, descriptive of natural beauties of the island. At Jamaica he commenced practice as a surgeon, and was nominated also physician to the governor, to qualify himself for which, he procured a diploma from Scotland. A very remarkable circumstance, however, occurred which had nearly diverted the pursuits of our author into another channel, and to have fixed him in the West Indies for life. The rector of St. Anne's dying while he was there, Dr Wolcott was prevailed upon to officiate as a minister for some time, and this duty he discharged so much to the satisfaction of the planters, that they intreated the governor to procure the living for him. But as this could not be granted without the consent of the bishop of London, the doctor returned to England for that purpose. Being disappointed, and Sir William Trelawney dying in the interim, he gave up all farther idea of the church and went to settle as a physician at Truro, where he practised several years with some credit, though not without occasional bickerings with Mr. Rosewarne and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, owing to the doctor's unconquerable turn for satire. Not long after his settlement at Truro, his circumstances were rendered easy by the death of his uncle, who left him an estate and about two thousand pounds in money. It was here that he had an opportunity of befriending genius, by taking under his instruction and patronage John Opie, who, from being an apprentice to a house carpenter in the village of St. Agnes, rose to be a celebrated painter and professor of the

art in the Royal Academy. The doctor, in his rides through the village, was much struck with some rude sketches in chalk and a few on paper, that were shown him of this lad's performance; on which he invited Opie to his house, and there gave him such lessons and helps as enabled him in a short time to set up as an itinerant portrait painter. About the year 1778, Dr Wolcott removed from Cornwall to London, where he resolved to live at his ease and to indulge in literary amusements, which, however, soon proved of very substantial benefit. As a satirist, he struck into a new line, and by a rich vein of humor peculiar to himself, contrived to fascinate the public attention. His works were read with great eagerness, and multiplied in successive editions, both here and abroad. Some years ago he had a suit in chancery with his publishers, respecting the construction of an agreement by which they were to pay him two hundred and forty pounds a year for the copyright of his works. At the time when this contract was made, the doctor was labouring under an asthmatic complaint, and to all appearance had not long to live. By going into Cornwall, however, he recovered his health and returned to London without any cough, which was far from being a pleasing sight to the persons who were bound to pay his annuity. A plea was then set up that the agreement extended to all future pieces as well as to the past; and on this ground an action was commenced which in a short time was compromised. The doctor, who is now far advanced in years, has been for some time deprived of sight by an incurable glaucoma. Dr Wolcott did often give to satire the form of an ode. But he should rather be considered as a parodist than a satirist, and take his rank among the class of poetical caricaturists. Peter Pindar is the Cobbett and Gillray of modern English poetry. In the character of a physician, and for some time in that of an ecclesiastie, Dr Wolcott has more real affinity with Rabelais in his taste for the burlesque. He is possessed by an actual passion for parody: he rails at kings, but he does not spare the people. He rains down his torrent of rhyming sarcasms on poets, authors, and painters; but he lavishes them with equal good will on professional erities. Did not Peter Pindar partake more of the buffoon than the libeller, an epitaph, like that composed on Aretin, might be composed for him:—

*Qui giace l'Aretin, poeta Tosco,
Che disse mal d'ognun fuorchè di Cristo,
Scusandosi col dir: non lo conosco.*¹

¹ "Here lies Aretin, the Tuscan poet, who has libelled all the world excepting his Saviour, for which he excused himself by saying that he did not know him."

The mind grows fatigued with these continual palinodies, with this derisive impartiality. It is asked, for the advantage of what virtue is it that the satanic buffoon wages war? To Peter Pindar might be readily applied the moral of Fontaine's fable of the *Laughs*¹; but if you open at hazard a collection of these burlesque verses; if you read one of the arguments, and commence a poem, you are carried on by its real *verve*, and by a facility of versification, which prompts an excuse for the defect of elegance, and the gross tone of the traits of humour.

Poor Mrs. Piozzi is one of the victims of the Pindaric doctor. The prosy tittle tattle of this friend of Johnson is transferred by him into rhyme, and contrasted with the sometimes not less puerile verbiage of Boswell, who acted the part of a kind of *Cornac* to the illustrious pedant. The science of Sir Joseph Banks did not inspire him with more respect. This grave president of the Royal Academy is represented as maintaining the thesis, that fleas appertain to the family of lobsters. But even Pliny and Buffon would not have escaped being devoted to the ridicule of this determined laugher. Peter Pindar is especially inexorable towards the painters and Benjamin West. He versifies the catalogues of the exhibition with a humiliating irony, or with a not less unsparing veracity. At length, audaciously penetrating to the fire side of George III., he catches up his royal expressions, and translates them into his burlesque language: he traduces his majesty, and gives him no more than a secondary part to play in an epopee, of which the hero is a certain uncleanly insect, for which French delicacy, happy as it is in poetical designations, has not even deigned to invent one of those characteristic paraphrases, by virtue of which the animal, which lives on acorns, and other beasts whom the Almighty names in Genesis, are not altogether excluded from french poems. A louse, since it is necessary to call it by its name, is the *Encas* or *Turnus* of the *Lousiad*. The poet has not pushed his radicalism so far as to surprise his hero beneath the shelter of the royal wig; but (*horresco referens*) he compromises all the heads of the palace, and subjects the whole army of cooks and scullions to the operations of having their heads shaved. The fact is an unlucky piece of history: a louse had been discovered by George III. on his plate. Peter Pindar imparts to the insect all the emotions which the monarch in his turn experiences; he lavishes comparisons and metaphors. The horror felt by the king is equal to that with which he had been previously inspired, by the blow which Fox had attempted to strike at the royal

¹ Les Rieurs.

authority, or by the critical analysis made by Burke of the expences of the civil list. The heart of his majesty, bounding with indignation in his bosom, is compared to a dumpling tossing amidst the boiling surges of the saucepan. These allusions and comparisons are not, throughout, of very exquisite humour; but they raise a laugh, like a bad farce, from the very circumstance of their deficiency in common sense. The digressions are occasionally original: the action never languishes, and some details evince the poet. At length, by sovereign decree, the head cook and his satellites suffer their docile heads to be peacefully shaved. In fine, the *Louiad* may be ranked much beneath the *Batrachomyomachia*, the *Secchia Rapita*, the *Lutrin*, and all the other epopees founded on puerile and vulgar subjects; but the *Louiad*, like *George the Third's Visit to Whitbread's Brewery*, another poem of the same species, and more comic, perhaps, is a curious exemplification of the liberty of the press in England. What has become of the times in which Elizabeth caused an unlucky radical, who had vented his spleen against her in a pamphlet, to have his hand cut off for the offence? It is true that the constitutional society, and the hypocritical inquisition for the suppression of vice, did not exist at the period when Peter Pindar was in vogue.

It is affirmed that the radical Homer, and the Juvenal of the Baviad, once had an altercation, which seriously compromised the shoulders of both, for they were near having recourse to the cane; but the quarrel went no farther than the prefatory menace.

Without directly refuting the democratic buffooneries of Peter Pindar, the Tories, as early as the first year of the French revolution, possessed their aristocratic parodists. The journal called the *Anti-Jacobin* inserted them. Canning was one of the poets of this counter-opposition. His dialogue between the *Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder*, is a humorous anti-demagogical squib. His *New Code of Morality*, a satire on the philanthropy and other self-dubbed virtues of the revolution, is deficient neither in animation nor in poetry. (*Hist. and Lit. Tour.*)

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

OR

A ROYAL VISIT TO WHITBREAD'S BREWERY.

Sic transit gloria mundi! — Old Sun Dials.

From House of Buckingham, in grand parade,
To Whitbread's *Brewhouse*, moved the cavalcade.

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER's loyalty. — He suspecteth Mr. Warton of joking — Complimenteth the poet Laureat. — Peter differeth in opinion from Mr. Warton. — Taketh up the cudgels for King Edward, King Harry V. and Queen Bess. — Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious sovereign. — King Charles the Second half damned by Peter, yet praised for keeping company with gentlemen. — Peter praiseth himself. — Peter reproved by Mr. Warton. — Desireth Mr. Warton's prayers. — A fine simile. — Peter still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings. — Peter expostulateth with Mr. Warton. — Mr. Warton replieth. — Peter administereth bold advice. — Wittily calleth death and physicians poachers. — Praiseth the King for parental tenderness. — Peter maketh a natural simile. — Peter furthermore telleth Thomas Warton what to say. — Peter giveth a beautiful example of ode-writing.

THE CONTENTS OF THE ODE.

His Majesty's love for the arts and sciences, even in quadrupeds. — His resolution to know the history of brewing beer. — Billy Ramus sent ambassador to Chiswell-street. — Interview between Mrs. Ramus and Whitbread. — Mr. Whitbread's bow, and compliments to Majesty. — Mr. Ramus' return from his embassy. — Mr. Whitbread's terrors described to Majesty by Mr. Ramus. — The King's pleasure thereat. — Description of people of worship. — Account of the Whitbread preparation. — The royal

cavaleade to Chiswell-street. — The arrival at the brewhouse. — Great joy of Mr. Whitbread. — His Majesty's nod, the Queen's dip, and a number of questions. — A West India simile. — The marvellings of the draymen described. — His Majesty peepeth into a pump. — Beautifully compared to a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone. — The *minute* curiosity of the King. — Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to surprise Majesty. — His Majesty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread. — Mr. Whitbread's horse expresseth wonder. — Also Mr. Whitbread's dog. — His Majesty maketh laudable inquiry about Porter. — Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread. — King noteth *notable* things. — Profound questions proposed by Majesty. — As profoundly answered by Mr. Whitbread. — Majesty in a mistake. — Corrected by the brewer. — A nose simile. — Majesty's admiration of the bell. — Good manners of the bell. — Fine appearance of Mr. Whitbread's pigs. — Majesty proposeth questions, but benevolently waiteth not for answers. — Peter telleth the duty of Kings. — Discovereth one of his shrewd maxims. — Sublime simile of a water-spout and a King. — The great use of asking questions. — The habitation of truth. — The collation. — The wonders performed by the Royal Visitors. — Majesty proposeth to take leave. — Offereth knighthood to Whitbread. — Mr. Whitbread's objections. — The King runneth a rig on his host. — Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majesty. — Miss Whitbread curtsieth. — The Queen dippeth. — The Cavaleade departeth.

Peter triumpheth. — Admonisheth the Laureat. — Peter croweth over the Laureat. — Discovereth deep knowledge of Kings, and surgeons, and men who have lost their legs. — Peter reasoneth. — Vaunteth. — Even insulteth the Laureat. — Peter proclaimeth his peaceable disposition. — Praiseth Majesty, and concludeth with a prayer for curious Kings.

TOM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy golden lyre,
 Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,
 To sing of kings and queens, and such rare folk:
 Yet, 'midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
 Say, may we venture to believe a line?
 You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

Son of the Nine, thou writest well on nought:
 Thy thundering stanza, and its pompous thought,

I think, must put a dog into a laugh :
 Edward and Harry were much braver men
 Than this new-christened hero of thy pen.

Yes, laurelled Odeman, braver far by half;
 Though on Blackheath and Wimbledon's wide plain,
 George keeps his hat off in a shower of rain;
 Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,
 Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head :

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,
 And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
 Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, and bolster;
 Unlike his officers, who, fond of cranming,
 And at reviews afraid of thirst and famine,
 With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holsters.

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess :
 His present majesty, whom Heaven long bless
 With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
 Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
 As that old queen, though often called old b—ch,
 In fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that king
 Indeed was never any mighty thing;
 He merited few honours from the pen :
 And yet he was a devilish hearty fellow,
 Enjoyed his girl and bottle, and got mellow,
 And mind—kept company with *gentlemen* :

For, like some kings, in hobby grooms,
 Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,
 Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight—
 Nor joked by day with pages, servant-maids,

Large, red-polled, blowzy, hard two-handed jades :
Indeed I know not what Charles did by night.

Thomas, I am of candour a great lover ;
In short, I'm candour's self all over ;
Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe ;
Make it a rule that Virtue shall be praised ,
And humble Merit from her burn be raised :
What thinkest thou of Peter now ?

Thou criest : " Oh ! how false ! behold thy king ,
Of whom thou scarcely sayest a handsome thing ;
That king has virtues that should make thee stare."
Is it so ? — Then the sin's in me —
'Tis my vile optics that can't see ;
Then pray for them , when next thou sayest a prayer.

But , p'rhaps , aloft on his imperial throne ,
So distant , O ye gods ! from every one ,
The royal virtues are like many a star ,
From this our pigmy system rather far :
Whose light , though flying ever since creation ,
Has not yet pitched upon our nation .¹

'Then may the royal ray be soon explored —
And Thomas , if thou'lt swear thou art not humming ,
I'll take my spying-glass and bring thee word
The instant I behold it coming.
But , Thomas Warton , without joking ,
Art thou , or art thou not , thy sovereign smoking ?

How canst thou seriously declare ,
That George the Third

¹ Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer Huygens.

With Cressy's Edward can compare,
Or Harry? — 'Tis too bad, upon my word :
George is a clever king, I needs must own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'st : "God rot it ! Peter, pray,
What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee what to say, O tuneful Tom :
Sing how a monarch, when his son was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
By abbey company and kettle drum :
Leaving that son to death and the physician,
Between two fires—a forlorn-hope condition ;
Two poachers, who make man their game,
And, special marksmen ! seldom miss their aim.

Say, though the monarch did not see his son,
He kept aloof through fatherly affection ;
Determined nothing should be done,
To bring on useless tears, and dismal recollection.
For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs ?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes ;
And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,
That show the leakiness of feeble nature ?

Tom with my simile thou wilt not quarrel ;
Like air and any sort of drink,
Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
That proves the weakness of the barrel.

Say—for the prince, when wet was every eye,
And thousands poured to heaven the pitying sigh
Devout ;

Say how a king, unable to dissemble,
 Ordered Dame Siddons to his house, and Kemble,
 To spout :

Gave them ice creams and wines, so dear!
 Denied till then a thimble full of beer;
 For which they've thanked the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral mender Peter
 Who, in his Ode on Ode, did dare exclaim,
 And call such royal avarice, a shame.

Say—but I'll teach thee how to make an ode;
 Thus shall thy labours visit fame's abode,
 In company with my immortal lay;
 And look, Tom—thus I fire away—

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

This day, this very day, gave birth,
 Not to the brightest monarch upon earth,
 Because there are some brighter and as big,
 Who love the arts that man exalt to heaven;
 George loves them also, when they're given
 To four-legged Gentry, christened dog and pig,
 Whose deeds in this our wonder-hunting nation
 Prove what a charming thing is education.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
 The monarch heart of M^r. Whitbread's fame:
 Quoth he unto the queen "My dear, my dear,
 Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;

• The dancing dogs and wise pig have formed a considerable part of the royal amusement.

Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew :
Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen !”
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen !

Red-hot with novelty's delightful rage,
To Mr. Whitbread forth he sent a page,
To say that Majesty proposed to view,
With thirst of wondrous knowledge deep inflamed,
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheads famed,
And learn the noble secret how to brew.

Of such undreamt-of honour proud,
Most reverently the brewer bowed;
So humbly (so the humble story goes)
He touched even *terra firma* with his nose;

Then said unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
“ Happy are we that our great king should name us,
As worthy unto Majesty to show,
How we poor Chiswell people brew. ”

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought;
To Majesty the welcome tidings brought,
How Whitbread staring stood like any stake,
And trembled — then the civil things he said —
On which the king did smile and nod his head :
For monarchs like to see their subjects quake :

Such horrors unto kings most pleasant are,
Proclaiming reverence and humility :
High thoughts too all those shaking fits declare
Of kingly grandeur and great capability !

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler sons of earth,

Indeed in a most humble light, God knows !
High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
The people walking on the strand like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that Mr. Whitbread made ;
Poor gentleman ! most terribly afraid

He should not charm enough his guests divine :
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns and smocks ;
And lo ! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make th' apprentices and draymen fine :

Busy as horses in a field of clover ,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and tools, were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation ,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand ,
To visit the first brewer in the land ;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner christened Chiswell-street ;
But oftener charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman-square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's Lord *also*,
His grace the Duke of Montague *likewise*,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the raree-show ,
And fixed all Smithfield's marvelling eyes :
For lo ! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters ,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arrived, the king broad grinned, and gave a nod
To smiling Whitbread who, had God

Come with his angels to behold his beer,
With more respect he never could have met—
Indeed the man was in a sweat,
So much the brewer did the king revere.

Her majesty contrived to make a dip:
Light as a feather then the king did skip,
And asked a thousand questions, with a laugh,
Before poor Whitbread comprehended half.

Reader! my Ode should have a simile —
Well! in Jamaica, on a tamarind tree,
Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,
I've seen — such noise the feathered imps did make,
As made my very *pericranium* ache —
Asking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouse filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen and the brewer's boys,
Devoured the questions that the king did ask:
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wondering to think they saw a king and queen!
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
To view, and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And, lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now Majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep;
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,

A bird for curiosity well known;
 With head awry,
 And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop,
And, lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
“What’s this! hæ, hæ? what’s that? what’s this? what’s
 that?”

So quick the words too when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sovereign peeps into the world of *small*:
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn,
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the Majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew:
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried,
“What, if they reach to Kew then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?”
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend;
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen:
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer’s horse, with face astonished neighed;

The brewer's dog too poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And, after talking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling, disagreeing question;
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the man of cask,
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now Majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of asses' skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chesnuts or potatoes.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer—
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer —
'Twill save us several pounds a year.

Mem.

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me, away.

Now having penciled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,
His Majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his asses' skin.

To Whitbread now deigned Majesty to say,
"Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?"
"Yes, please your Majesty," in humble notes,
The brewer answered — "also, Sir, of oats:
Another thing my horses too maintains,
And that, an't please your majesty, are grains."

"Grains, grains" said Majesty, to fill their crops?
"Grains, grains? — that comes from hops — yes, hops,
hops, hops?"

Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault —
"Sire," cried the humble brewer, "give me leave
Your sacred Majesty to undeceive;
Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but malt.

"True," said the cautious monarch, with a smile:
"From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."
"Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
"An't please your Majesty, you did, I'm sure."
"Yes," answered Majesty, with quick reply,
"I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

Now this was wise in Whitbread—here we find
A very pretty knowledge of mankind:
As monarchs never must be in the wrong,
'Twas really a bright thought in Whitbread's tongue,

To tell a little fib, or some such thing,
To save the sinking credit of a king.

Some brewers, in a rage of information,
Proud to instruct the ruler of a nation,
Had on the folly dwelt, to seem damned clever!
Now, what had been the consequence? Too plain!
The man had cut his consequence in twain;
The king had hated the *wise* fool for ever!

Reader, whene'er thou dost espy a nose
That bright with many a ruby glows,
That nose thou mayest pronounce, nay safely swear,
Is nursed on something better than small-beer.

Thus when thou findest kings in brewing wise,
Or natural history holding lofty station,
Thou mayest conclude, with marvelling eyes,
Such kings have had a goodly education.

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine:
On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sovereign's curious eye,
Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,
Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs:
On which the observant man, who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own:

On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Tears and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brim full of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed: "O heavens! and can my swine

Be deemed by Majesty so fine!
 Heavens! can my pigs compare, Sire, with pigs royal!"
 To which the king assented with a nod;
 On which the brewer bowed, and said, "Good God!"
 Then winked significant on Miss;
 Significant of wonder and of bliss;
 Who, bridling in her chin divine,
 Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
 And then her lowest courtesy made
 For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his Majesty so gracious say
 To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way:

"Whitbread, d'ye nick the excisemen now and then?
 Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
 Hæ? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
 What, what's the matter with the men?"

"D'ye hunt!—hæ, hunt? No, no, you are too old—
 You'll be lord mayor—lord mayor one day—
 Yes, yes, I've heard so—yes, yes, so I'm told:
 Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
 I'll prick you every year, man, I declare:
 Yes, Whitbread—yes, yes—you shall be lord mayor

"Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
 Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best, that's best.
 You put your liveries on the draymen—hæ?
 Hæ, Whitbread? you have feather'd well your nest.
 What, what's the price now, hæ, of all your stock?
 But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward said: "May I be cursed
 If I know what to answer first;"

Then searched his brains with ruminating eye:

But e'er the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, Majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and baulked the pleasure of reply.

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong—
From curiosity doth wisdom flow:
For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,
The more a man inquires, the more he'll know.

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout?
'Tis possible that thou wilt answer, "No."
Well then! he makes a most infernal rout;
Sucks, like an elephant, the waves below,
With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,
As if he meant to drink the ocean dry:
At length so full he can't hold one drop more—
He bursts—down rush the waters with a roar
On some poor boat, or sloop, or brig, or ship,
And almost sinks the wand'rer of the deep:
Thus have I seen a monarch at reviews,
Suck from the tribe of officers the news,
Then bear in triumph off each *wondrous* matter,
And souse it on the queen with such a clatter!

I always would advise folks to ask questions;
For, truly, questions are the keys of knowledge:
Soldiers, who forage for the mind's digestions,
Cut figures at the Old Bailey, and at college;
Make chancellors, chief justices, and judges,
Even of the lowest green-bag drudges.

The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell,
Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well,
Questions are then the windlass and the rope
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up:

Damn jokes then, and unmannerly suggestions,
Reflecting upon kings for asking question.¹

Now having well employed his royal lungs
On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels, and their bungs.
The king and Co. sat down to a collation
Of flesh and fish, and fowl of every nation.
Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merciless fell like tomahawks to work,
And fearless scalped the fowl, the fish, and cattle,
Whilst Whitbread, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conquering monarch, stopping to take breath
Amidst the regiments of death,

Now turned to Whitbread with complacence round,
And, merry, thus addressed the man of beer :

“ Whitbread, is't true? I hear, I hear,

You're of an ancient family — renowned —

What? what? I'm told that you're a limb

Of Pym, ² the famous fellow Pym :

What, Whitbread, is it true what people say?

Son of a round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?

I'm told that you send Bibles to your votes —

A snuffling round-headed society —

Prayer-books instead of cash to buy them coats —

Bunyan, and Practices of Piety :

Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare —

Rather see cash — yes, yes — than books of prayer.

Thirtieth of January don't you *feed*?

Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head. ”

¹ This alludes to the late Dr. Johnson's laugh on a great personage, for a laudable curiosity in the queen's library some years since

² His Majesty here made a mistake. — Pym was his wife's relation.

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,
Whole host o'erturned — and seized on all supplies;
The royal visitors expressed a wish •
To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes.

But first the monarch, so polite,
Asked Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a *knight*.

Unwilling in the list to be enrolled,
Whitbread contemplated the knights of Peg,
Then to his generous sovereign made a leg,
And said, "He was afraid he was too old.
He thanked however his most gracious king,
For offering to make him *such a thing*."

But, ah! a different reason 'twas I fear!

It was not age that bade the man of beer

The proffered honour of the monarch shun:
The tale of Margaret's knife, and royal fright,
Had almost made him damn the *name* of knight.

A tale that farrowed such a world of fun.

He mocked the prayer¹ too by the king appointed,
Even by himself the Lord's Anointed. —

A foe to *fast* too, is he, let me tell ye;

And though a Presbyterian, cannot think
Heaven (quarrelling with meat and drink)
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæsarean air

Up rose the monarch with his laurelled brow,
When Mr. Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
Expressed much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

¹ For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her sovereign to view.

Miss Whitbread now so quick her curtsies drops,
 Thick as her honoured father's Kentish hops;
 Which hop-like curtsies were returned by dips
 That never hurt the royal knees and hips;
 For hips and knees of queens are sacred things,
 That only bend on gala days
 Before the best of kings,
 When odes of triumph sound his praise. —

Now through a thundering peal of kind huzzas,
 Proceeding some from hired¹ and unhired jaws,
 The raree-show thought proper to retire;
 Whilst Whitbread and his daughter fair
 Surveyed all Chiswell-street with lofty air;
 For, lo! they felt themselves some six feet higher!

Such, Thomas, is the way to write!
 Thus shouldst thou birth-day songs indite;
 Then stick to earth, and leave the lofty sky:
 No more of ti tum tum, and ti tum ti.

Thus should an honest laureat write of kings —
 Not praise them for *imaginary things*;

¹ When his majesty goes to a playhouse, or brewhouse, or parliament, the Lord Chamberlain provides some pounds-worth of mob to huzza their beloved monarch. At the playhouse about forty wide-mouthed fellows are hired on the night of their majesties appearance, at two shillings and sixpence per head, with the liberty of seeing the play *gratis*. These *Stentors* are placed in different parts of the theatre, who, immediately on the royal entry into the stage Box, set up their howl of loyalty; to whom their majesties with sweetest smiles, acknowledge the obligation by a genteel bow, and an elegant courtesy. This congratulatory noise of the *Stentors* is looked on by many, particularly country ladies and gentlemen, as an infallible thermometer, that ascertains the warmth of the national regard.

I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme
Call every king a character sublime;
For conscience will not suffer me to wander
So very widely from the paths of candour.
I know full well *some* kings are to be seen,
To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,
Should that bold verse declare they wanted *bains*.
I won't say that they *never* bain possessed—
They *may* have been with such a present blessed,
And therefore fancy that some *still* remains;

For every well-experienced surgeon knows
That men who with their legs have parted,
Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,
And often at the twinges started;
Then stared upon their oaken stumps in vain!
Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men then, who their absent toes have mourned,
Can fancy those same toes at times returned;
So kings, in matters of intelligences,
May fancy they have stumbled on their senses.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing ode—
Why liftest thou thy pious eyes to God!
Strange disappointment in thy looks I read;

And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,
“Is this an action, Peter, this a deed
To raise a monarch to the sky?
Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,
Rare things to figure in the Muse's song!”

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels
On kings and brewers, porter, pumps and barrels.—
Far from the dove-like Peter be such strife!

But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact —

Thy Cæsar never did an act
More wise, more glorious in his life.

Now God preserve all Wonder-hunting kings,
Whether a Windsor, Buckingham, or Kewhouse:
And may they never do more foolish things
Than visiting Sam Whitbread and his brewhouse!

ODE TO MY ASS, PETER.

O THOU, my solemn friend, of man despised,
But not by me despised — respected long!
To prove how much thy qualities are prized,
Accept, old fellow-traveller, a song.

My great, great ancestor, of lyric fame,
Immortal! threw a glory round the horse;
Then, as I light my candle at his flame,
That candle shall illumine thee of course.

For why not thou, in works and virtues rich,
In Fame's fair temple also boast a niche?

How many a genius, 'midst a vulgar pack,
Oblivion stuffs into her sooty sack,
Calmly as Jew old-clothes' men, in their bags,
Mix some great man's laced coat with dirty rags;
Or satin petticoat of some sweet maid,
That o'er her beauties cast an envious shade!
And what's the reason? — Reason too apparent:
Ah! "*quia vate sacro carent*,"

As Horace says, that bard divine,
Whose wits so fortunately jump with mine.

Ah, Peter, I remember, oft, when tired,
And most unpleasantly at times bemired,
Bold hast thou said: "I'll budge not one inch further;
And now, young master, you may kick or murder."
Then have I cudgelled thee—a fruitless matter!
For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.
Though, Balaam-like, I cursed thee with a smack;
Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back,
And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
In vain did I thy running rump assail:

For lo, between thy legs thou putt'dst thine head,
And gavest me a puddle for a bed.
Now this was fair—the action bore no guile:
Thou duck'dst me not, like Judas, with a smile.
O, were the manners of some monarchs such,
Who smile even in the close insidious hour
That kicks th' unguarded minion from his power!
But this is asking p'rhaps of kings too much.

O Peter, little didst thou think, I ween,
When I a school-boy on thy back was seen,
Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth;
For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth;
Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
On sloes, or nuts, or strawberries to regale—

I say, O Peter, little didst thou think,
That I, thy namesake, in immortal ink
Should dip my pen, and rise a wondrous bard,
And gain such praise, Sublimity's reward;
But not the Laurel—honour much too high,
Given by the King of Isles to Mister Pye,

Who sings his Sovereign's virtues twice a-year,
And therefore cannot chronicle small beer.

Yet simple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true;
There are, who on my verses look askew,
And call my lyric lucubrations stuff:
But I'm a modest, not *unconnyinge* elf,
Or I could say such things about myself—
But God forbid that I should puff!

Yet natural are selfish predilections!
Like snakes they writhe about the heart's affections,
And sometimes too infuse a poisonous spirit;
Producing, as by naturalists I'm told,
Torpida insensibility, so cold
To every brother's rising merit.

Wits to each other just like loadstones act,
That do not always like firm friends attract;
Though of the same rare nature, (strange to tell!)
The little hardened rogues as oft repel.

But lo, of thee I'll speak, my long-eared friend!
Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore;
Victorious, for laced hats didst thou contend;
And ribbons graced thy ears—a gaudy store.

Buff breeches too have crowned a proud, proud day,
Not thou, but which thy rider wore away;
Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
Great soul! deserving an Olympic Ode.

Thy bravery often did I much approve;
Raised by that queen of passions, Love.
Whene'er in Love's delicious frenzy crossed
By long-eared brothers, lo, wert thou a host!

Love did thy lion-heart with courage steel !
Quicker than that of Vestris moved thy heel :
Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didst smite !
And then no alderman could match thy bite !

And is thy grace no more revered ?
Indeed 'tis greatly to be feared !

Yet shalt thou flourish in immortal song,
To me if immortality belong ;
For stranger things than this have come to pass —
Posterity thy history shall devour,
And read with pleasure how, when vernal shower
In gay profusion raised the dewy grass,
I led thee forth, thine appetite to please,
And 'mid the verdure saw thee up to knees !

How, oft I plucked the tender blade ;
And, happy, how thou cam'st at my command,
And wantoning around, as though afraid,
With poking neck didst pull it from my hand,
Then scamper, kicking, frolicsome, away,
With such a fascinating bray !

Where oft I paid thee visits, and where thou
Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears,
And grin so 'witchingly, I can't tell how,
And dart at me such friendly leers ;

With such a smiling head, and laughing tail ;
And when I moved, how grieved, thou seem'dst to say,
“ Dear Master, let your humble Ass prevail ;
Pray Master, do not go away ” —
And how (for what than friendship can be sweeter ?)
I gave thee grass again, O pleasant Peter.

And how, when Winter bade the herbage die,
And Nature mourned beneath the stormy sky;
When waving trees, surcharged with chilling rain,
Dropped seeming tears upon the harassed plain,
I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
With oats to grind, and hay to pull :
Thus, whilst abroad December ruled the day,
How Plenty showed within the blooming May !

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, thrice a-day, to comb and rub thee down,
And be thy bed-maker at night,
Thy groom attended, both with hay and oat,
By which thy back could boast a handsome coat,
And laugh at many a fine court lord and knight,
Whose strutting coats belong p'rhaps to the tailor,
And probably their bodies to the jailor !

What though no dimples thou hast got,
Black sparkling eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,
And oft a 'witching smile and cheerful laugh;
And then thy cleanliness ! — 'tis strange to utter !
Like sin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter;
And then the stream so daintily dost quaff !
Unlike a country alderman, who blows,
And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose !

What though I've heard some voices sweeter,
Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle Peter !
Whether a judge of music, I don't know —
If so,

Thou hast th' advantage got of many a score
That enter at the opera door.

Some people think thy tones are rather coarse;
Even love-sick tones addressed to Lady Asses —

Octaves, indeed, of wondrous force;
And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses.

Lord Cardigan, if rightly I divine,
Would very gladly give his voice for thine :

And Lady Mount, ¹ her Majesty's fine foil,
For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,
Poor lady! who has quarrelled with the graces,
Would very willingly change faces.

How honoured once wert thou! but ah, no more!
Thus, too, despised the bards — esteemed of yore!
How rated once, the tuneful tribes of Greece!
Deemed much like diamonds — thousands worth a-piece!

How great was Pindar's glory! — On a day,
Entering Apollo's church, to pray,
The lady of the sacred fanè, or mistress,
Or, in more classic term, the priestess,
Addressed him with ineffable delight —

“Great Sir (quoth she,) in pigs, and sheep, and calves,
Master insists upon't that you go halves :
To beef his godship also gives you right.”

Thus did the twain most hearty dinners make;
Pindar and Phœbus eating steak and steak;
When, too, (Pausanias says,) to please the god —
Between each mouthful Pindar sung an Ode!

Thus, half a deity was this great poet!

Now this was grand in Phœbus — vastly civil —
How changed are things! the present moments show it;
For bard is now synonymous with devil.

¹ Her Majesty is always happy to have Lady Mount E — by her side, as being one of the ugliest women in England — in short, his Lordship in petticoats.

Just to three hundred years ago, I speak —

How simple scholarship was wont to rule!

A man like Doctor Parr, that mouthed but Greek,

Was almost worshipped by the sage and fool;

Deemed by the world, indeed, a first-rate star.

How different now the fate of Doctor Parr!

Unknown he walks! — his name no infants lisp —

Not only reckoned not a first-rate star;

Is this our Greek man, Doctor Parr,

But, gods, not equal to a Will-o'-Wisp!

Plague on't! how niggardly the trump of Fame,

That wakes not *Bellendenus*¹ on the shelf!

The world so still, too, on the Doctor's name,

The man is really forced to praise himself!

“Archbishops, bishops,” so says Doctor Parr,

“By *alpha*, *beta*, merely, have been made;

Why from the mitre then am I so far;

So long a dray-horse in this thundering trade?

O Pitt, shame on thee! — art thou still to seek

The soul of Wisdom in the sound of Greek?”

Peter, suppose we make a bit of style,

And rest ourselves a little while?

¹ The preface to *Bellendenus* was a *coup d'essai* of the Doctor's for a bishopric — It was the child of his dotage. The pap of party supported it some little time; when, after several struggles to remain amongst us, it paid the last debt of nature.

IN CONTINUATION.

Thus ended Doctor Parr; and now again,
To thee, as good a subject, flows the strain.
Permit me, Peter, in my lyric canter,
Just to speak Latin — “*tempora mutantur!*”

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore;
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thievish miller's dusty door,
I mark thy fallen and disregarded race.

To chimney-sweepers now a common hack;
Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back!
No gorgeous saddles yours — no ivory cribs;
No silken girts surround your ribs;
No royal hands your cheeks with pleasure pat;
Cheeks by a roguish halter prest —
Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest;
Dragged, kicked, and pummelled, by a beggar's brat.

Thus, as I've said, your race is much degraded!
And much, too, is the poet's glory faded!

A time there was, when kings of this fair land,
So meek, would creep to poets, cap in hand,
Begging, as 'twere for alms, a grain of fame,
To sweeten a poor putrifying name —
But past are those rich hours! ah, hours of yore!
Those golden sands of Time shall glide no more.

Yet are we not in thy discarded state,
Whate'er may be the future will of Fate;
Since, as we find by Pye (what still must pride us,)
Kings twice a year can condescend to ride us.

This a is very pretty poem, full of benevolent regard to the long-eared friend of his youth, and glowing with a fond remembrance of the pleasures and pastimes of his earlier days, Ay! Peter Pindar's ass shall trot down to posterity, with his honest brethren, the ass of Sterne, and the Dapple of Sancho Panca.

AN AFTER REFLECTION.

Now, World; thou seest the stuff of which I'm made;
Firm to the honour of the tuneful trade;
Leaving with high contempt the courtier class,
To sing the merits of the humble Ass.

Yet should a miracle the palace mend,
And high-nosed Salisbury to the Virtues send,
Commanding them to come and chat with kings;
Well pleased repentant sinners to support,
So help me, Impudence, I'll go to court!
Besides, I dearly love to see strange things.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, O nightly be thy splendour given :
Oh, could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with liberal hand,
With every sweetest dew of heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train,
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moistened blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade?

Oh! may no feathered foe disturb thy bower,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour :
Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die!

Queen of the insect-world, what leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a bower shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing Nature, thou art pleased to dwell;
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed, through life, a lustre round thy cell.

How different man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life;
Blessed when the passions wild the soul invade!
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade!

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,

To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,

And swells the thundering horrors of the deep.
From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blackened, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,

I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull Oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shakspeare's page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the sage;

High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime,
A column in the melancholy waste,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past)

Majestic, 'mid the solitude of time.

Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship shower.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A form, that wakes my deepest sigh;

A form that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-eyed panting maid;

I see the Virtues o'er their favourite weep.

Ah! could the muse's simple prayer
Command the envied trump of Fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare:
A world should echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?

Yes, on thy frame Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!

In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering — now no
more!

Thus shall the suns of Science sink away,
And thus of Beauty fade the fairest flower—
For where's the giant who to Time shall say,
“Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy power?”

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY SKETCH.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq. a banker of the city of London, is the son of a gentleman of the same profession, who, in 1780, had a severe contest with the present Lord Sheffield, then Colonel Holroyd, for the representation of Coventry. Mr. Rogers received a most liberal education, and has greatly distinguished himself by his urbanity and refined taste. ¹

Didaetic poetry, when it treats of human passions, as it is commonly devoted to the description of general feelings, unmarked by those traits and peculiarities which distinguish the individual, does not create that deep and powerful interest which is excited when those feelings are exemplified and brought home to the affections of the reader, by the portraiture of the enjoyments or sufferings of real or imaginary personages. — It can, therefore, no more be expected to interest the common reader, than philanthropy or cosmopolitism can be thought to actuate the mass of mankind : for, unless we are enabled to picture to ourselves vividly and distinctly those objects which are intended to excite our sympathies, it is not the bare recital of the most alarming and horrible catastrophes that will affect in the slightest degree even those of the most delicate sensibility.

Samuel Rogers is the Goldsmith of the nineteenth century. It is the great merit of this writer, that he appeals to the heart : we are born along by an impulse, which evinces how strongly our personal feelings are interested; and while we admire the poet, we esteem the man. Thus; in the “Pleasures of Memory,” the recollections of the past stand before us in palpable array. As we read, we are perpetually reminded of our own experience, and are delighted with the fidelity of the picture. It is for this reason, that the gratification we derive from the perusal of his writings is permanent. The mind recurs to them as to a subject that is interwoven with its own sensations; and they acquire an importance from their truth.

The “Pleasures of Memory,” whether we consider the com-

¹ Samuel Rogers has written, an Ode to Superstition, with other Poems, 4to. 1786. — The pleasures of Memory, 4to. 1792. Of this there have been several editions. — An Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems, 4to. 1798. — Poems, including the Voyage of Columbus, 8vo. — Jaqueline, a tale, printed with Lord Byron's Lara, 12mo. 1814. — Human life 12mo. 1820. — Italy, 12mo. 1822.

prehensiveness of its plan, the correctness of its delineations, or the skilfulness of its execution, is an admirable poem. No point of advantage seems to be omitted; and the author appears to have dived for his materials into the inmost recesses of the human heart. The recollections of our youth, the associations of age, or reflections of the mind, as excited by the remembrance of sensible objects, or personal attachments and feelings, are all minutely but powerfully delineated. Even the instinct of brutes, as referred to the operations of the memory, is not forgotten.

Undamp'd by time, the generous instinct glows
 Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
 Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
 On every form of varied life imprest.
 The social tribes its choicest influence hail;
 And, when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
 The war worn courser charges at the sound,
 And with young vigour wheels the pastnre round.

 Recal the traveller, whose alter'd form
 Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
 And who will first his fond impatience meet?
 His faithful dog's already at his feet."

The love of country also refers itself to the same principle :

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,
 Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
 If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,
 Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguil'd,
 Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
 And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

 For this, Foscari, whose relentless fate
 Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
 When exile wore his blooming years away,
 To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,

 Glad to return, tho' hope could grant no more,
 And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.

In the delineation of minute points of interest, which associate themselves with the memory, the genius of Rogers is no less conspicuous, than in his comprehensive grasp of his subject as a whole. We have all experienced that objects, trifling in themselves, when viewed after a lapse of years, awaken a train of reflections and conjure up to the mind a thousand tender recollections; and that incidents, which time had partially obscured, are arrayed with a freshness, as green as if they were but of yesterday. — The Poet has not failed to seize these impressions. He has given them, by the magic of his genius, a more lively interest, while he has preserved all their truth, and all their simplicity.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.

.....
 The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart,
 The clock still points its moral to the heart.

Those muskets, cas'd with venerable rust,
 Those once lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust;
 Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
 Starting to life; — *all whisper of the past!*

It is by these minor touches of exquisite skill, that we recognize the poet of nature and of truth. Nor is the genius of Rogers less conspicuous in the choice of his subjects, than in his mode of treating them. Leaving to others, on the one hand, those powerful delineations of terrific objects and emotions, from which we rather recoil with dread, than regard with sympathy; and, on the other, that morbid exuberance of fancy, which associates with inanimate objects a thousand extravagant sensations, creating to itself a world of fiction, in which every thing is as it is not; he pursues the path to fame through a less romantic, but more certain road, — by enobling the best impulses of our nature, and making common cause with its purest sympathies.

But if in the "Pleasures of Memory" we find so much to admire on the score of kindred recognition, his "Human Life" brings the mirror of our thoughts, our feelings, and our experience, still closer to our view. It is indeed the microcosm of man, and portrays with singular elegance and fidelity this "strange, eventful history," this "tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing." The introduction, comprising in thirty-three lines the various stages of existence, for simplicity, interest, compressiveness and beauty, may fairly challenge competition with any poem in the English language; and who can deny the fidelity of the following picture?

Our pathway leads but to a precipice;
 And all must follow, fearful as it is!
 From the first step 'tis known; but — No delay!
 On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.
 A thousand ills beset us as we go.
 "Still could I shun the fatal gulph" — Ah! no;
 'Tis all in vain: — the inexorable law!
 Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
 Verdure springs up; and fruits and flowers invite,
 And groves and fountains; — all things that delight.
 "Oh! I would stop, and linger, if I might!"
 We fly: no resting for the foot we find;
All dark before; all desolate behind!
 At length the brink appears — but one step more!
 We faint — On! on! — We falter — and 'tis o'er!

Perhaps one of the strongest arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul (to us at least, it has always appeared so) is the little progress the longest life affords, for the attainment

of mental perfection. How few are allowed time to execute what the ambition of their minds has conceived ! They advance to the end in view with gradual improvement ; they never retrograde ; but death cuts them off ere the object is accomplished ; and may we not indulge in the hope, that in a future life we shall be permitted to continue our progress, till we ultimately reach that perfection of intellect, which is denied us here, but which the very longing of our nature seems to imply will not be forever withheld from us ? A similar idea appears to be entertained by Mr. Rogers, who thus beautifully expresses it :

Do what he will, man cannot realise
Half he conceives ; — the glorious vision flies.

.....
Passions that slept are stirring in his frame,
Thoughts undefined, feelings, without a name !
And some, not here called forth, may slumber on,
'Til this vain pageant of a world is gone ;
Lying too deep for things that perish here,
Waiting for life — but in a nobler sphere !

The poem of *Human Life* is fertile in beauty. His picture of maternal love and infantine simplicity is most exquisite, and presents a faithfulness and a richness of colouring, that cannot be excelled. It is a delineation of nature, which we instantly recognize ; and needs not the aid of fancy to give it loveliness or interest. Who does not sympathize with a mother's feelings in the following beautiful lines ?

As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart !
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

He who can peruse these lines without feeling the best emotions of his heart awakened, is "either more or less than man." It is poetry like this, that will stamp the literary character of the present age with an unfading immortality ; like the genius of Shakespeare, it is a structure erected on the rock of truth ; and the poems of Rogers will be perused with delight by posterity, while the monstrous abortions of some of his contemporaries will be lost in the ocean of oblivion.

We are not very fond of *Jacqueline*. There is in this poem as in the *Lines on a tear* a factitious and far-fetched sensibility.

His *Voyage of Columbus* is only a fragment ; but there are fine pictures and poetry in *Italy*.

The *Verses on Loch Long* have been quoted in all monthly journals. The *Boy of Egremont*, is termed a *Lakish ditty* by the Edinburgh review.

V. A.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Still'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols clos'd the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasur'd tales, and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old mansion frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptur'd shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest.
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!

That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood:
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart,
The clock still points its moral to the heart.

That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear!
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near:
And has its sober hand, its simple chime;
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet sooth'd my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cas'd with venerable rust;
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscrib'd with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer-shade;
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

Childhood's lov'd group revisits every scene;
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Cloth' with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that heav'n assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestion stills each vain alarm;
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke! — to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.

What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play,
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd,
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here!
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blaz'd
The gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pang his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
Angels, when Mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
Had stopt to catch new rapture from the sight.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell
The church clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon grey stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
When the heart danc'd and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,
He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,
Rous'd him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of Truth;

Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd;
In Friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

— But when the sons of peace and pleasure sleep,
When only sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind,
With sigh so sweet, with transports so refin'd?

Ethereal Power! whose smile, at noon of night,
Recalls the far-fled spirit of delight;
Instils that musing, melancholy mood,
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
Blest Memory, hail! Oh grant the grateful Muse,
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Controul the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious Prospero's mysterious spell
Conven'd the subject-spirits to his cell;
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.
Each sthrills the seat of sense, that sacred source,
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And thro' the frame invisibly convey
The subtle quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reason's faintest ray to Newton soar:
What different spheres to human bliss assign'd!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought!

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild Tupia dar'd explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale,
That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe;
And all his soul best lov'd—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
And fairy forest fring'd the evening sky.

So, Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,
Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;

But now the morn with orient hues pourtray'd
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade :
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing !

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh ;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws ;
Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart :
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance thro' the gloom, and whisper in the gale ;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.
'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb,
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom :
So Tully paus'd amid the wrecks of Time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime ;
When at his feet, in honour'd dust disclos'd,
The immortal sage of Syracuse repos'd.
And as his youth in sweet delusion hung,
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung ;

Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruin'd Tusculum's romantic groves?
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :
We gaze on every feature till it lives !
Still the fond lover views the absent maid ;
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep ,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep :
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The fatlier's features in his infant face.
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away ,
Won by the charm of Innocence at play ;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy ,
Forgets his age, and aets again the boy.

What tho' the iron school of War erase
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace :
What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast ;
Still shall this active principle preside ,
And wake the tear, to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore ,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more ,
If chance he hear the song so sweetly wild
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguil'd ,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise ,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.
Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm :
Say why Vespasian lov'd his Sabine farm ;
Why great Navarre, when France and freedom bled ,
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.

When Diocletian's self-corrected mind
The imperial fasces of a world resign'd,
Say why we trace the labours of his spade,
In calm Salona's philosophic shade.
Say, when contentious Charles renounc'd a throne,
To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew?
What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu?
The still retreats that sooth'd his tranquil breast,
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.
Undamp'd by time, the generous instinct glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On every form of varied life imprest.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail : —
And, when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Of has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Of have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter-wind;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,

And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.
Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from the door,
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech. —
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations bless'd the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies; —
'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When, with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
Want, with her babes, round generous Valour clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from the sky.

Hark ! the bee winds her small but mellow horn ,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course ,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon , 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought ,
Beyond the search of sense , the soar of thought ,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind ;
Its orb so full , its vision so confin'd !
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell ?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of varied scents , that charm'd her as she flew ?
Hail , Memory , hail ! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

WHEN , with a Reaumur's skill , thy curious mind
Has class'd the insect tribes of human kind ,
Each with its busy hum , or gilded wing ,
Its subtle web-work , or its venom'd sting ;
Let me , to claim a few unvalued hours ,
Point the green lane that leads thro' fern and flowers ;
The shelter'd gate that opens to my field ,
And the white front thro' mingling elms reveal'd.

In vain , alas , a village-friend invites
To simple comforts , and domestic rites ,
When the gay months of Carnival resume
Their annual round of glitter and perfume ;

When London hails thee to its splendid mart,
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art;
And, lo! majestic as thy manly song,
Flows the full tide of human life along.

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home-prospects of my hermit cell;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;
And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass—
Browsing the hedge by fits, the pannier'd ass;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires;
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung:
And thro' the various year, the various day,
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When April verdure springs in Grosvenor-square,
And the furr'd Beauty comes to winter there,
She bids old Nature mar the plan no more;
Yet still the seasons circle as before.
Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays,
Tho' moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze;
As soon the skylark pours his matin song,
Tho' evening lingers at the mask so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,
As tapers shine their little lives away;
There let her practice from herself to steal,
And look the happiness she does not feel;
The ready smile and bidden blush employ
At Faro-routs, that dazzle to destroy;
Fan with affected ease the essenc'd air,
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.
Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with rosy light;
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repose with dignity, with quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;
Yet modest ornament, with use combin'd,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
Small change of scene, small space his home requires,
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What tho' no marble breathes, no canvas glows,
From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates, thro' distant climes,
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace!
Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recalls!

Soon as the morning dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise!
O mark! again the coursers of the sun,
At Guido's call, their round of glory run!
Again the rosy hours resume their flight,
Obscur'd and lost in floods of golden light!

But could thine erring friend so long forget
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)
That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,
Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings;
And still the few best lov'd and most rever'd
Rise round the board their social smile endear'd.

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers!
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read antient books, or woo inspiring dreams;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.
— Ah, most that art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;
Which gathers round the wise of every tongue,
All on whose words departed nations hung;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat!

Tho' my thatch'd bath no rich Mosaic knows,
A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.
Emblem of life! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away!
The shadowy walls record, with attic art,
The strength and beauty that its waves impart.
Here Thetis, bending, with a mother's fears
Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.

There, Venus, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,
As her fair self reflected seems to rise!

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,
And all 'the dull impertinence of life,'
These eyelids open to the rising ray,
And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows;
There noon-day levees call from faint repose.
Here the flush'd wave flings back the parting light;
There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.
When from his classic dreams the student steals,
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
To muse unnotic'd—while around him press
The meteor-forms of equipage and dress;
Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land!
And (tho' perchance of current coin possess,
And modern phrase by living lips express)
Like those blest youths, forgive the fabling page,
Whose blameless lives deceiv'd a twilight age,
Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's spade
Unclos'd the cavern, and the morning play'd.
Ah, what their strange surprise, their wild delight!
New arts of life, new manners meet their sight!
In a new world they wake, as from the dead;
Yet doubt the trance dissolv'd, the vision fled!

O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health!
Long, in this shelter'd scene of letter'd talk,
With sober step repeat the pensive walk;
Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
The cheap amusements of a mind at ease;

Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
And many an idle hour—not idly pass'd.

No tuneful echoes, ambush'd at my gate,
Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.
Vain of its various page, no Album breathes
The sigh that Friendship or the Muse bequeaths.
Yet some good Genii o'er my heart preside,
Oft the far friend, with secret spell, to guide;
And there I trace, when the grey evening lours,
A silent chronicle of happier hours!

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;
His spangling shower when frost the wizard flings;
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves;
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,
What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,
Screen'd from the arrowy North; and duly hies
To meet the morning-rumour as it flies,
To range the murmuring market-place, and view
The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms thro' the vale,
And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;
Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
Framing loose numbers, till declining day
Thro' the green trellis shoots a crimson ray;
Till the west-wind leads on the twilight hours,
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy! seat of soft delight,
The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.

Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!
Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,
Thy closet-supper, serv'd by hands unseen,
Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene,
'To hail our coming. Not a step prophane
Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain,
And, while the frugal banquet glows reveal'd,
Pure and unbought, — the natives of my field;
While blushing fruits thro' scatter'd leaves invite,
Still clad in bloom, and veil'd in azure light; —
With wine, as rich in years as Horace sings,
With water, clear as his own fountain flings,
The shifting sideboard plays its humbler part,
Beyond the triumphs of a Loriot's art.

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught
With mental light, and luxury of thought,
My life steals on; (O could it blend with thine!)
Careless my course, yet not without design.
So thro' the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide;
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight;
Culling unnumber'd sweets from nameless flowers,
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
Caught thro' St. James's groves at blush of day;
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
Thro' trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,
Tho' skill'd alike to dazzle and to please;
Tho' each gay scene be search'd with anxious eye,
Nor thy shut door be pass'd without a sigh.

If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,
 Some, form'd like thee, should once, like thee explore;
 Invoke the Lares of his lov'd retreat;
 And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim-feet;
 Then be it said, (as, vain of better days,
 Some grey domestic prompts the partial praise)
 "Unknown he liv'd, unenvied, not unblest;
 Reason his guide, and happiness his guest."
 In the clear mirror of his moral page,
 We trace the manners of a purer age.
 His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
 Scorn'd the false lustre of licentious thought.
 — One fair asylum from the world he knew,
 One chosen seat, that charms with various view!
 Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)
 Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas! in vain.
 Thro' each he roves, the tenant of a day,
 And, with the swallow, wings the year away!"

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

I. I.

HENCE, to the realms of night, dire Demon, hence!
 Thy chain of adamant can bind
 That little world, the human mind,
 And sink its noblest powers to impotence.
 Wake the lion's loudest roar,
 Clot his shaggy mane with gore,
 With flashing fury bid his eye-balls shine;
 Meek is his savage, sullen soul, to thine!
 Thy touch, thy deadening touch has steel'd the breast,

Whence, thro' her rainbow-shower, soft pity smil'd;
Has clos'd the heart each godlike virtue bless'd,
To all the silent pleadings of his child.
At thy command he plants the dagger deep,
At thy command exults, tho' Nature bids him weep!

I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,
Thou darted'st thy huge head from high,
Night wav'd her banners o'er the sky,
And, brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth.
Rocking on the billowy air,
Ah! what withering phantoms glare!
As blows the blast with many a sudden swell,
At each dead pause, what shrill-ton'd voices yell!
The sheeted spectre, rising from the tomb,
Points at the murderer's stab, and shudders by;
In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,
That veils its genius from the vulgar eye:
The spirit of the water rides the storm,
And, thro' the mist, reveals the terrors of his form.

I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where winter reigns,
And holds each mountain-wave in chains,
The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer
By glistening star-light thro' the snow,
Breathes softly in her wondering ear
Each potent spell thou bad'st him know.
By thee inspir'd, on India's sands,
Full in the sun the Bramin stands;
And, while the panting tigress hies
To quench her fever in the stream,
His spirit laughs in agonies,
Smit by the scorplings of the noontide beam.

Mark who mounts the sacred pyre ,
Blooming in her bridal vest :
She hurls the torch ! she fans the fire !
 To die is to be blest :
She clasps her lord to part no more ,
And, sighing , sinks ! but sinks to soar .
O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast ,
The Sisters sail in dusky state ,
And, wrapt in clouds , in tempests tost ,
 Weave the airy web of fate ,
While the lone shepherd , near the shipless main ,
Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral train .

II. 1.

Thou spak'st , and lo ! a new creation glow'd .
 Each unhewn mass of living stone
 Was clad in horrors not its own ,
And at its base the trembling nations bow'd .
 Giant Error , darkly grand ,
 Grasp'd the globe with iron hand .
Circled with seats of bliss , the Lord of Light
Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height .
The statue , waking with immortal powers ,
Springs from its parent earth , and shakes the spheres ;
 The indignant pyramid sublimely towers ,
 And braves the efforts of a host of years .
 Sweet Music breathes her soul into the wind ;
And bright-ey'd Painting stamps the image of the mind .

II. 2.

Round their rude ark old Egypt's sorcerers rise !
 A timbrell'd anthem swells the gale ,
 And bids the God of Thunders hail ;
With lowings loud the captive God replies .

Clouds of incense woo thy smile,
Sealy monarch of the Nile!
But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee?
Go, count the busy drops that swell the sea.
Proud land! what eye can trace thy mystic lore,
Lock'd up in characters as dark as night?
What eye those long, long labyrinths dare explore,
To which the parted soul oft wings her flight;
Again to visit her cold cell of clay,
Charm'd with perennial sweets, and smiling at decay?

II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright
With purple ether's liquid light,
High o'er the world, the white-rob'd Magi gaze
On dazzling bursts of heavenly fire;
Start at each blue, portentous blaze,
Each flame that flits with adverse spire.
But say, what sounds my ear invade
From Delphi's venerable shade?
The temple rocks, the laurel waves!
"The God! the God!" the Sybil cries.
Her figure swells! she foams, she raves!
Her figure swells to more than mortal size!
Streams of rapture roll along,
Silver notes ascend the skies:
Wake, Echo, wake and catch the song;
Oh catch it, ere it dies!
The Sybil speaks, the dream is o'er,
The holy harpings charm no more.
In vain she checks the God's controul!
His madding spirit fills her frame,
And moulds the features of her soul,
Breathing a prophetic flame.

The cavern frowns; its hundred mouths unclose!
And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire flows.

III. 1.

Mona, thy Druid-rites awake the dead!
Rites thy brown oaks would never dare
Ev'n whisper to the idle air;
Rites that have chain'd old Ocean on his bed.
Shiver'd by thy piercing glance,
Pointless falls the hero's lance.
Thy magic bids the Imperial eagle fly,
And blast the laureate wreath of victory.
Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string!
At every pause dread Silence hovers o'er:
While murky Night sails round on raven-wing,
Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar;
Chas'd by the morn from Snowdon's awful brow,
Where late she sate and scowl'd on the black wave below.

III. 2.

Lo, steel-clad War his gorgeous standard rears!
The red-cross squadrons madly rage,
And mow thro' infancy and age;
Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.
Veiling from the eye of day,
Penance dreams her life away;
In cloister'd solitude she sits and sighs,
While from each shrine still small responses rise.
Hear, with what heart-felt beat the midnight bell
Swings its slow summons thro' the hollow pile!
The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight cell,
To walk, with taper dim, the winding aisle;
With choral chantings vainly to aspire,
Beyond this nether sphere, on rapture's wing of fire.

III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,
Hence! with the rack and reeking wheel
Faith lifts the soul above this little ball!
While gleams of glory open round,
And circling choirs of angels call,
Can'st thou, with all thy terrors crown'd,
Hope to obscure that latent spark,
Destin'd to shine when suns are dark?
Thy triumphs cease! thro' every land,
Hark! Truth proclaims, thy triumphs cease:
Her heavenly form, with glowing hand,
Benignly points to piety and peace.
Flush'd with youth, her looks impart
Each fine feeling as it flows!
Her voice the echo of her heart,
Pure as the mountain-snows:
Celestial transports round her play,
And softly, sweetly die away.
She smiles! and where is now the cloud
That blacken'd o'er thy baleful reign?
Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,
Shrinking from her glance in vain.
Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,
And lo! it visits man with beams of light and love.

VERSES

WRITTEN TO BE SPOKEN BY MRS. SIDDONS.

YES, 'tis the pulse of life! my fears were vain!
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.
Still in this nether world; no seraph yet!
Nor walks my spirit, when the sun is set,
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board,
Where I died last — by poison or the sword;
Blanching each honest cheek with deeds of night,
Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.

— To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Call'd back reality, and broke the spell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone;
A very woman — scarce restrains her own!
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to be grateful is the part assign'd?
Ah, no! she scorns the trappings of her art,
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart!

But, Ladies, say, must I alone unmask?
Is here no other actress? let me ask.
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,
Know every woman studies stage-effect.
She moulds her manners to the part she fills,
As instinct teaches, or as humour wills;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First, how her little breast with triumph swells,
When the red coral rings its golden bells!

To play in pantomime is then the rage,
Along the carpet's many-colour'd stage;
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavour,
Now here, now there — in noise and mischief ever!

A School-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances;
Playful at church, and serious when she dances;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows;
Terror of caps, and wigs, and sober notions!
A romp! that longest of perpetual motions!
— Till tam'd and tortur'd into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely face at public places;
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor, man.

Too soon a Flirt, approach her and she flies!
Frowns when pursued, and, when entreated, sighs!
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice;
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdain'd,
And now she sues to slaves herself had chain'd!

Then comes that good old character, a Wife;
With all the dear, distracting cares of life;
A thousand cards a day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set Portland-place on fire;
Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,
A meteor, trac'd by none, tho' seen by all;
And, when her shatter'd nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen — rehearse the girls at home.

Last the grey Dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles, the age denounces;
Boasts how the sires of this degenerate isle
Knelt for a look, and duell'd for a smile.
The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,
Like her own birds that clamour from their cages;
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
Like some old ruin, "nodding to its fall!"

Thus Woman makes her entrance and her exit;
Not least an actress when she least suspects it.
Yet nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot;
Full oft, with energy that scorns controul,
At once lights up the features of the soul;
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward art,
And to full day the latent passions start!

— And she, whose first, best wish is your applause,
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
Born on the stage — thro' every shifting scene,
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fir'd!
And can she act, with thoughts like these inspir'd?
Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
To you, uncheck'd, each genuine feeling flows!
For all that life endears — to you she owes.

ON A TEAR.

OH! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell —
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude controul
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

HUMAN LIFE.

AND say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green :
The man himself how alter'd, not the scene !
Now journeying home, with nothing but the name ;
Way-worn and spent, another, and the same !
No eye observes the growth or the decay,
To-day we look as we did yesterday ;
Yet while the loveliest smiles, her locks grow grey !
And in her glass could she but see her face
She'll see so soon amid another race ;
How would she shrink ! — Returning from afar,
After some years of travel — some of war,
Within his gates Ulysses stood unknown,
Before a wife, a father, and a son.

And such is Human Life, the general theme,
Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream ?
Though with such wild romantic wanderings fraught,
Such forms in fancy's richest colouring wrought,
That like the visions of a love-sick brain,
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again ?

Our pathway leads but to a precipice ;
And all must follow — fearful as it is,
From the first step ; 'tis known : but — no delay !
On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.

A thousand ills beset us as we go,
" Still could I shun the fatal gulph " — ah! no,
"Tis all in vain — the inexorable law!
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
Verdure springs up, and fruits and flowers invite;
And groves and fountains — all things that delight.
" Oh, I would stop and linger if I might. " .
We fly; no resting for the foot we find;
All dark before, all desolate behind!
At length the brink appears — but one step more!
We faint — on, on! — we falter — and 'tis o'er!

.
How great the mystery! Let others sing
The circling year, the promise of the spring,
The summer's glory and the rich repose
Of autumn, and the winter's silvery snows.
Man through the changing scene let me pursue,
Himself how wond'rous in his changes too!
Not Man the sullen savage in his den,
But man called forth in fellowship with men,
Schooled and trained up to wisdom from his birth;
God's noblest work — His image upon earth!

.
And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope, like evening stars, attending;
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed,
Those by the world shunned ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round — the widow with her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled!

They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees,
Sees and exults — were ever dreams like these?
They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears.
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears!
Tis past! That hand we grasped, alas, in vain!
Nor shall we look upon his face again!
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting; and, through many a year,
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-night;
His parting though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close!
Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace — say, rather soared to Heaven,
Upborne from earth by Him to whom 'tis given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of eternity.
When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright :
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upwards that he is not here,
That he is risen!

But the day is spent;
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent — though like ours, perchance,
Busy and full of life and circumstance;
Where some the paths of wealth and power pursue,
Of pleasure some, of happiness a few;
And as the sun goes round — a sun not ours,

While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without inquire;
At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and fair;
And as they wander, picturing things, like me,
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,
Trace out their journey through their little day,
And fondly dream a little hour away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY SKETCH.

MR. CAMPBELL is a native of Glasgow, in which city he was born in 1777. He received the first part of his education in the Grammar School there, and it was completed at the University of the same city. Here he very soon distinguished himself by his classical acquirements, and in the first year of his matriculation, gained a bursary on Bishop Leighton's foundation, by carrying off the victory in an arduous contest with the first man of the University, and who was twice his own age. His Greek translations, which are so pure and elegant that it is difficult to believe them the productions of a young scholar, placed him at the height of Academical honours, and the Professor, in delivering to him the prize for a translation from Æschylus, declared it to be the best performance of the kind ever produced in that University.

On quitting Glasgow, Mr. Campbell, after a short residence in Argylshire, repaired to Edinburgh, where his reputation and talents recommended him to the notice of several literary men, whose countenance was of great service to him. He soon afterwards published his *Pleasures of Hope*, which he had written at the age of twenty, and which was printed before he was twenty-one.

Mr. Campbell, in the year 1800, made a tour to the Continent, and visited several parts of Germany, where he formed an acquaintance with some of the most eminent literary men of that nation, among whom the venerable Klopstock excited his warmest regard. On his return he visited London, where he remained until 1803, when he married, and settled at Sydenham, at which place he has ever since remained.

In 1809 he published *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and other Poems. Mr. Campbell is also said to be the author of a History of The Reign of his late Majesty, in 4 vol. in-8°. but we believe he has never acknowledged this production. He holds the office of Professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution, where his lectures

have long been the most important and enlightened of those delivered through that establishment.

In 1820 he published *Specimens of the Poets of Great Britain*, in 7 vol., with an Essay on English Poetry, which occupies the first volume. The selection is performed with the utmost judgment and good taste, and forms what was long a desideratum in our literature, a compressed and accurate collection of the beauties of the English poets. The Essay which is prefixed, is, as a classical production, and for the profound knowledge it displays of the subject, perfectly unrivalled. ¹

It has been objected by those persons who write their trash with rapidity, — that Mr. Campbell is a laborious writer; and this is urged against his claim to Genius. He knows full well, that writing, whether poetry or prose, to be good must be correct, and as he has a reputation to lose, he bestows such pains on his verses as his own honour and their excellence deserve. The charge of his being a fastidious critic of his own compositions is most true. His next neighbour at Sydenham, (a quiet, unpoetical citizen,) said that Mr. Campbell was a good sort of man, and a peaceable person enough, but he had a most provoking habit of tearing up pieces of paper on which he had written, and scattering them out of his study window; they were borne by the wind upon the cabbages and gooseberry bushes of the adjoining garden, so that it looked, in the dog-days, as if a theatrical snow storm had burst over it.

Mr. Campbell has, within the last twelve months, undertaken the task of editing the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he has enriched by the contribution of his lectures on poetry.

The *Pleasures of Hope*, says a french author to whom we are indebted for many notices in this work, the *Pleasures of Hope*, is a didactic poem, like the *Pleasures of Memory*; but the future lyrical poet is detected there, in the vagueness of the plot, the greater licence of the transitions, and a more frequent boldness of thought and image; in a more rapid march of the style, and especially in its eloquent apostrophes, like those to Kosciusko and Liberty, which terminate the first canto. Compared with Rogers's poem, that of Campbell satisfies the judgment less; notwithstanding it has some more striking passages, it leaves fewer impressions on the mind; the poet stands in need of all the brilliancy of his style to give us satisfaction. This arises from the defectiveness of the subject; for the *Pleasures of Me-*

¹ Th. Campbell published also *Theodric* and *miscellanies* (1824) all his poetical works have been printed in Paris.

mory may be sketched within the limits of a poem, but what limits can be set to those of Hope, which not only embrace terrestrial things, but quit their limits, create new worlds, new divinities, and paradise, etc.? etc.? Campbell's poem more effectually evades analysis than that of Rogers.

Campbell for several years seemed to content himself with the success of his first poem; some short lyrical compositions alone appeared at long intervals, to re-awaken the attention which the *Pleasures of Hope* had excited: a larger work of the author's had been long promised in the bookseller's advertisements, when *Gertrude of Wyoming*, an episode of the revolutions of Pennsylvania, made its appearance. The versification and the details of this poem, demonstrated that the talent of Mr. Campbell had matured itself; but if the fable be analysed, one is tempted to infer, that every thing has been sacrificed to a desire of disarming criticism by the unremitted elegance of the style, which possesses all the harmony peculiar to that of Goldsmith, and the vigour of Johnson, joined to that brilliancy which recalls the imaginative splendour of Spencer. The action is as much neglected as the style is polished; each idea is complete, but appears isolated; a defect rendered more obvious by the rhyme of the stanza of nine lines which the poet has adopted; it might be called a long series of sonnets. This construction is also the same which Byron has chosen for his *Childe Harold*, but in *Childe Harold*, there is no unity of action, all is descriptive. *Gertrude* is an almost pastoral subject; which perhaps required more ease and simplicity. Such, however, as it is, Campbell's poem exhibits admirable contrasts. The grand scenes of American landscape are happily contrasted with the patriarchal life of the colonists; the majestic sketch of the old Oneyda; and his savage eloquence, are in harmony with the mountains, the ancient forests, and the lakes of his native soil. He is worthy of taking his place by the side of Chactas. His character is less developed than that of Atala's lover; but his physiognomy possesses something more frank and local, because, like Chactas, he has not been half civilized by contact with the inhabitants of Europe. The infancy and love of Waldgrave and Gertrude unfavourably recal the exquisite groupe of *Paul and Virginia*; but Campbell has made no more than a sketch of that which composes so dramatic a picture in Bernardin de St. Pierre.

Wyoming, where Campbell has laid the scene of his poem, is a village, on the banks of the Susquehanna, which was ravaged and burnt in 1778, by the Indians of the anti-republican party.

His opening, which describes the locality of the scene, has all the charm of the invocation in the *Deserted Village*: but the style of Campbell is more original than that of Goldsmith, because it is imbued with those local colours which have contributed to the success of *Paul and Virginia* and *Atala*.

The lyrical song which concludes *Gertrude of Wyoming*, naturally leads us to refer to *Lochiel*, which is a prediction of the defeat of Culloden, by a mountain seer, and the ballad of *O'Connor's Daughter*, which "Thomas Moore," unintentionally imitating some verses of Mr. Rogers, calls a tear of the Irish muse, crystallized by genius.

Alternately sparkling with grace and elegance, or nobly energetic, the minor poems of Campbell would alone be sufficient to establish his reputation, if he had not written *Gertrude*.

As a prose writer, he is not less brilliant, and has published a summary of English literature, replete with original ideas. In his poems he has advocated the cause of liberty, and still later, the cause of Grecian freedom.

The poem of *Theodoric*, is less correct than *Gertrude* and the *Pleasures of Hope*; and the interest of it is of a less vivid description. Among the fugitive pieces which accompany *Theodoric*, there is one entitled "*The Last Man*," which bears great analogy to the "*Darkness*" of Byron. Mr. Campbell, himself, claims the having suggested the idea of "*Darkness*" to the noble poet.

The "*Darkness*" of Lord Byron is a vision of despair; it is one of those pictures, which terrify even when reflected in the mirror of poetry. Nothing can be more terrific than the image of two enemies seated beside an expiring flame, the last flash of which reveals them to each other, and embitters their death with a feeling of hatred. But in Campbell's poem, how sublime is that conception of immortality which sustains the faith of the last man amidst the wreck of matter! V. A.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulph of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight; — the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood;
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,

'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will?—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou, dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—

The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

OPENING OF THE SUBJECT.

AT summer eve, when Heav'n's ærial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly pow'r,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play.
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To pleasure's path, or glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, th' Aonian Muses say,
When man and nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When murder bared her arm, and rampant war
Yok'd the red dragons of his iron car;

When peace and mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height, to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantie waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!

Rocks, waves and winds the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought: he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright improvement! on the car of time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.

On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's op'ning day;
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Seythian mountains roam,
Truth, mercy, freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that heaven bestowed!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,
When leagu'd oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd Pandoors and her fierce Hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —
Oh! Heav'n! he cried, my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live! — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly;
Revenge, or death, — the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew: —
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career; —
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd — as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!

Hark! as the mouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dares be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by nature giv'n,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!
Prone to the dust oppression shall be hurl'd,—
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world?

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;

Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of Hope untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of genius, and the pow'rs of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—
“Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No:—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand;—
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on nature's brow?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato liv'd — or Sydney died? —

Ye, fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in faneied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!

Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath valour left the world — to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hainpden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

IN THREE-PARTS.

PART I.

I.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore;
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

II.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do,

But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes —
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And ev'ry sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung;
For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue :
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-ey'd German chang'd his sword to pruning-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay —
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?

Green Albyn! what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellocks rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrèchtan roar!

VI.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forc'd him from a home he lov'd so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fir'd his Highland blood with mickle glee :
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be,
To plant the trec of life, — to plant fair Freedom's tree!

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow creature's doom,
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, belov'd of all,
Suffic'd where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall;
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How rev'rend was the look, serenely ag'd,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuag'd,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire :
And though amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire

That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom-scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathise?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,
Or blest his noonday walk — She was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek —
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he liv'd to see
Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart — but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's knee.

XI.

A lov'd bequest, — and I may half impart,
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flow'r uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play;
To time when, as the rip'ning years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
 (Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
 The orison repeated in his arms,
 For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
 The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
 Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
 (The playmate ere the teacher of her mind :)
 All uncompanion'd else her years had gone,
 Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer
 shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
 When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
 An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r,
 Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;
 The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
 And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
 A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
 Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
 Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young —
 The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;
 When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
 Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
 And laid his hand upon the stripling's head:
 "Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;
 "The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
 "This little nursling, take him to thy love,
 "And shield the bird unfledg'd, since gone the parent
 dove.

XV.

“ Christian ! I am the foeman of thy foe ;
“ Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace :
“ Upon the Michagan , three moons ago ,
“ We launch’d our pirogues for the bison chace ,
“ And with the Hurons planted for a space ,
“ With true and faithful hands , the olive stalk ;
“ But snakes are in the bosoms of their race ,
“ And though they held with us a friendly talk ,
“ The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk !

XVI.

“ It was encamping on the lake’s far port ,
“ A cry of Areouski broke our sleep ,
“ Where storm’d an ambush’d foe thy nation’s fort ,
“ And rapid , rapid whoops came o’er the deep ;
“ But long thy country’s war-sign on the steep
“ Appear’d through ghastly intervals of light ;
“ And deathfully their thunders seem’d to sweep ,
“ Till utter darkness swallow’d up the sight ,
“ As if a show’r of blood had quench’d the fiery fight !

XVII.

“ It slept—it rose again—on high their tow’r
“ Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies ,
“ Then down again it rain’d an ember show’r ,
“ And louder lamentations heard we rise :
“ As when the evil Manitou that dries
“ Th’ Ohio woods , consumes them in his ire ,
“ In vain the desolated panther flies ,
“ And howls , amidst his wilderness of fire :
“ Alas ! too late , we reach’d and smote those Hurons dire !

XVIII.

“ But as the fox beneath the nobler hound ,
“ So died their warriors by our battle-brand ;

“ And from the tree we with her child unbound
“ A lonely mother of the Christian land—
“ Her lord—the captain of the British band—
“ Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
“ Scarce knew the widow our deliv’ring hand;
“ Upon her child she sobb’d, and swoon’d away,
“ Or shriek’d unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

XIX.

“ Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
“ Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamité;
“ But she was journeying to the land of souls,
“ And lifted up her dying head to pray
“ That we should bid an ancient friend convey
“ Her orphan to his home of England’s shore;
“ And take, she said, this token far away,
“ To one that will remember us of yore,
“ When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave’s Julia wore.

XX.

“ And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush’d
“ With this lorn dove.” — A sage’s self-command
Had quell’d the tears from Albert’s heart that gush’d;
But yet his cheek — his agitated hand —
That shower’d upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguil’d
A soul that was not wont to be unmann’d;
“ And stay,” he cried, “ dear pilgrim of the wild!
“ Preserver of my old, my boon companion’s child! —

XXI.

“ Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
“ On earth’s remotest bounds how welcome here!
“ Whose mother oft, a child, has fill’d these arms,
“ Young as thyself, and innocently dear,

“ Whose grandsire was my early life’s compeer.
“ Ah happiest home of England’s happy clime !
“ How beautiful ev’n now thy scenes appear,
“ As in the noon and sunshine of my prime !
“ How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time !

XXII.

“ And, Julia ! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
“ Can I forget thee, fav’rite child of yore ?
“ Or thought I, in thy father’s house, when thou
“ Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor,
“ And first of all his hospitable door,
“ To meet and kiss me at my journey’s end ;
“ But where was I, when Waldegrave was no more ?
“ And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
“ In woes, that ev’n the tribe of desarts was thy friend !”

XXIII.

He said — and strain’d unto his heart the boy :
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy ;
As monumental bronze unchang’d his look :
A soul that pity touch’d, but never shook :
Train’d, from his tree-rock’d cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive — fearing but the shame of fear —
A stoic of the woods — a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi’s heart disdain’d to grow ;
As lives the oak unwither’d on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below :
He scorn’d his own, who felt another’s woe :
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,

Or lac'd his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly
tongue.

XXV.

"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
"Shouldst thou tomorrow with thy mother meet,
"Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand
"Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
"While I in lonely wilderness shall grieve
"Thy little foot prints — or by traces know
"The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
"To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
"And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe.

XXVI.

"Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
"But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
"Then come again — my own adopted one!
"And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
"The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
"Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
"And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
"To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
"And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!"

XXVII.

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth :)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods requir'd, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan

His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side —
His pirogue launch'd — his pilgrimage begun —
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to glide;
Then div'd, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage bright.

PART II.

I.

A valley from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn;
And waters to their resting place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene :
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves
To sport by summer moons, had shap'd it for themselves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream;
Both where at evening Allegany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam :
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam,
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;

Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),
Like tumults heard from some far distant town;
But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heav'nly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace,
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophiz'd its viewless scene :
“ Land of my father's love, my mother's birth !
“ The home of kindred I have never seen !
“ We know not other — oceans are between :
“ Yet say ! far friendly hearts from whence we came,
“ Of us does oft remembrance intervene !
“ My mother sure — my sire a thought may claim ;
“ But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

“ And yet, lov'd England ! when thy name I trace
“ In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
“ How can I choose but wish for one embrace
“ Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
“ My mother's looks, — perhaps her likeness strong ?
“ Oh parent ! with what reverential awe,
“ From features of thine own related throng,
“ An image of thy face my soul could draw !
“ And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw ! ”

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatman carrol'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;

Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their father's dust, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit: — rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd by time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw:
Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove,
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulphs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles, — ere yet its symphony begin

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strewn;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shameth' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was seen or heard
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round!

When lo! there enter'd to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land; ·
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features: — she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot — his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought — her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung;
Full fluently convers'd their guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold, — and much they lov'd his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety re-trac'd
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main:
Now happy Switzer's hills, — romantic Spain, —
Gay lilied fields of France, — or, more refin'd,

The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
 Nor less each rural image he design'd,
 Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
 Of Nature's savage glories he would speak, —
 The loneliness of earth that overawes, —
 Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
 The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
 Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
 But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
 Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulph profound,
 That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound. —

XVII.

Pleas'd with his guest, the good man still would ply,
 Each earnest question, and his converse court;
 But Gertrude, as she ey'd him, knew not why
 A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
 "In England thou hast been, — and, by report,
 "An orphan's name (quoth Albert) mayst have known;
 "Sad tale! — when latest fell our frontier fort, —
 "One innocent — one soldier's child — alone
 "Was spar'd, and brought to me, who lov'd him as my
 own. —

XVIII.

"Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful years
 "These very walls his infant sports did see;
 "But most I lov'd him when his parting tears
 "Alternately bedew'd my child and me:
 "His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee
 "Nor half its grief his little heart could hold:
 "By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,

“ They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
“ And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consol’d.” —

XIX.

His face the wand’rer hid, — but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell; —
“ And speak, mysterious stranger! (Gertrude cried)
“ It is! — It is! — I knew — I knew him well!
“ Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to tell!”
A burst of joy the father’s lips declare;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell:
At once his open arms embrac’d the pair,
Was never group more blest in this wide world of care.

XX.

“ And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
“ Your Waldegrave’s feigned name, and false attire?
“ I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,
“ The very fortunes of your house enquire;
“ Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
“ Impart, and I my weakness all betray;
“ For had I lost my Gertrude, and my sire,
“ I meant but o’er your tombs to weep a day,
“ Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

“ But here ye live, — ye bloom, — in each dear face
“ The changing hand of time I may not blame;
“ For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
“ And here, of beauty perfected the frame;
“ And well I know your hearts are still the same, —
“ They could not change — ye look the very way,
“ As when an orphan first to you I came:
“ And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?
“ Nay wherefore weep we, friends, on such a joyous
day?” —

XXII.

“ And art thou here? or is it but a dream?
 “ And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us more?”—
 “ No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
 “ Than aught on earth—than ev’n thyself of yore—
 “ I will not part thee from thy father’s shore,
 “ But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
 “ And hand in hand again the path explore,
 “ Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
 “ While thou shalt be my own with all thy truth and
 charms.”

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
 Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
 Where all was od’rous scent and harmony,
 And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight;
 There if, oh gentle love! I read aright,
 The utterance that seal’d thy sacred bond,
 ’Twas list’ning to these accents of delight,
 She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
 Expression’s pow’r to paint, all languishingly fond.

XXIV.

“ Flow’r of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
 “ Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
 “ Scorning, and scorn’d by fortune’s pow’r, than own
 “ Her pomp and splendors lavish’d at my feet!
 “ Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
 “ Than odours cast on heav’n’s own shrine—to please—
 “ Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
 “ And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
 “ When Coromandel’s ships return from Indian seas.”

XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not pourtray;
For never did the Hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

PART III.

I.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
Nor blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove,
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts, unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing?
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No! nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low!
When, where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes gloom'd.

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,

Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
 But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
 Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;
 Her birth star was the light of burning plains;
 Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
 From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
 And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had rag'd remote,
 Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,
 Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
 That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams?
 Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams?
 Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb;
 Save where the fife its shrill reveillè screams,
 Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
 That speaks of mad'ning strife, and bloodstain'd fields to
 come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang;
 Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe!
 First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
 A husband to the battle doom'd to go!
 "Nay meet not thou, (she cries) thy kindred foe!
 "But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!"—
 "Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know,
 "Would feel like mine the stigmatizing brand,
 "Could I forsake the cause of freedom's holy band!

IX.

"But shame—but flight a recreant's name to prove,
 "To hide in exile ignominious fears;
 "Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love

“Thy father’s bosom to his home endears:
 “And how could I his few remaining years,
 “My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child?” —
 So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers;
 At last that heart to hope is half beguil’d;
 And pale through tears suppress’d the mournful beauty
 smil’d.

X.

Night came, — and in their lighted bow’r, full late,
 The joy of converse had endur’d — when hark!
 Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate;
 And heedless of the dog’s obstreperous bark,
 A form has rush’d amidst them from the dark,
 And spread his arms, — and fell upon the floor:
 Of aged strength his limbs retain’d the mark;
 But desolate he look’d, and famish’d poor;
 As ever shipwreck’d wretch lone left on desert shore.

XI.

Upris’n, each wond’ring brow is knit and arch’d:
 A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
 To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parch’d,
 From lips, as by some pow’rless dream accurs’d,
 Emotions unintelligible burst;
 And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
 At length the pity-proffer’d cup his thirst
 Had half assuag’d, and nerv’d his shuddering limb;
 When Albert’s hand he grasp’d; — but Albert knew not
 him —

XII.

“And hast thou then forgot,” (he cried forlorn,
 And ey’d the group with half indignant air)
 “Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn

“When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
“Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
“That now is white as Appalachia’s snow;
“But, if the weight of fifteen years’ despair,
“And age hath bow’d me, and the tort’ring foe,
“Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know!”

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his lov’d Oneyda flew;
“Bless thee, my guide!”—but, backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewilder’d head withdrew,
And grasp’d his arm, and look’d and look’d him through.
’Twas strange—nor could the group a smile controul—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—
At last delight o’er all his features stole,
“It is—my own,” he cried, and clasp’d him to his soul.

XIV.

“Yes! thou recall’st my pride of years, for then
“The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
“When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush’d men,
“I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
“Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
“Nor foeman then, nor cougar’s crouch I fear’d,
“For I was strong as mountain cataract:
“And dost thou not remember how we cheer’d
“Upon the last hill-top, when white men’s huts appear’d?

XV.

“Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
“Since I have seen thee, and again embrac’d.”—
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch’d around their guest,

To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet plac'd;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds, with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

XVI.

"But this is not a time," — he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand —
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup;
"The Mammoth comes, — the foe, — the Monster
Brandt, —
"With all his howling desolating band; —
"These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine,
"Awake at once, and silence half your land.
"Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
"Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

XVII.

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
"Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
"Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
"Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
"No! not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth,
"Escap'd, that night of blood, upon our plains!
"All perish'd! — I alone am left on earth!
"To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
"No! — not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

XVIII.

"But go! — and rouse your warriors; for, if right
"These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
"Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
"Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines —
"Some fort embattled by your country shines:
"Deep roars th' innavigable gulph below

"Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.

"Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;

"Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"

XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd—when Heav'n's verge extreme

Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—

And sounds that mingled laugh, — and shout, — and
scream, —

To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,

Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.

Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd;

As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;

While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd:—

And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.

XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung

The bandit groupes, in one Vesuvian glare;

Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unring,

Told legible that midnight of despair.

She faints, — she falters not, — th' heroic fair, —

As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.

One short embrace — he clasp'd his dearest care —

But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?

Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the
shade!

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm;

Far rang the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass,

With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;

As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,

Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,

Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:

And first the wild Moravian yargers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins —
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

XXII.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng:—
Rous'd by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his steep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile aveng'd ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose.
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n, —
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n, —
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech;
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,
Look'd not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relax'd to love! And murmurs ran
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade lier mother's grave adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tow'r,
That like a giant standard-bearer, frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r.
Beneath each bold and promontory mound,
With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frieze, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and ey'd a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow.
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!

XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-lov'd scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father bleeds!

XXVIII.

And trac'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,

Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh God! the life-blood is her own;
And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
“Weep not, O Love!”—she cries, “to see me bleed—
“Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
“Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
“These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed.

XXIX.

“Clasp me a little longer on the brink
“Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
“And when this heart hath ceas'd to beat—oh! think,
“And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
“That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
“And friend to more than human friendship just.
“Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
“And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
“God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

XXX.

“Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
“The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
“Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
“And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
“With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
“Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast
“In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.
“And must this parting be our very last?
“No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

XXXI.

“Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth;—
“And thee, more lov'd, than aught beneath the sun,
“If I had liv'd to smile but on the birth

"Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,
 "In future times—no gentle little one,
 "To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
 "Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
 "A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
 "Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

XXXII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
 And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
 With love that could not die! and still his hand
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.
 Ah heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
 Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
 Of them that stood encircling his despair,
 He heard some friendly words; — but knew not what
 they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
 A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
 'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
 And in their deaths had not divided been.
 Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
 Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
 Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
 To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd shroud—
 While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
 Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;
 Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
 His face on earth;—him watch'd, in gloomy ruth,

His woodland guide : but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name :
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth ,
He watch'd , beneath its folds , each burst that came
Convulsive , ague-like , across his shuddering frame !

XXXV.

“ And I could weep ; ” — th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun ;
“ But that I may not stain with grief
“ The death-song of my father's son !
“ Or bow this head in woe ;
“ For by my wrongs , and by my wrath !
“ To-morrow Areouski's breath ,
“ (That fires yon heav'n with storms of death) ,
“ Shall light us to the foe :
“ And we shall share , my Christian boy !
“ The foeman's blood , the avenger's joy !

XXXVI.

“ But thee , my flow'r , whose breath was giv'n
“ By milder genii o'er the deep ,
“ The spirits of the white man's heav'n
“ Forbid not thee to weep : —
“ Nor will the Christian host ,
“ Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
“ To see thee , on the battle's eve ,
“ Lamenting , take a mournful leave
“ Of her who lov'd thee most :
“ She was the rainbow to thy sight !
“ Thy sun — thy heav'n — of lost delight !

XXXVII.

“ To-morrow let us do or die !
“ But when the bolt of death is hurl'd ,

- “ Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
“ Shall Outalissi roam the world?
“ Seek we thy once-lov'd home?—
“ The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
“ Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
“ Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
“ And should we thither roam,
“ Its echoes and its empty tread
“ Would sound like voices from the dead!

XXXVIII.

- “ Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
“ Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd;
“ And by my side, in battle true,
“ A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
“ Ah! there in desolation cold,
“ The desert serpent dwells alone,
“ Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,
“ And stones themselves to ruin grown,
“ Like me, are death-like old.
“ Then seek we not their camp—for there—
“ The silence dwells of my despair!

XXXIX.

- “ But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
“ In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
“ Ev'n from the land of shadows now
“ My father's awful ghost appears,
“ Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
“ He bids my soul for battle thirst—
“ He bids me dry the last—the first—
“ The only tears that ever burst
“ From Outalissi's soul;
“ Because I may not stain with grief
“ The death-song of an Indian chief.”

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determin'd hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak,” our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
“Ye are brothers! ye are men!”
“And we conquer but to save:—
“So peace instead of death let us bring:
“But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
“With the crews, at England's feet,
“And make submission meet
“To our King.”

VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;

And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, old England; raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

AN ESSAY ON BLOOMFIELD'S GENIUS AND PASTORALS.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, born at Honington, Suffolk, 1766, was first a farmer's boy in that neighbourhood, and afterwards a shoemaker in London, at which business he continued to work in 1800 when his first performance, *the Farmer's Boy*, was ushered into the world. His Elder brother was himself a poet, and by trade a tailor.¹

The *Farmer's Boy* is so generally known, that a minute detail of its merits is scarcely requisite; and we cannot but agree with Dr Drake, "that, owing to its harmony and sweetness of versification, its benevolence of sentiment, and originality of imagery, it is entitled to rank very high in the class of descriptive and pastoral poetry." But we must not, in our admiration of this his first and longest poem, forget that many of his minor pieces are no less deserving of approbation. His *Richard and Kate Walter* and *Jane, the Miller's Maid*, the *Market Night*, *Abner and the Widow Jones*, and the *Broken Crutch*, will not diminish from his reputation, but will be read, understood, and admired, while poetry obtains an influence over the hearts of men. '*May day with the Muses*' was published in the year 1822. The re-appearance of Mr. Bloomfield among the votaries of Parnassus, after so many years' absence that his being still living was doubted, is certainly a subject of some interest, particularly when we reflect on the many fresh candidates for fame that have sprung up since he last assumed his pen; and the curiosity that must be naturally excited in the public mind, how far a man on the verge of sixty has diminished or surpassed in excellency, by comparison with his former productions.

The '*May day with the Muses*' is a series of poems connected

¹ Nathaniel Bloomfield has written an *Essay on war and other poems*.

Robert has published: the *Farmer's Boy*, a rural poem, 8vo. 1809. — *Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*, 8vo. 1802. — *Good Tidings, or News from the Farm*, 4to. 1804. — *Wild Flowers*, fc. 8vo. 1806. — *The Banks of the Wye*, a poem, fc. 8vo. 1811. — His Works have also been published collectively in 2 v. 18mo. — The *May day with the Muses* was ushered in the World, 1822.

together by a narrative, the foundation of which is the resolution of an old English Baronet

To drive to town no more, — no more by night
To meet in crowded courts a blaze of light,
In streets a roaring mob, with flags unfurl'd,
And all the senseless discord of the world,

but to retire to his paternal estate, and there spend the remainder of his days; and the first act of his benevolence is a romantic whim to remit half a year's rent to his tenants, on condition that they paid it in rhyme. The day at length arrives when these rustic votaries of Muses appear with their effusions at the baronet's mansion.

From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene
Was that high swelling lawn, that destined green,
Which shadowless, expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride,
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive;
Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five.

.....
Some wheel'd the turf, to build a grassy throne
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
Rough rinded and bold, as master of the place;
Five generations of the Higham race
Had plucked his flowers, and still he held his sway,
Waved his white head, *and felt the breath of May.*

.....
Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
And cropp'd the daisies for a dancing space.
Some roll'd the mouldy barrel in his might,
From prison'd darkness into cheerful light,
And fenc'd him round with cans; and others bore
The cracking hamper with his costly store,
Well cork'd, well flavor'd, and *well taxed.*

.....
Not a face was there
But for May Day at least had banished care;
.....
Freedom was there, and joy in every eye:
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.

'After the repast, those who had availed themselves of the invitation to "pay in rhymes instead of gold," recite their effusions. The first is entitled the Drunken Father, a rural tale exquisitely told, which relates the reform of a drunkard, whose life was saved by the timely presence of mind of his child. It is not very much inferior to Hector Maeneil's 'celebrated Waes o' War.

The Forester contains a vigorous description of an oak laid prostrate by the gale. The Shepherd's Dream has a political

* A Scotch poet.

allusion to the fate of Buonaparte, and the Soldier's Home would have more interested, did it not remind the reader in some parts of Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, and faintly of Campbell's Soldier's Dream. Rosamond's Song of Hope is trifling; but Alfred and Jennet, the last piece in the volume, would amply redeem all imperfections, however glaring and numerous.

In giving a summary opinion of the 'May Day with the Muses,' we should be tempted to say, that as a whole, it is worthy of Mr. Bloomfield's pen. It betrays no marks of inferiority, when compared with his former productions, but there is less rusticity, and more polish about it. Hazlitt, in his lectures on poetry, introduces the following criticism on Bloomfield's genius.

"As a painter of simple natural scenery, and of the still life of the country, few writers have more undeniable and unassuming pretensions than the ingenious and self-taught poet, Robert Bloomfield. Among the sketches of this sort I would mention, as equally distinguished for delicacy, faithfulness, and *naïveté*, the description of lambs racing, of the pigs going out an acorning, of the boy sent to feed his sheep before the break of day in winter; and also the innocently told story of the poor bird-boy, who in vain through the live-long day expects his promised companions at his hut, to share his feast of roasted sloes with him, as an example of that humble pathos, in which this author excels. The fault indeed of his genius is that it is too humble: his Muse has something not only rustic, but menial in her aspect. He seems afraid of elevating nature, lest she should be ashamed of him. Bloomfield very beautifully describes the lambs in spring-time, as racing round the hillocks of green turf: Thomson, in describing the same image, makes the mound of earth the remains of an old Roman encampment. Bloomfield never gets beyond his own experience; and that is somewhat confined. He gives the simple appearance of nature, but he gives it naked, shivering, and unclothed with the drapery of a moral imagination. His poetry has much the effect of the first approach of spring, "while yet the year is unconfirmed," where a few tender buds venture forth here and there, but are chilled by the early frosts and nipping breath of winter. — It should seem from this and other instances that have occurred within the last century, that we cannot expect from original genius alone, without education, in modern and more artificial periods, the same bold and independent results as in former periods. And one reason appears to be, that though such persons, from whom we might at first expect a restoration of the good old times of

poetry, are not encumbered and enfeebled by the trammels of custom, and the dull weight of other men's ideas, yet they are oppressed by the consciousness of a want of the common advantages which others have; are looking at the tinsel finery of the age, while they neglect the rich unexplored mine in their own breasts; and instead of setting an example for the world to follow, spend their lives in aping, or in the despair of aping, the hackneyed accomplishments of their inferiors. Another cause may be, that original genius alone is not sufficient to produce the highest excellence, without a corresponding state of manners, passions, and religious belief; that no single mind can move in direct opposition to the vast machine of the world around it; that the poet can do no more than stamp the mind of his age upon his works; and that all that the ambition of the highest genius can hope to arrive at, after the lapse of one or two generations, is the perfection of that more refined and effeminate style of studied elegance and adventitious ornament, which is the result, not of nature, but of art. In fact, no other style of poetry has succeeded, or seems likely to succeed, in the present day. The public taste hangs like a millstone round the neck of all original genius that does not conform to established and exclusive models. The writer is not only without popular sympathy, but without a rich and varied mass of materials for his mind to work upon and assimilate unconsciously to itself; his attempts at originality are looked upon as affectation, and in the end, degenerate into it from the natural spirit of contradiction, and the constant uneasy sense of disappointment and undeserved ridicule.

The best descriptive poetry is not, after all, to be found in our descriptive poets. There are set descriptions of the flowers, for instance, in Thomson, Cowper, and others; but none equal to those in Milton's *Lycidas*, and the *Winter's Tale*.

We have few good pastorals in the language. Our manners are not Arcadian; our climate is not an eternal spring; our age is not the age of gold. We have no pastoral-writers equal to Theocritus, nor any landscapes like those of Claude Lorraine's. The best parts of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, are two fables, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, and the *Oak and the Briar*; which last is as splendid a piece of oratory as any to be found in the records of the eloquence of the British senate. Brown, a contemporary of Spenser, and Withers, have left some pleasing allegorical poems of this kind. Pope's are as full of senseless finery and trite affectation, as if a peer of the realm were to sit for his picture with a crook and cocked hat on, smiling with an insipid air of no-

meaning, between nature and fashion. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* is a lasting monument of perverted power : where an image of extreme beauty, as that of "the shepherd boy piping as though he should never be old," peeps once in a hundred folio pages, amidst heaps of intricate sophistry and scholastic quaintness. It is not at all like Nicholas Poussin's picture, in which he represents some shepherds wandering out in a morning of the spring, and coming to a tomb with this inscription — "I also was an Arcadian!" Perhaps the best pastoral in the language is that prose-poem, Walton's *Complete Angler*. That well-known work has a beauty and romantic interest equal to its simplicity, and arising out of it."

W. H.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

SPRING.

INTRODUCTION.

O COME, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'd round my heart,
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse; and faithful still to me,
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still :
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow :
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow!
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise,
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay fancy dwells;
But mould to truth's fair form what memory tells.

Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong :
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckon'd as his cares or woes ;
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own,
Quick springing sorrows, transient as the dew,

Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.

'Twas thus with Giles : meek, fatherless, and poor :

Labour his portion, but he felt no more ;

No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd ;

His life was constant, cheerful servitude :

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,

The fields his study, nature was his book ;

And, as revolving Seasons chang'd the scene

From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,

Though every change still varied his employ,

Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

Where noble Grafton spreads his rich domains,

Round Euston's water'd vale, and sloping plains,

Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,

Where the kite brooding unmolested flies ;

The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,

And skulking foxes, destin'd for the chace ;

There Giles, untaught and unrepining, stray'd

Through every copse, and grove, and winding glade ;

There his first thoughts to nature's charms inclin'd,

That stamps devotion on th' inquiring mind.

A little farm his generous master till'd,

Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd ;

By deeds of hospitality endear'd,

Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd ;

A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,

His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd,

And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team,

And lowing kine that graz'd beside the stream :

Unceasing industry he kept in view ;

And never lack'd a job for Giles to do.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North,

The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth ;

Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along
The mellow'd soil; imbibing fairer hues,
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews;
That summon from their shed the slumb'ring ploughs,
While health impregnates every breeze that blows.
No wheels support the diving, pointed share;
No groaning ox is doom'd to labour there;
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road;
(Alike unknown the ploughboy and the goad;)
But, unassisted through each toilsome day,
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and, wid'ning still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill :
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet th' unwelcome day
Till all is chang'd, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown :
Again disturb'd, when Giles with wearying strides,
From ridge to ridge, the ponderous harrow guides;
His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.
Welcome green headland ! firm beneath his feet;
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse
Their shelt'ring canopy of pendent boughs;
Till rest, delicious, chase each transient pain,
And new-born vigour swell in every vein.
Hour after hour, and day to day succeeds;
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould; a level surface clear,
And strew'd with corn to crown the rising year;

And o'er the whole Giles once transverse again,
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.
The work is done; no more to man is given;
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.
Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,
And marks the first green blade that breaks the ground;
In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,
His tufted barley yellow with the sun;
Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,
And all his harvest gather'd round his door.
But still unsafe the big swoln grain below,
A fav'rite morsel with the rook and crow;
From field to field the flock increasing goes;
To level crops most formidable foes:
Their danger well the wary plunderers know,
And place a watch on some conspicuous bough;
Yet oft the skulking gunner by surprise
Will scatter death amongst them as they rise.
These, hung in triumph round the spacious field,
At best will but a short-liv'd terror yield:
Nor guards of property; (not penal law,
But harmless riflemen of rags and straw);
Familiariz'd to these, they boldly rove,
Nor heed such centinels that never move.
Let then your birds lie prostrate on the earth,
In dying postur'd, and with wings stretch'd forth;
Shift them at eve or morn from place to place,
And death shall terrify the pilfering race;
In the mid air, while circling round and round,
They call their lifeless comrades from the ground;
With quick'ning wing, and notes of loud alarm,
Warn the whole flock to shun th' impending harm.

This task had Giles, in fields remote from home :

Oft has he wish'd the rosy morn to come;
Yet never fam'd was he nor foremost found
To break the seal of sleep; his sleep 'was sound :
But when at day-break summon'd from his bed,
Light as the lark that carol'd o'er his head. —
His sandy way, deep-worn by hasty showers,
O'er-arch'd with oaks that form'd fantastic bow'rs,
Waving aloft their tow'ring branches proud,
In borrow'd tinges from the eastern cloud,
Gave inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,
And genuine transport in his bosom glow'd.
His own shrill matin join'd the various notes
Of nature's music, from a thousand throats :
The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And echo answer'd from her close retreat;
The sporting white-throat on some twig's end borne,
Pour'd hymns to Freedom and the rising morn;
Stopt in her song perchance, the starting thrush
Shook a white shower from the blackthorn bush,
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.
Across his path, in either grove to hide,
The timid rabbit scouted by his side;
Or pheasant boldly stalk'd along the road,
Whose gold and purple tints alternate glow'd.

But groves no farther fenc'd the devious way;
A wide-extended heath before him lay,
Where on the grass the stagnant shower had run,
And shone a mirror to the rising sun,
Thus doubly seen to light a distant wood,
To give new life to each expanding bud;
And chase away the dewy foot-marks found;
Where prowling Reynard trod his nightly round;

To shun whose thefts 'twas Giles's evening care,
His feather'd victims to suspend in air,
High on the bough that nodded o'er his head,
And thus each morn to strew the field with dead.

DESCRIPTION OF A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

Neglected now the early daisy lies :
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only prize :
Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad
Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stor'd ;
Where'er she treads, love gladdens every plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train ;
Sweet hope with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies ;
All nature feels her renovating sway ;
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay ;
And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
Display the new-grown branch of lighter green ;
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
For every day was Giles a shepherd too.

Small was his charge : no wilds had they to roam ;
But bright inclosures circling round their home.
No yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn :
Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear variety !
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day !
Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play ;
Indulg'd through every field by turns to range,
And taste them all in one continual change.

For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confin'd but lothe the present good;
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon pasture, how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;
Sees every pass secur'd, and fences whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first essays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abash'd soon flies the place;
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.

Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say : " Come, let us try our speed ; "
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along ;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme ;
There panting stop ; yet scarcely can refrain ;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again :
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose ! sad emblem of their doom ;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom !
Though unoffending innocence may plead,
Though frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed,
Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their sports and food.
Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
For lo, the murd'ring butcher, with his cart,
Demands the firstlings of his flock to die,
And makes a sport of life and liberty !
His gay companions Giles beholds no more ;
Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore ;
Nor can compassion, with her softest notes,
Withhold the knife that plunges through their threats.

SUMMER.

FIELD-KEEPING.

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat-car forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown ;

Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome in the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats;
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shiv'ring blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all-prolific Summer's sporting train,
Their little lives by various pow'rs sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue—
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh—
When music waking speaks the sky-lark nigh!

Just starting from the corn, he cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride his downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark his way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight,
That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours the varied song:
The eye still follows, and the cloud moves by,
Again he stretches up the clear blue sky;
His form, his motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when he wheels direct from shade to light:
E'en then the songster, a mere speck to deem,
Gliding like fancy's bubbles in a dream,
The gazer sees; but yielding to repose
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than Giles, and no more care?
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole and brushes round again.

AUTUMN.

HOGS GOING OUT ACORNING.

Again, the year's decline, midst storms and floods,
The thundering chase, the yellow fading woods,
Invite my song; that fain would boldly tell
Of upland coverts, and the echoing dell,
By turns resounding loud, at eve and morn
The swineherd's halloo, or the huntsman's horn.

No more the fields with scatter'd grain supply
The restless wandering tenants of the sty;
From oak to oak they run with eager haste,
And wrangling share the first delicious taste
Of fallen acorns, yet but thinly found,
Till the strong gale has shook them to the ground.
It comes; and roaring woods obedient wave:
Their home well pleas'd the joint adventurers leave:
The trudging sow leads forth her numerous young,
Playful, and white, and clean, the briars among,
Till briars and thorns increasing, fence them round,
Where last year's mould'ring leaves bestrew the ground.
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls;
Hot, thirsty food; whence doubly sweet and cool
The welcome margin of some rush-grown pool,
The wild duck's lonely haunt, whose jealous eye
Guards every point; who sits, prepar'd to fly,
On the calm bosom of her little lake,
Too closely screen'd for ruffian winds to shake;
And as the bold intruders press around,
At once she starts, and rises with a bound:
With bristles rais'd the sudden noise they hear,
And ludicrously wild, and wing'd with fear,
The herd decamp with more than swinish speed,
And snorting dash through sedge, and rush, and reed:
Through tangling thickets headlong on they go,
Then stop and listen for their fancied foe;
The hindmost still the growing panic spreads,
Repeated fright the first alarm succeeds,
Till folly's wages, wounds and thorns, they reap:
Yet glorying in their fortunate escape,
Their groundless terrors by degrees soon cease,
And night's dark reign restores their wonted peace.

For now the gale subsides, and from each bough
The roosting pheasant's short but frequent crow
Invites to rest; and huddling side by side,
The herd in closest ambush seek to hide;
Seek some warm slope with shagged moss o'er spread,
Dry'd leaves their copious covering, and their bed.
In vain may Giles, through gath'ring glooms that fall,
And solemn silence, urge his piercing call:
Whole days and nights they tarry midst their store,
Nor quit the woods till oaks can yield no more.

THE BIRD-BOY.

Far weightier cares and wider scenes expand;
What devastation marks the new-sown land!
"From hungry woodland foes go, Giles, and guard
The rising wheat; ensure its great reward:
A future sustenance, a Summer's pride,
Demand thy vigilance: then be it try'd:
Exert thy voice, and wield thy shotless gun:
Go, tarry there from morn till setting sun."

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends;
The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends.
O for a hovel, e'er so small or low,
Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow,
Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes!
No sooner thought, than see the structure rise,
In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,
Sods for its walls, and straw in burdens bound:
Dried fuel hoarded is his richest store,
And circling smoke obscures his little door;
Whence creeping forth, to duty's call he yields,
And strolls the Crusoe of the lonely fields.
On whitethorns tow'ring, and the leafless rose,

A frost-nipt feast in bright vermilion glows :
Where clust'ring sloes in glossy order rise ,
He crops the loaded branch ; a cumbrous prize ;
And o'er the flame the sputt'ring fruit he rests ,
Placing green sods to seat his coming guests ;
His guests by promise ; playmates young and gay :
But ah ! fresh pastimes lure their steps away !
He sweeps his hearth , and homeward looks in vain ,
Till feeling disappointment's cruel pain ,
His fairy revels are exchange'd for rage ,
His banquet marr'd , grown dull his hermitage .
The field becomes his prison , till on high
Benighted birds to shades and coverts fly .
Midst air , health , daylight , can he prisoner be ?
If fields are prisons , where is liberty ?
Here still she dwells , and here her votaries stroll ;
But disappointed hope untunes the soul :
Restraints unfelt whilst hours of rapture flow ,
When troubles press , to chains and barriers grow .
Look then from trivial up to greater woes ;
From the poor bird-boy with his roasted sloes ,
To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the sigh ;
Where not one cheering sun-beam meets his eye .
Though ineffectual pity thine may be ,
No wealth , no pow'r , to set the captive free ;
Though only to thy ravish'd sight is given
The radiant path that Howard trod to Heaven ;
Thy slights can make the wretched more forlorn ,
And deeper drive affliction's barbed thorn .
Say not , " I'll come and cheer thy gloomy cell
With news of dearest friend ; how good , how well :
I'll be a joyful herald to thine heart : "
Then fail , and play the worthless trifler's part ,
To sip flat pleasures from thy glass's brim ,

And waste the precious hour that's due to him.
In mercy spare the base, unmanly blow :
Where can he turn, to whom complain of you?
Back to past joys in vain his thoughts may stray,
Trace and retrace the beaten, worn-out way,
The rankling injury will pierce his breast,
And curses on thee break his midnight rest.

WINTER.

THE APPEARANCE OF A WINTER SKY.

In part these nightly terrors to dispel,
Giles, ere he sleeps, his little flock must tell.
From the fire-side with many a shrug he hies,
Glad if the full-orb'd moon salute his eyes,
And through th' unbroken stillness of the night
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
With saunt'ring step he climbs the distant stile,
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile;
There views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driven,
And all the glorious pageantry of Heaven.
Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light;
Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
Their mighty shepherd's everlasting name.

JOHN CLARE.

AN ESSAY ON JOHN CLARE AND HIS POETRY DESCRIPTIVE OF RURAL LIFE.

EXAMPLES of minds, highly gifted by nature, struggling with and breaking through the bondage of adversity, are not rare in England; but privation is not destitution; and the instance before us is, perhaps, one of the most striking, of patient and persevering talent existing and enduring in the most forlorn and seemingly hopeless condition that literature has at any time exhibited.

Clare was born at Helpstone, a village most unpoetically situated where the easternmost point of Northamptonshire indents the Lincolnshire fens. His father and mother are parish paupers; the former, from constant exposure to the inclemency of the seasons, being prematurely decrepit; the latter, his cheerful companion, in youth, has become, as they loiter down the hill of life, his natural and constant nurse. If this condition of the parents enabled them to afford small indulgence to the son, the example of conjugal affection, we may hope, will not be lost upon a heart very susceptible of kind impressions. Our author, who is the elder of twins, was born in July 1793;—the sister, who died immediately after the birth, was, to use his mother's figure of speech, a bouncing girl, while John might have gone into a pint pot; indicating a delicacy of frame under which he has always laboured. His education necessarily squared with the limited means of his parents. Of the dame, who in every village wields the 'tway birchen twigs' to the terror of the surrounding urchins, he learnt to spell and put two syllables together, and before he was six years old, was able, his mother says, to read a chapter in the Bible. As soon, however, as he was able to lead the fore-horse of the harvest team, he was set to work, and returning one evening from the field thus occupied, had the misfortune of seeing the loader fall from the waggon, and break his neck; this fatal accident threw him into fits, from which he did not recover till after a considerable lapse of time, nor without much anxiety and expense to his parents; even at this

day he is not wholly free from apprehensions of their return. At the age of twelve, he assisted in the laborious employment of thrashing; the boy, in his father's own words, was weak but willing, and the good old man made a flail for him some what suitable to his strength. When his share of the day's toil was over, he eagerly ran to the village school under the belfry, and in this desultory and casual manner gathered his imperfect knowledge of language, and skill in writing. At the earlier period of which we are speaking, Clare felt the poetic æstrum. He relates that, twice or thrice in the winter, weeks it was his office to fetch a bag of flour from the village of Maxey, and darkness often came on before he could return. The state of his nerves corresponded with his slender frame. The tales of terror with which his mother's memory shortened the long nights returned freely to his fancy the next day, and to beguile the way and dissipate his fears, he used to walk back with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, revolving in his mind some adventure without a ghost in it, which he turned into verse; and thus, he adds, he reached the village of Helpstone often before he was aware of his approach.

It may be remarked generally that, though associating necessarily with the meanest and most uneducated of society, the poet's homeliest stories have nothing of coarseness and vulgarity in their construction. Some of his ballad stanzas rival the native simplicity of Tickell or Mallett.

For the boisterous sports and amusements which form the usual delight of village youth, Clare had neither strength nor relish; his mother found it necessary to drive him from the chimney corner to exercise and to play, whence he quickly returned, contemplative and silent. His parents—we speak from knowledge—were apprehensive for his mind as well as his health; not knowing how to interpret, or to what cause to refer these habits so opposite to those of other boys of his condition; and when, a few years later, they found him hourly employed in writing,—and writing verses too, the youth was not mended in their estimation. The eccentricities of genius, as we gently phrase its most reprehensible excesses, contribute no interest to the biography of Clare. We cannot, however, regret this. Once, it seems, visions of glory, crowded on his sight, and, he enlisted at Peterboro' in the local militia. He still speaks of the short period passed in his new character, with evident satisfaction. After a while, he took the bounty for extended service, and marched to Oundle, where, at the conclusion of a bloodless campaign, his corps was disbanded, and he was constrained to

return to Helpstone, to the dreary abode of poverty and sickness. His novel occupation does not appear to have excited any martial poetry; we need not therefore 'unsphere the spirit of Plato,' adequately to celebrate the warlike strains of the modern Tyrtæus.

The clouds which had hung so heavily over the youth of Clare, far from dispersing, grew denser and darker as he advanced towards manhood. His father, who had been the constant associate of his labours, became more and more infirm, and he was constrained to toil alone, and far beyond his strength, to obtain a mere subsistence. It was at this cheerless moment, he composed, 'What is Life?' in which he has treated a common subject with an earnestness, a solemnity, and an originality deserving of all praise; some of the lines have a terseness of expression and a nervous freedom of versification not unworthy of Drummond, or of Cowley.

'Though need make many poets', it was not need that excited Clare to write poetry, though its importunity finally drove him to trust his little bark to the waves. Without a shilling in his pocket, with a father and mother aged and decrepit at home, who rather required his aid than contributed to alleviate his condition, with a frame so feeble by nature, as to sink under the toil to which he had all his life submitted, he at length — and on the impulse of the moment — bethought himself of endeavouring to obtain some small advantage from those mental labours which had at various seasons so deeply engaged his mind. 'I was working alone, in the lime-pits, at Ryhall, in the dead of winter, 1818' (these are his own words) 'when knowing it impossible for me to pay a shoemaker's bill of more than three pounds, having only eighteen-pence to receive at night, I resolved upon publishing proposals for printing a little volume of poems by subscription; and at dinner-time I wrote a prospectus with a pencil, and walked over to Stamford at night, to send it by the post to Mr. Hanson, a printer at Market Deeping.' Mr. Hanson had seen some of those poems in manuscript; and it is due to him to say that he was the first who expressed a favourable opinion of their merits, and thus induced Clare to venture upon this formidable measure.

Clare is rather the creature of feeling than of fancy. He looks abroad with the eye of a poet, and with the minuteness of a naturalist, but the intelligence which he gains is always referred to the heart; it is thus that the falling leaves become admonishers and friends, the idlest weed has its resemblance in his own lowly lot, and the opening primrose of spring suggests the

promise that his own long winter of neglect and obscurity will yet be succeeded by a summer's sun of happier fortune. His volume, we believe, scarcely contains a poem in which this process is not adopted; nor one in which the imagination is excited without some corresponding tone of tenderness or morality.

When the discouraging circumstances under which the bulk of it was composed are considered, it is really astonishing that so few examples should be found of querulousness and impatience, none of envy or despair. The humble origin of Clare may suggest a comparison with Burns and Bloomfield, which a closer examination will scarcely warrant. Burns was, indeed, as he expresses it, born to the plough, but when in his riper years he held the plough, it was rather as a master than as a menial. He was neither destitute nor uneducated. Secure from poverty, supported by his kindred, and surrounded by grand and exciting scenery, his lot was lofty and his advantages numerous, compared with those of the youth before us. There is almost as little resemblance in their minds. To the pointed wit, the bitter sarcasm, the acute discrimination of character, and the powerful pathos of Burns, Clare cannot make pretension; but he has much of his tender feeling in his serious poetry, and an animation, a vivacity and a delicacy in describing rural scenery, which the mountain bard has not often surpassed. In all the circumstances of his life, the author of the *Farmer's Boy* was far more fortunate than Clare. Though his father was dead, Bloomfield had brothers who were always at his side to cheer and sustain him, while an early residence in the metropolis contributed largely to the extension of his knowledge. To want and poverty he was ever a stranger. Clare never knew a brother; it was his fortune to continue till his twenty-fifth year without education, without hearing the voice of a friend, constrained to follow the most laborious and revolting occupations, to obtain the bare necessities of life. The poetical compositions of the two have few points of contact. The *Farmer's Boy* is the result of careful observations made on the occupations and habits, with few references to the passions of rural life. Clare writes frequently from the same suggestions; but his subject is always enlivened by picturesque and minute description of the landscape around him, and deepened, as we have said, with a powerful reference to emotions within. The one is descriptive, the other contemplative.

G....d.

A SUNDAY-MORNING.

THE cocks have now the morn foretold
The sun again begins to peep;
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep;
O'er pathless plains at early hours
The sleepy rustic slowly goes;
The dews, brush'd off from grass and flowers,
Bemoistening soft his hardened shoes;

While every leaf that forms a shade
And every floweret's silken top,
And every shivering leaf and blade,
Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop.
But soon shall fly those diamond drops
The red round sun advances higher,
And stretching o'er the mountain tops,
Is gilding sweet the village-spire.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the gurgling of the brook;
Or stretch'd beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book,
When nature ev'ry sweet prepares,
To entertain our wish'd delay, —
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
While glittering dew the ground illumines;

As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;
And hear the beetle sound his horn;
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn;
A hailing minstrel in the sky. —

HOPE.

COME, flattering Hope! now woes distress me,
Thy flattery I desire again;
Again rely on thee to bless me,
To find thy vainness doubly vain.

Though disappointments vex and fetter,
And jeering whisper thou art vain,
Still must I rest on thee for better,
Still hope — and be deceived again. —

TWILIGHT.

THE setting sun withdraws his yellow light,
A gloomy staining shadows over all,
While the brown beetle, trumpeter of Night,
Proclaims his entrance with a droning call.
How pleasant now, where slanting hazels fall
Thick, o'er the woodland stile, to muse and lean,
To pluck a woodbine from the shade withal,
And take short snatches o'er the moistened scene!

While deep and deeper shadows intervene,
And leave fond Fancy moulding to her will
The cots, and groves, and trees so dimly seen,
That die away more undiscerned still;
Bringing a sooty curtain o'er the sight,
And calmness in the bosom still as night.

THE MEETING.

HERE we meet too soon to part,
Here to leave will raise a smart,
Here I'll press thee to my heart,
Where none have place above thee;
Here I vow to love thee well,
And could words unseal the spell,
Had but language strength to tell,
I'd say how much I love thee.

Here, the rose that decks thy door,
Here, the thorn that spreads thy bow'r,
Here, the willow on the moor,
The birds at rest above thee,
Had they light of life to see,
Sense of soul like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be
How doatingly I love thee.

By the night sky's purple ether,
And by even's sweetest weather,
That oft has blest us both together,
The moon that shines above thee,

And shews thy beauteous cheek so blooming,
And by pale age's winter coming,
The charms, and casualties of woman,
I will for ever love thee.

WHAT IS LIFE.

I.

AND what is life? — An hour-glass on the run,
A mist, retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream: —
Its length? — A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And happiness? — A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

II.

And what is Hope? — the puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem, — and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

III.

And what is Death? — Is still the cause unfound?
That dark, mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep, the weary crave.
And peace? — Where can its happiness abound?
No where at all, save Heaven, and the grave.

IV.

Then what is life? — when stripp'd of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since every thing that meets our foolish eyes,
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.

V.

'Tis but a trial all must undergo ;
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know
Untill he's call'd to claim it in the skies.

THE SUMMER EVENING.

THE sinking sun is taking leave ,
And sweetly gilds the edge of eve ,
While huddling clouds of purple dye
Gloomy hang the western sky ;
Crows crowd croaking over-head ,
Hast'ning to the woods to bed .
Cooing sits the lonely dove ,
Calling home her absent love .
From the haycock's moisten'd heaps
Startled frogs take vaulting leaps ;
And along the shaven mead ,
Jumping trav'lers , they proceed :
Quick the dewy grass divides ,
Moist'ning sweet their speckled sides ;
From the grass or floweret's cup ,
Quick the dew-drop bounces up .
Now the blue fog creeps along ,
And the bird's forgot his song :
Flowers now sleep within their hoods ,
Daisies button into buds ;
From soiling dew the butter-cup
Shuts his golden jewels up ;
And the rose and woodbine they

Wait again the smiles of day.
 'Neath the willow's wavy boughs,
 Dolly, singing, milks her cows;
 While the brook, as bubbling by,
 Joins in murm'ring melody.
 Dick and Dob, with jostling joll,
 Homeward drag the rumbling roll;
 Whilom Ralph, for Doll to wait,
 Lolls him o'er the pasture gate.
 Swains to fold their sheep begin;
 Dogs loud barking drive them in:
 Hedgers now along the road
 Homeward bend beneath their load;
 And, from the long-furrow'd seams,
 Ploughmen loose their weary teams:
 Ball, with urging lashes meal'd,
 Still so slow to drive afield,
 Eager blund'ring from the plough,
 Wants no whip to drive him now:
 At the stable door he stands,
 Looking round for friendly hands
 To loose the door its fast'ning pin,
 And let him with his corn begin.

 The night-wind now, with sooty wings,
 In the cotter's chimney sings:
 Now, as stretching o'er the bed,
 Soft I raise my drowsy head,
 List'ning to the ushering charms
 That shake the elm tree's massy arms;
 Till sweet slumbers stronger creep,
 Deeper darkness stealing round,
 Then, as rock'd, I sink to sleep,
 Mid the wild wind's lulling sound.

TO THE CLOUDS.

O PAINTED Clouds! sweet beauties of the sky,
How have I view'd your motion and your rest,
When like fleet hunters ye have left mine eye,
In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest;
Or in your threaten'd thunder's grave black vest,
Like black deep waters slowly moving by,
Awfully striking the spectator's breast
With your Creator's dread sublimity,
As admiration mutely views your storms.
And I do love to see you idly lie,
Painted by heaven as various as your forms,
Pausing upon the eastern mountain high,
As Morn awakes with Spring's wood-harmony;
And sweeter still, when in your slumbers sooth
You hang the western arch o'er Day's proud eye!
Still as the even pool, uncurved and smooth,
My gazing soul has look'd most placidly;
And higher still devoutly wish'd to strain,
To wipe your shrouds and sky's blue blinders by,
With all the warmth of a moon-struck brain,
To catch a glimpse of Him who bids you reign,
And view the dwelling of all majesty.

B A L L A D.

WINTER's gone, the summer breezes
Breathe the shepherd's joys again;
Village scene no longer pleases,
Pleasures meet upon the plain;
Snows are fled that hung the bowers,
Buds to blossoms softly steal,
Winter's rudeness melts in flowers:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Careless here shall pleasures lull thee,
From domestic troubles free;
Rushes for thy couch I'll pull thee,
In the shade thy seat shall be;
All the flower-buds will I get
Spring's first sunbeams do unseal,
Primrose, cowslip, violet:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Cast away thy "twilly willy,"
Winter's warm protecting gown,
Storms no longer blow to chill thee;
Come with mantle loosely thrown,
Garments, light as gale's embraces,
That thy lovely shape reveal;
Put thou on thy airy dresses:—
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

Sweet to sit where brooks are flowing,
Pleasant spreads the gentle heat,
On the green's lap thyme is growing,
Every molchill forms a seat :
Fear not suns 'cause thou'rt so fair,
In the thorn-bower we'll conceal;
Ne'er a sunbeam pierces there: —
Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel,
And tend the sheep with me.

INNOCENCE.

I.

The flowers the sultry summer kills,
Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

II.

The swains who loved no more admire
Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall,
That envied once her charms.

III.

Lost was that sweet simplicity
Her eye's bright lustre fled;
And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloom'd,
A sickly paleness spread.

IV.

So fades the flower before its time,
Where canker-worms assail.
So droops the bud upon the stem,
Beneath the sickly gale.

GEORGE CRABBE.

AN ESSAY ON CRABBE'S WORKS.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE. LL. B. is deservedly one of the most distinguished poets of the present day¹. In a preface to a new edition of his poem called *The Library*, he says, that while he was composing it, he was honored by the advice of Mr. Burke, in whose presence part of it was written, and the whole submitted to his judgment. Through Mr. Burke, he was introduced to Dr. Johnson, who expressed his approbation of the poem in warm terms. The reputation which he acquired by this piece procured him the patronage of the late Duke of Rutland, on whom he attended as chaplain to Ireland, and whose funeral sermon he preached in the chapel at Belvoir. In 1789, by the recommendation of the Duchess Dowager, Lord Thurlow presented him to the rectories of Muston in Leicestershire, and West Allington in Lincolnshire. The year following he communicated "The Natural History of the Vale of Belvoir" to Mr. Nichols, who has incorporated it into his History of Leicestershire. From this time to 1807, Mr. Crabbe resigned himself wholly to parochial duties and the improvement of a numerous family; the courtship of the Muses only occupying a few casual hours. The volume of poems which he published in the last mentioned year, was honored with the critical examination of Mr. Fox and his nephew Lord Holland, in the manuscript state, and from their remarks, the whole received both strength and polish.

Although Mr. Crabbe be obviously of Cowper's school, he has also a peculiar style and peculiar system. Mr. Crabbe, decidedly one of the greatest poets of the day, would seem to have never written any thing but inculcation of poetry. He has taken literally the common allegation against the Muse, that she only lives by lies, and has made it a point of conscience to refute

¹ Mr. Crabbe has published — *The Library*, a poem, 4to. 1781. — *The Village*, a poem, 4to. 1793. — *The Skull*, a poem, 4to. 1763. — *The Newspaper*, a poem, 4to. 1785. — *Sermon on the Death of the Duke of Rutland*, (to whom the Author was Chaplain), 4to. 1788. — *Poems*, 8vo 1807. 7th ed. 1812 — *The Borough*, a poem, 8vo. 1810. 4th. ed. 1812. *Tales in Verse*, 8vo. 1812. *Tales of the Hall*.

her. It is not, indeed, in the fantastic country of enchantments, that he has dared to declare war against her. He has established his battery on a certain prosaic region, where the illusions of her witchcraft are more easily dissipated and annulled; and where, according to his view, her enchantments appeared most fatal. It matters little to him whether or not she flatter the powerful and the rich: but he forbids her to diffuse her gilding and perfume over the dwellings of the poor, lest she may so interdict them from pity and instruction. While following Mr. Crabbe through *The Village* or *The Borough*, beneath the villager's roof, or along the aisles of the church-yard, I picture to myself an old priest of the age of ignorance and chivalry, whom superstitious serfs would have appealed to, in order to banish, by his exorcisms, the fairy or hobgoblin of the village. Mr. Crabbe also reminds us of the catholic priest, by his profound knowledge of the human heart. None of the secrets of self-love escape him: he seizes the most complicated thread of the tissuë of instincts, varieties, and passions, which constitute the human character. It would seem as if he had collected, by means of auricular confession, the avowals of a hundred different hearts.

Mr. Crabbe, in his descriptions and portraits, does not, therefore, employ himself solely on the subject of externals, like the Flemish painters: he, like them, is careful of mechanical and minute exactness of costume, of his groupings, and the disposal of his lights and shades: but he, moreover, imparts so true and expressive a physiognomy to his personages, that they are never lost sight of, for the sake of admiring the mere accessories. It must be, however, admitted, with the critics, that his poetry affects sometimes, by overlaying the details, an air of technical precision. Although capable of embracing a vast circumference of subject, he too often prefers contracting himself within a narrow framework, and in his study of man, he more readily attaches himself to the individual than to the species. He is rather literal than natural, as Hazlitt has said, to whom he has supplied materials for one of his most singular criticisms.

"He takes an inventory of the human heart exactly in the same manner as of the furniture of a sick room; his sentiments have very much the air of fixtures; he gives you the petrification of a sigh, and carves a tear to the life in stone. Almost all his characters are tired of their lives, and you heartily wish them dead. They remind one of anatomical preservations; and may be said to bear the same relation to actual life, that a stuffed cat, in a glass case, does to the real one purring on the hearth."

In the desire to amuse by his ridiculous metaphors, Hazlitt has set out on the fallacious supposition that Mr. Crabbe meant to write pastorals. Mr. Crabbe had no such intention, even when depicting the rural labourer. If Don Quixote had known no other shepherds than those of Crabbe, he would never have added to his other absurdities, that of desiring to carry a crook. But it is certain that his taste for depicting the vulgar personages of real life, according to their costume, their ignoble sentiments, and their familiar language, leads him into too prosaic negligences of style. In aiming to be energetic, he is no more than trite; and his too denuded images inspire a kind of repugnance. His habit of tracing the moral deformities, with the fidelity of an anatomist, imparts to some of his compositions an air of bitterness and invective. It is obvious that he takes delight in the strokes of a caustic raillery: and, without imbibing any doubt of his philanthropy, one might be tempted to suspect that there was more contempt than love in his pity; for the objects of his pity are, at the same time, the victims of his satire. It is he whom Sir W. Scott designates, in one of his novels, as the English Juvenal. I should, for my part, rather designate him as the La Rochefoucault of the inferior classes. Poor human nature is only ridiculous, according to him, when it pretends to the heroism and sublimity of any virtues. Accordingly, no one is less sentimental than Mr. Crabbe. The undecorated beauty of the country does not even inspire him but seldom. Bathed in the sweat of the peasant's brow, it is, to his view, equally deprived of its enchantments as the village. But after all, poetical in spite of himself, Mr. Crabbe attaches us to him, not only by his magic talent of observation, his depth, and the sagacity of his remarks, but also by the variety of his sketches of nature, by his scenes of a heart-rending pathos, by his graceful pictures, and even by the sublime flights of a decidedly lyric poetry. It would be difficult to make war on imagination with more imagination. We shall continue the analysis of his distinguished talent at the same time as that of his principal works; our quotations will occasionally appear exceptions from his system; but these exceptions are numerous, and have given popularity to his verses.

The *Village* was the origin of Mr. Crabbe's reputation. The aim of the poet is to prove, that the villager of real life has no point of resemblance with those of poetry; that, in point of fact, indigence possesses no constituent but what is extremely unpleasant; and that vice is not exclusively an inhabitant of the palaces of the wealthy. The description of the barren sands of the sea coast, where the author lays his scene, prepares the

reader for the new aspect under which he will have to survey the objects usually embellished by the delusive colours of the muse : —

“ Lo ! where the heath with withering brake grown o’er, etc., etc.

It is on this ungrateful soil that Crabbe looks for the simple charms of the pastoral life ; but he finds there nothing but rapine, outrage, and terror. A bold, gloomy, artful, and savage race have there abandoned the labours of agriculture for those of a guilty traffic. These men, corrupted thus by a thirst for illegal gain, lurk on the shore, and at the approach of a tempest, rivet their greedy eyes on the first vessel, which, driven at the mercy of the billows, is destined to become either their prey, or that of the ocean. The existence of these smugglers and of their accomplices is described with frightful reality. The interior of the workhouse exhibits a not less striking picture. The apothecary, the curate, an old friend of the village children, the nobleman, and the magistrate, are depicted with infinite art.

The *Register of the village* forms the materials of Mr. Crabbe’s first poem. After some reflections upon the morals of the inhabitants, and the furniture of their houses, by way of introduction, the poet divides his subject into three books, entitled Baptisms, Marriages, and Deaths. It comprises the history of all the individuals whom he has baptized, married, and buried in the course of the preceding year. This extremely simple frame-work contains a new gallery of portraits, each finished in its own peculiar manner. If one wished to banter the reverend minister, he might be accused of having traced the scandalous register of his parish.

The *Library* and the *Journal*, published at the same time as the *Village*, are not less demonstrative of the talent of the poet. These two works are, indeed, exempt from the defects of the former ; but on account of the subject, they display fewer striking passages. Two little pieces of Mr. Crabbe’s deserve notice, *Sir Eustace Grey* and the *Gipsy*.

In *Sir Eustace Grey*, the author has depicted a man whose faults and misfortunes have plunged him into the most terrible madness, but gradually mitigated by a kind of enthusiastical devotion, which only constitutes another form of his mental malady. *Sir Eustace* himself is made, with admirable energy of language and sentiment, to give an account of his delirium ; he imagines himself to be hurried away by the rapid flight of two evil genii, with whom he stops on an immense plain, the silence

and immobility of which display a frightful contrast with the agitation of his soul. The idea which he endeavours to give of it exhibits one of the most original conceptions of Eternity.

This poem and that of the *Gypsy* written in octosyllabic rhymes, remind one often of the rapid movements of the lyrical strophe. In the *Gypsy*, the expression of remorse, and the discoveries of the miserable mother, excite emotions of pity as strong as those of any tragedy. These emotions are indeed of too heart-rending a description.

But if Mr. Crabbe sometimes makes an ill use of a pathetic situation, he is capable of inspiring a more tender sympathy, when describing the tranquil decline of a virtuous old age, the calm joy of pious resignation, and the sentiments of an innocent affection.

The *Borough* will supply us, when necessary, with numerous examples; this poem is the continuation of the *Village*, or the developement of the same system upon a larger scale. It is a kind of moral history of a sea-port of the second order; the picturesque description of the spot chosen for the scene, and the portrait of the amphibious manners of the different classes of inhabitants. The author still confines himself within the limited circle of reality, although his views become enlarged with the enlarged range of his horizon. There are sublime inspirations from which Mr. Crabbe cannot divest himself in presence of the immensity of ocean; the colours of his picture of a storm are so correct, that it would seem as if, in order to become a witness of its rage, he had caused himself to be bound to the mast, like Joseph Vernet. The atmosphere of a similar landscape has doubtless imparted to his graphic touch an equal felicity in the portraiture of the passions. Not but that the greater number of his verses is not as usual consecrated to minute details, and subtle analysis of characters often but little interesting. His gaiety is not always in good tone. He is alternately diffuse, and obscure, through his affected precision: but how many *traits* of refined irony, of smiling and agreeable images, of graceful or energetic sentiments, redeem those defects in a poem of considerable length. The *Borough* is divided into letters. We successively become acquainted with the vicar and curate of the place, with the dissenters, with the principal electors and candidates of an election day, with the lawyers, with the physicians, the apothecaries, and, in the self-same chapter, with the quacks. In another gallery figure the artizans, the strolling players, the amateur artists, the publicans, the governors of the hospital, and the overseers of the poor. But it is especially

of the latter that Mr. Crabbe is the historian, or rather the biographer, in the poor houses, the prisons, and the schools.

Since the appearance of this poem, Mr. Crabbe has published a series of poetic tales, which might have been incorporated with it in the form of episodes. They are written in the same spirit, though the heroes of some of them are chosen from the middle walk of life. In his last work, the *Tales of the Hall*, the author introduces his readers to elegant society; and here he shews himself to be as profound an observer of human nature as in his delineations of more homely scenes. The tales in the volume to which I have just alluded, are for the most part extremely simple; but in many instances they display originality of conception. An analysis of Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall* would lead us too far. In this work he has not disdained to employ what I believe he has himself termed the artificial ornaments of poetry; but that which might be deemed high colouring in the writings of others is merely simple grace in the poetry of Crabbe. Love, that passion which the poet seemed to condemn in his early lays, has frequently lent its romantic charm to the more recent productions of his muse, and the reverend pastor occasionally reminds one of Anacreon binding his grey hair with flowers.

In spite of the animadversions of Hazlitt, and notwithstanding the system which Crabbe himself professed in the prefaces to his earliest productions, it must be acknowledged that few poets have displayed greater brilliancy of imagination. However, his writings, like those of many other English poets, are exceedingly unequal.

A. P.

THE VILLAGE.

BOOK I.

THE village life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains,
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor,
Demand a song — the Muse can give no more.

Fled are those times, when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet prais'd his native plains :
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse;
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains, alas! they never feel.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From truth and nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way?

Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains :
They boast their peasants' pipes; but peasants now
Resign their pipes, and plod behind the plough;
And few, amid the rural-tribe, have time
To number syllables and play with rhyme;

Save honest Duck, what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labours of the field degrade
With the new peril of a poorer trade?

From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask,
To sing of shepherds is an easy task:
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress and himself a swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that grazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feeblér heads and fainter hearts,
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts:
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No; cast by fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
As truth will paint it and as bards will not:
Nor you, ye poor, of letter'd scorn complain;
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labour and bow'd down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?

Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betray'd by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen woe display'd in every face;
Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

Here too the lawless merchant of the main
Draws from his plough th' intoxicated swain;

Want only claim'd the labour of the day,
But vice now steals his nightly rest away.

Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games play'd down the setting sun;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engag'd some artful stripling of the throng,
And fell beneath him, foil'd, while far around
Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks return'd the sound?
Where now are these? — Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To show the freighted pinnace where to land;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or, when detected, in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
To gain a lawless passport through the land.

Here, wand'ring long, amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that nature yields;
Rapine and wrong and fear usurp'd her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race;
Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
On the tost vessel bend their eager eye;
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,
Theirs, or the ocean's miserable prey.

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land;
While still for flight the ready wing is spread:
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled —

Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign —
And cry'd, Ah! hapless they who still remain;
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor!

But these are scenes where nature's niggard hand
Gave a spare portion to the famish'd land;
Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain
Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain;
But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
Where plenty smiles — alas! she smiles for few —
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.

Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth?
Go then! and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;
Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew;
Then own that labour may as fatal be
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.

Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride

Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide ;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame ;
Yet, urg'd along, and proudly loth to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field :
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.

Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well ;
Or will you praise that homely healthy fare,
Plénteous and plain, that happy peasants share ?
Oh ! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal ;
Homely not wholesome, plain not plenteous, such
As you who praise would never deign to touch.
Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please ;
Go ! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there ;
If peace be his — that drooping weary sire,
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire ;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand !

Nor yet can time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease ;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except his own engage ;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade ;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made ;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd ;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes ,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs :
For now he journeys to his grave in pain ;
The rich disdain him ; nay, the poor disdain :
Alternate masters now their slave command ,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand ,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain ,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter-charge, beneath the hillock weep ;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks, and bury them in snow,
When, rous'd by rage and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn : —

“ Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free ?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay ;
I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipp'd by the frost and shivering in the wind ;
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone ;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.

“ These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me ;
To me the children of my youth are lords ;
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words :

Wants of their own demand their care ; and who
Feels his own want , and succours others too ?
A lonely , wretched man , in pain I go ,
None need my help and none relieve my woe ;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid ,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid . ”

Thus groan the old , till by disease opprest ,
They taste a final woe , and then they rest .

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor ,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door ;
There , where the putrid vapours , flagging , play ,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day ; —
There children dwell who know no parents’ care ;
Parents , who know no children’s love , dwell there !
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed ,
Forsaken wives , and mothers never wed ;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears ,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears ;
The lame , the blind , and , far the happiest they !
The moping idiot , and the madman gay .
Here too the sick their final doom receive ,
Here brought , amid the scenes of grief , to grieve ,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow ,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below ;
Here sorrowing , they each kindred sorrow scan ,
And the cold charities of man to man :
Whose laws indeed for ruin’d age provide ,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh ,
And pride embitters what it can’t deny .

Say ye , opprest by some fantastic woes ,
Some jarring nerve that baffled your repose ;

Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;

Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish-priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above:
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task,
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skill'd at whist, devotes the night to play:
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick-man's bed,

To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er,
The man of many sorrows sighs no more. —
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee:
No more, O death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;
No more the farmer claims his humble bow,
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village-children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend:
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
Thé pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing; hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish-poor;
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer:
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
To think a poor-man's bones should lie unblest.

PHOEBE DAWSON.

Two summers since, I saw, at Laminas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there,
When Phœbe Dawson gaily cross'd the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen :
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admir'd;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd :
The lads around admir'd so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away.
Correct in thought, she judg'd a servant's place
Preserv'd a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power,
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel. —

At length, the youth, ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleas'd by manners, most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;

Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
 By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
 He serv'd the squire, and brush'd the coat he made:
 Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
 Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
 With her should years of growing love be spent,
 And growing wealth:—she sigh'd, and look'd consent.

Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green;
 (Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
 Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
 Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid:

Slow through the meadows rov'd they many a mile,
 Toy'd by each bank and trifled at each stile;

Where, as he painted every blissful view,
 And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
 The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
 Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears.—

Thus pass'd th'allotted hours, till lingering late,
 The lover loiter'd at the master's gate;

There he pronounc'd adieu! and yet would stay,
 Till chidden—sooth'd—intreated—forc'd away,
 He would of coldness, though indulg'd, complain,
 And oft retire and oft return again;

When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind,
 The grief assum'd, compell'd her to be kind!
 For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
 That she resented first and then forgave,
 And to his grief and penance yielded more,
 Than his presumption had requir'd before.—

Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain,
 Each yielding maid, and each presuming swain!

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
 And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,

One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnotic'd from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;—
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause, her anxious soul alarms.
With water burthen'd, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes:
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits:
In vain—they come—she feels th' inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd.
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd.
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;
Unfec'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, nor allur'd by praise;

And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.

Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this child of weakness, want and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart,
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
“ And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love: ” —
But ah? too soon his looks success declar'd,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repair'd;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot;
If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd;
If absent, spending what their labours gain'd;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pin'd,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.

Then fly temptation, youth; resist, refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

SIR EUSTACE GREY.

SCENE : — A MADHOUSE.

PERSONS : — VISITOR, PHYSICIAN, AND PATIENT.

Veris miscens falsa. —
SENECA, in *Herc. furente*.

VISITOR.

I'LL no more ; — the heart is torn
By views of woe, we cannot heal ;
Long shall I see these things forlorn,
And oft again their griefs shall feel,
As each upon the mind shall steal ;
That wan projector's mystic style,
That lumpish idiot leering by,
That peevish idler's ceaseless wile,
And that poor maiden's half-form'd smile,
While struggling for the full-drawn sigh —
I'll know no more.

PHYSICIAN.

— Yes, turn again ;
Then speed to happier scenes thy way,
When thou hast view'd, what yet remain,
The ruins of Sir Eustace Grey,
The sport of madness, misery's prey :
But he will no historian need,
His cares, his crimes will he display,
And show (as one from frenzy freed)
The proud-lost mind, the rash-done deed.
That cell to him is Greyling Hall : —
Approach ; he'll bid thee welcome there ;

Will sometimes for his servant call;
 And sometimes point the vacant chair:
 He can, with free and easy air,
 Appear attentive and polite;
 Can veil his woes in manners fair,
 And pity with respect excite.

PATIENT.

Who comes?—Approach!—'tis kindly done:—
 My learn'd physician, and a friend,
 Their pleasures quit, to visit one,
 Who cannot to their ease attend.
 Nor joys bestow, nor comforts lend,
 As when I liv'd so blest, so well,
 And dreamt not I must soon contend
 With those malignant powers of hell.

PHYSICIAN.

Less warmth, Sir Eustace, or we go. —

PATIENT.

See! I am calm as infant-love,
 A very child, but one of woe,
 Whom you should pity, not reprove: —
 But men at ease, who never strove
 With passions wild, will calmly show,
 How soon we may their ills remove,
 And masters of their madness grow.

Some twenty years I think are gone, —
 (Time flies, I know not how, away,)
 The sun upon no happier shone;
 Nor prouder man, than Eustace Grey.
 Ask where you would, and all would say,
 The man admir'd and prais'd of all,
 By rich and poor, by grave and gay,
 Was the young lord of Greyling Hall.

Yes! I had youth and rosy health;
Was nobly form'd as man might be;
For sickness then, of all my wealth,
I never gave a single fee:
The ladies fair, the maidens free,
Were all accustom'd then to say,
Who would a handsome figure see,
Should look upon Sir Eustace Grey.

He had a frank and pleasant look,
A cheerful eye and accent bland;
His very speech and manner spoke
The generous heart, the open hand;
About him all was gay, or grand,
He had the praise of great and small;
He bought, improv'd, projected, plann'd,
And reign'd a prince at Greyling Hall.

My Lady! — she was all we love;
All praise (to speak her worth) is faint;
Her manners show'd the yielding dove,
Her morals, the seraphic saint:
She never breath'd nor look'd complaint;
No equal upon earth had she: —
Now, what is this fair thing I paint?
Alas! as all that live, shall be.

There was, beside, a gallant youth,
And him my bosom's friend, I had: —
Oh! I was rich — in very truth,
It made me proud — it made me mad! —
Yes, I was lost — but there was cause! —
Where stood my tale? — I cannot find —
But I had all mankind's applause,
And all the smiles of womankind.

There were two cherub-things beside,
A gracious girl, a glorious boy;
Yet more to swell my full-blown pride,
To varnish higher my fading joy,
Pleasures were ours without alloy,
Nay paradise, — till my frail Eve
Our bliss was tempted to destroy;
Deceiv'd and fated to deceive.

But I deserv'd; for all that time,
When I was lov'd, admir'd, caress'd,
There was within, each secret crime,
Unfelt, uneaneall'd, unconfess'd:
I never then my God address'd,
In grateful praise or humble prayer;
And if his word was not my jest,
(Dread thought!) it never was my care.

I doubted: — fool I was to doubt!
If that all-piereing eye could see, —
If He who looks all worlds throughout,
Would so minute and careful be,
As to perceive and punish me: —
With man I would be great and high,
But with my God so lost, that He,
In his large view, should pass me by.

Thus blest with children, friend, and wife,
Blest far beyond the vulgar lot,
Of all that gladdens human life,
Where was the good, that I had not?
But my vile heart had sinful spot,
And Heaven beheld its deep'ning stain,
Eternal justice I forgot,
And merey sought not to obtain.

Come near, — I'll softly speak the rest! —

Alas! 'tis known to all the crowd,
Her guilty love was all confess'd;
And his, who so much truth avow'd,
My faithless friend's. — In pleasure proud
I sat, when these curs'd tidings came;
Their guilt, their flight was told aloud,
And envy smil'd to hear my shame!

I call'd on Vengeance; at the word
She came: — Can I the deed forget?
I held the sword; th' accursed sword,
The blood of his false heart made wet:
And that fair victim paid her debt,
She pin'd, she died, she loath'd to live; —
I saw her dying — see her yet:
Fair fallen thing! my rage forgive!

Those cherubs still, my life to bless,
Were left, could I my fears remove,
Sad fears that check'd each fond caress,
And poison'd all parental love.
Yet that with jealous feelings strove,
And would at last have won my will,
Had I not, wretch! been doom'd to prove,
Th' extremes of mortal good and ill.

In youth! health! joy! in beauty's pride!
They droop'd: as flowers, when blighted bow,
The dire infection came: — They died,
And I was curs'd — as I am now —
Nay, frown not, angry friend, — allow
That I was deeply, sorely tried;
Hear then, and you must wonder how
I could such storms and strifes abide.

Storms! — not that clouds embattled make,
 When they afflict this earthly globe;
 But such as with their terrors shake
 Man's breast, and to the bottom probe;
 They make the hypocrite disrobe,
 They try us all, if false or true;
 For this, one devil had pow'r on Job;
 And I was long the slave of two.

PHYSICIAN.

Peace, peace, my friend, these subjects fly;
 Collect thy thoughts—go calmly on.—

PATIENT.

And shall I then the fact deny?
 I was, — thou know'st, — I was begone,
 Like him who fill'd the eastern throne,
 To whom the watcher cried aloud;
 That royal wretch of Babylon,
 Who was so guilty and so proud.

Like him, with haughty, stubborn mind,
 I, in my state, my comforts sought;
 Delight and praise I hop'd to find,
 In what I builded, planted, bought!
 Oh! arrogance! by misery taught—
 Soon came a voice; I felt it come;
 "Full be his cup, with evil fraught,
 Demons his guides, and death his doom!"

Then was I cast from out my state;
 Two fiends of darkness led my way;
 They wak'd me early, watch'd me late,
 My dread by night, my plague by day!
 Oh! I was made their sport, their play,
 Through many a stormy troubled year;

And how they us'd their passive prey,
Is sad to tell : — but you shall hear.

And first, before they sent me forth,
Through this un pitying world to run,
They robb'd Sir Eustace of his worth,
Lands, manors, lordships, every one;
So was that gracious man undone,
Was spurn'd as vile, was scorn'd as poor,
Whom every former friend would shun,
And menials drove from every door.

Then those ill-favour'd Ones, whom none
But my unhappy eyes could view,
Led me, with wild emotion, on,
And with resistless terror, drew.
Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,
And halted on a boundless plain;
Where nothing fed, nor breath'd, nor grew,
But silence rul'd the still domain.

Upon that boundless plain, below,
The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
Where all were still, asleep or dead;
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
Pillars and pediments sublime,
Where the grey moss had form'd a bed,
And cloth'd the crumbling spoils of time.

There was I fix'd, I know not how,
Condemn'd for untold years to stay:
Yet years were not; — one dreadful Now
Endur'd no change of night or day;
The same mild evening's sleeping ray
Shone softly-solemn and serene,

And all that time, I gaz'd away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen.

At length a moment's sleep stole on, —
Again came my commission'd foes;
Again through sea and land we're gone,
No peace, no respite, no repose:
Above the dark broad sea we rose,
We ran through bleak and frozen land;
I had no strength, their strength t' oppose,
An infant in a giant's hand.

They plac'd me where those streamers play,
Those nimble beams of brilliant light;
It would the stoutest heart dismay,
To see, to feel, that dreadful sight:
So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
They pierc'd my frame with icy wound,
And all that half-year's polar night,
Those dancing streamers wrapt me round.

Slowly that darkness pass'd away,
When down upon the earth I fell, —
Some hurried sleep was mine by day;
But, soon as toll'd the evening bell,
They forc'd me on, wherever dwell
Far-distant men in cities fair,
Cities of whom no trav'lers tell,
Nor feet but mine, were wanderers there.

Their watchmen stare, and stand aghast,
As on we hurry through the dark;
The watch-light blinks, as we go past,
The watch-dog shrinks and fears to bark;
The watch-tower's bell sounds shrill; and, hark!
The free wind blows — we've left the town —

A wide sepulchral ground I mark,
And on a tombstone place me down.

What monuments of mighty dead!
What tombs of various kinds are found!
And stones erect their shadows shed
On humble graves, with wickers bound;
Some risen fresh, above the ground,
Some level with the native clay,
What sleeping millions wait the sound,
“Arise, ye dead, and come away!”

Alas! they stay not for that call;
Spare me this woe! ye Demons spare!—
They come! the shrowded shadows all,—
’Tis more than mortal brain can bear;
Rustling they rise, they sternly glare
At man upheld by vital breath;
Who, led by wicked fiends, should dare
To join the shadowy troops of death!

Yes! I have felt all man can feel,
Till he shall pay his nature’s debt;
Ills that no hope has strength to heal,
No mind the comfort to forget:
Whatever cares the heart can fret,
The spirits wear, the temper gall,
Woe, want, dread, anguish, all beset
My sinful soul!—together all!

Those fiends upon a shaking fen
Fix’d me in dark tempestuous night;
There never trod the foot of men,
There flock’d the fowl in wint’ry flight;
There danc’d the moor’s deceitful light,
Above the pool where sedges grow;

And when the morning sun shone bright,
It shone upon a field of snow.

They hung me on a bough, so small,
The rook could build her nest no higher;
They fix'd me on the trembling ball,
That crowns the steeple's quiv'ring spire;
They set me where the seas retire,
But drown with their returning tide;
And made me flee the mountain's fire,
When rolling from its burning side.

I've hung upon the ridgy steep
Of cliffs, and held the rambling brier;
I've plung'd below the billowy deep,
Where air was sent me to respire;
I've been where hungry wolves retire;
And (to complete my woes) I've ran
Where Bedlam's crazy crew conspire
Against the life of reasoning man.

I've furl'd in storms the flapping sail,
By hanging from the top-mast-head;
I've serv'd the vilest slaves in jail,
And pick'd the dunghill's spoil for bread;
I've made the badger's hole my bed,
I've wander'd with a gipsy crew;
I've dreaded all the guilty dread,
And done what they would fear to do.

On sand where ebbs and flows the flood,
Midway they plac'd and bade me die;
Propt on my staff, I stoutly stood
When the swift waves came rolling by;
And high they rose, and still more high,
Till my lips drank the bitter brine;

I sobb'd convuls'd, then cast mine eye
And saw the tide's re-flowing sign.

And then, my dreams were such as nought
Could yield but my unhappy case;
I've been of thousand devils caught,
And thrust into that horrid place,
Where reign dismay, despair, disgrace;
Furies with iron fangs were there,
To torture that accursed race,
Doom'd to dismay, disgrace, despair.

Harmless I was; yet hunted down
For treasons, to my soul unfit;
I've been pursu'd through many a town,
For crimes that petty knaves commit;
I've been adjudg'd t' have lost my wit,
Because I preach'd so loud and well,
And thrown into the dungeon's pit;
For trampling on the pit of hell.

Such were the evils, man of sin,
That I was fated to sustain;
And add to all, without — within,
A soul defil'd with every stain,
That man's reflecting mind can pain;
That pride, wrong, rage, despair can make;
In fact, they'd nearly touch'd my brain,
And reason on her throne would shake.

But pity will the vilest seek,
If punish'd guilt will not repine, —
I heard a heavenly teacher speak,
And felt the sun of mercy shine:
I hail'd the light! the birth divine!
And then was seal'd among the few;

Those angry fiends beheld the sign,
And from me in an instant flew.

Come hear how thus the charmers cry
To wandering sheep, the strays of sin;
While some the wicket-gate pass by,
And some will knock and enter in:
Full joyful 'tis a soul to win,
For he that winneth souls is wise;
Now hark! the holy strains begin,
And thus the sainted preacher cries: —

“ Pilgrim, burthen'd with thy sin,
“ Come the way to Zion's gate,
“ There, till mercy let thee in,
“ Knock and weep, and watch and wait.
“ Knock! — He knows the sinner's cry:
“ Weep! — He loves the mourner's tears:
“ Watch! — for saving grace is nigh:
“ Wait, — till heavenly light appears.

“ Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice;
“ Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
“ Now within the gate rejoice,
“ Safe and seal'd, and bought and blest!
“ Safe — from all the lures of vice,
“ Seal'd — by signs the chosen know,
“ Bought — by love, and life the price,
“ Blest — the mighty debt to owe.

“ Holy Pilgrim! what for thee,
“ In a world like this remain?
“ From thy guarded breast shall flee,
“ Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
“ Fear — the hope of Heaven shall fly,
“ Shame — from glory's view retire,

“ Doubt — in certain rapture die ,
 “ Pain — in endless bliss expire. ”

But though my day of grace was come ,
 Yet still my days of grief I find ;
 The former clouds' collected gloom
 Still sadden the reflecting mind ;
 The soul , to evil things consign'd ,
 Will of their evil some retain ;
 The man will seem to earth inclin'd ,
 And will not look erect again .

Thus , though elect , I feel it hard ,
 To lose what I possess'd before ,
 To be from all my wealth debarr'd , —
 The brave Sir Eustace is no more :
 But old I wax and passing poor ,
 Stern , rugged men my conduct view ,
 They chide my wish , they bar my door ,
 'Tis hard — I weep — you see I do . —

Must you , my friends , no longer stay ?
 Thus quickly all my pleasures end !
 But I'll remember , when I pray ,
 My kind physician and his friend ;
 And those sad hours , you deign to spend
 With me , I shall requite them all ;
 Sir Eustace for his friends shall send ,
 And thank their love at Greyling Hall .

VISITOR.

The poor Sir Eustace ! — Yet his hope
 Leads him to think of joys again ;
 And when his earthly visions droop ,
 His views of heavenly kin remain : —
 But whence that meek and humbled strain ,
 That spirit wounded , lost , resign'd ;

Would not so proud a soul disdain
The madness of the poorest mind?

PHYSICIAN.

No! for the more he swell'd with pride,
The more he felt misfortune's blow;
Disgrace and grief he could not hide,
And poverty had laid him low:
Thus shame and sorrow working slow,
At length this humble spirit gave;
Madness on these began to grow,
And bound him to his fiends a slave.

Though the wild thoughts had touch'd his brain,
Then was he free:—So, forth he ran;
To soothe or threat, alike were vain:
He spake of fiends; look'd wild and wan;
Year after year, the hurried man
Obey'd those fiends from place to place;
Till his religious change began
To form a frenzied child of grace.

For, as the fury lost its strength,
The mind repos'd; by slow degrees,
Came lingering hope, and brought at length,
To the tormented spirit, ease:
This slave of sin, whom fiends could seize,
Felt or believ'd their power had end;—
“'Tis faith,” he cried, “my bosom frees,
“And now my Saviour is my friend.”

But ah! though time can yield relief,
And soften woes it cannot cure;
Would we not suffer pain and grief,
To have our reason sound and sure?
Then let us keep our bosoms pure,
Our fancy's favourite flights suppress;

Prepare the body to endure,
And bend the mind to meet distress;
And then His guardian care implore,
Whom demons dread and men adore.

THE BOROUGH.

LETTER I.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

“DESCRIBE the Borough” — though our idle tribe
May love description, can we so describe,
That you shall fairly streets and buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to a place?
This cannot be; yet, mov’d by your request,
A part I paint — let fancy form the rest.

Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil; they defy the pen:
Could he, who sang so well the Grecian fleet,
So well have sung of alley, lane, or street?
Can measur’d lines these various buildings show,
The town-hall turning, or the prospect-row?
Can I the seats of wealth and want explore,
And lengthen out my lays from door to door?

Then let thy fancy aid me — I repair
From this tall mansion of our last-year’s mayor,
Till we the out-skirts of the Borough reach,
And these half-buried buildings next the beach;
Where hang at open doors, the net and cork,
While squalid sea-dames mend the meshy work;

Till comes the hour, when fishing through the tide,
The weary husband throws his freight aside;
A living mass, which now demands the wife,
Th' alternate labours of this humble life.

Can scenes like these withdraw thee from thy wood,
Thy upland forest, or thy valley's flood?
Seek then thy garden's shrubby bound, and look,
As it steals by, upon the bordering brook;
That winding streamlet, limpid, lingering; slow,
Where the reeds whisper when the zephyrs blow;
Where in the midst, upon her throne of green,
Sits the large lily as the water's queen;
And makes the current, forc'd awhile to stay,
Murmur and bubble, as it shoots away;
Draw then the strongest contrast to that stream,
And our broad river will before thee seem.

With ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide;
Flowing, it fills the channel vast and wide;
Then back to sea, with strong majestic sweep
It rolls, in ebb yet terrible and deep;
Here samphire-banks and salt-wort bound the flood,
There stakes and sea-weeds withering on the mud;
And higher up, a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has roll'd upon the place.

Thy gentle river boasts its pigmy boat,
Urg'd on by pains, half grounded, half afloat;
While at her stern an angler takes his stand,
And marks the fish he purposes to land,
From that clear space, where, in the cheerful ray
Of the warm sun, the scaly people play.

Far other craft our prouder river shows,
Hoys, pinks and sloops; brigs, brigantines and snows:

Nor angler we on our wide stream descry,
But one poor dredger where his oysters lie :
He, cold and wet, and driving with the tide,
Beats his weak arms against his tarry side,
Then drains the remnant of diluted gin,
To aid the warmth that languishes within;
Renewing oft his poor attempts to beat
His tingling fingers into gathering heat.

He shall again be seen, when evening comes,
And social parties crowd their favourite rooms,
Where, on the table pipes and papers lie,
The steaming bowl or foaming tankard by;
'Tis then, with all these comforts spread around,
They hear the painful dredger's welcome sound;
And few themselves the savoury boon deny,
The food that feeds, the living luxury.

Yon is our quay! those smaller hoys from town,
Its various wares, for country use, bring down;
Those laden waggons, in return, impart
The country produce to the city mart;
Hark! to the clamour in that miry road,
Bounded and narrow'd by yon vessels' load;
The lumbering wealth she empties round the place,
Package, and parcel, hogshead, chest, and case :
While the loud seaman and the angry hind,
Mingling in business, bellow to the wind.

Near there a crew amphibious, in the docks,
Rear, for the sea, those castles on the stocks :
See! the long keel, which soon the waves must hide;
See! the strong ribs which form the roomy side;
Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
And planks which curve and crackle in the smoke.

Around the whole rise cloudy wreaths, and far
Bear the warm pungence of o'er-boiling tar.

Dabbling on shore half-naked sea boys crowd,
Swim round a ship, or swing upon the shroud;
Or in a boat purloin'd, with paddles play,
And grow familiar with the watery way:
Young though they be, they feel whose sons they are,
They know what British seamen do and dare;
Proud of that fame, they raise and they enjoy
The rustic wonder of the village-boy.

Before you bid these busy scenes adieu,
Behold the wealth that lies in public view,
Those far-extended heaps of coal and coke,
Where fresh-fill'd lime-kilns breathe their stifling smoke.
This shall pass off, and you behold, instead,
The night-fire gleaming on its chalky bed;
When from the light-house brighter beams will rise,
To show the shipman where the shallow lies.

Thy walks are ever pleasant; every scene
Is rich in beauty, lively, or serene —
Rich — is that varied view with woods around,
Seen from the seat, within the shrubby bound;
Where shines the distant lake, and where appear
From ruins bolting, unmolested deer;
Lively — the village-green, the inn, the place
Where the good widow schools her infant race;
Shops, whence are heard the hammer and the saw,
And village pleasures unreprieved by law.
Then how serene! when in your favourite room,
Gales from your jasmines soothe the evening gloom;
When from your upland paddock you look down,
And just perceive the smoke which hides the town,

When weary peasants at the close of day
Walk to their cots, and part upon the way;
When cattle slowly cross the shallow brook,
And shepherds pen their folds, and rest upon their crook.

We prune our hedges, prime our slender trees,
And nothing looks untutor'd and at ease;
On the wide heath, or in the flowery vale,
We scent the vapours of the sea-born gale;
Broad-beaten paths lead on from stile to stile,
And sewers from streets the road-side banks defile;
Our guarded fields a sense of danger show,
Where garden-crops with corn and clover grow;
Fences are formed of wreck, and plac'd around,
(With tenters tipp'd) a strong repulsive bound;
Wide and deep ditches by the gardens run,
And there in ambush lie the trap and gun;
Or yon broad board, which guards each tempting prize,
"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

There stands a cottage with an open door,
Its garden undefended blooms before :
Her wheel is still, and overturn'd her stool,
While the lone widow seeks the neigh'ring pool :
This gives us hope, all views of town to shun—
No! here are tokens of the sailor son;
That old blue jacket, and that shirt of check,
And silken kerchief for the seaman's neck;
Sea spoils and shells from many a distant shore,
And furry robe from frozen Labrador.

Our busy streets and sylvan walks between,
Fen, marshes, bog, and heath all intervene;
Here pits of crag, with spongy, splashy base,
To some enrich th' uncultivated space :

For there are blossoms rare, and curious rush,
The gale's rich balm, and sun-dew's crimson blush,
Whose velvet leaf with radiant beauty drest,
Forms a gay pillow for the plover's breast.

Not distant far, a house commodious made,
(Lonely yet public) stands, for Sunday-trade;
Thither, for this day free, gay parties go,
Their tea-house walk, their tipling rendezvous;
There humble couples sit in corner-bowers,
Or gaily ramble for th' allotted hours;
Sailors and lasses from the town attend,
The servant-lover, the apprentice-friend;
With all the idle social tribes who seek,
And find their humble pleasures once a week.

Turn to the watery world!—but who to thee
(A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint—the sea?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lull'd by zephyrs, or when rous'd by storms,
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat th' experienced eye.

Be it the summer-noon : a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends)—
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,

Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand ,
Faint , lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand ,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow ,
And back return in silence , smooth and slow .
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd — for they glide
On the still sea , urg'd solely by the tide .
Art thou not present , this calm scene before ,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore ,
And far as eye can reach , it can discern no more ?

Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake ;
As an awaken'd giant , with a frown ,
Might show his wrath , and then to sleep sink down .

View now the winter-storm ! above , one cloud ,
Black and unbroken all the skies o'ershroud ;
Th' unwieldy porpus through the day before ,
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore ;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form ,
Dark as the cloud , and furious as the storm .

All where the eye delights , yet dreads to roam ,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising — all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swell'd and steep ,
Breaking and sinking , and the sunken swells ,
Nor one , one moment , in its station dwells :
But nearer land you may the billows trace ,
As if contending in their watery chace ;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach ,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ;
Curl'd as they come , they strike with furious force ,
And then re-flowing , take their grating course ,

Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off the petril in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

In shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry;
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

Darkness begins to reign; the louder wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind;
But frights not him, whom evening and the spray
In part conceal — yon prowler on his way:
Lo! he has something seen; he runs apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chace;
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing — “Was your search in vain?”
Gruffly he answers, “’Tis a sorry sight!
“A seaman's body: there 'll be more to-night!”

Hark! to those sounds! they're from distress at sea:
How quick they come! What terrors may there be!

Yes, 'tis a driven vessel : I discern
Light, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern ;
Others behold them too, and from the town ,
In various parties seamen hurry down ;
Their wives pursue , and damsels urg'd by dread ,
Lest men so dear be into danger led ;
Their head the gown has hooded , and their call
In this sad night is piercing like the squall ;
They feel their kinds of power, and when they meet ,
Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten, or intreat.

See one poor girl, all terror and alarm ,
Has fondly seiz'd upon her lover's arm ;
" Thou shalt not venture ; " and he answers ' No !
' I will not ' — still she cries , " Thou shalt not go . "

No need of this ; not here the stoutest boat
Can through such breakers , o'er such billows float ;
Yet may they view these lights upon the beach ,
Which yield them hope , whom help can never reach.

From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves , and all the danger shows ;
But shows them beaming in her shining vest ,
Terrific splendour ! gloom in glory drest !
This for a moment , and then clouds again
Hide every beam , and fear and darkness reign.

But hear we now those sounds ? Do lights appear ?
I see them not ! the storms alone I hear :
And lo ! the sailors homeward take their way ;
Man must endure — let us submit and pray.

Such are our winter views ; but night comes on —
Now business sleeps , and daily cares are gone ;
Now parties form , and some their friends assist
To waste the idle hours at sober whist ;

The tavern's pleasure, or the concert's charm,
 Unnumber'd moments of their sting disarm;
 Play-bills and open doors a crowd invite,
 To pass off one dread portion of the night;
 And show and song and luxury combin'd,
 Lift off from man this burthen of mankind.

Others advent'rous walk abroad and meet
 Returning parties pacing through the street.
 When various voices, in the dying day,
 Hum in our walks, and greet us in our way;
 When tavern lights flit on from room to room;
 And guide the tippling sailor staggering home:
 There as we pass, the jingling bells betray
 How business rises with the closing day:
 Now walking silent, by the river's side,
 The ear perceives the rippling of the tide;
 Or measur'd cadence of the lads who tow
 Some enter'd hoy, to fix her in her row;
 Or hollow sound, which from the parish bell
 To some departed spirit bids farewell!

Thus shall you something of our Borough know,
 Far as a verse with fancy's aid can show;
 Of sea or river, of a quay or street,
 The best description must be incomplete;
 But when a happier theme succeeds, and when
 Men are our subjects and the deeds of men;
 Then may we find the Muse in happier style,
 And we may sometimes sigh and sometimes smile.

LETTER XXII.

PETER GRIMES.

Old Peter Grimes made fishing his employ,
 His wife he cabin'd with him and his boy,

And seem'd that life laborious to enjoy :
To town came quiet Peter with his fish ,
And had of all a civil word and wish .
He left his trade upon the Sabbath-day ,
And took young Peter in his hand to pray :
But soon the stubborn boy from care broke loose ,
At first refus'd , then added his abuse :
His father's love he scorn'd , his power defied ,
But being drunk , wept sorely when he died .

Yes ! then he wept , and to his mind there came
Much of his conduct , and he felt the shame , —
How he had oft the good old man revil'd ,
And never paid the duty of a child ;
How , when the father in his Bible read ,
He in contempt and anger left the shed :
“ It is the Word of Life , ” the parent cried ;
— ‘ This is the life itself , ’ the boy replied ;
And while old Peter in amazement stood ,
Gave the hot spirit to his boiling blood : —
How he , with oath and furious speech , began
To prove his freedom and assert the man ;
And when the parent check'd his impious rage ,
How he had curs'd the tyranny of age , —
Nay , once had dealt the sacrilegious blow
On his bare head , and laid his parent low ;
The father groan'd — “ If thou art old , ” said he ,
“ And hast a son — thou wilt remember me :
Thy mother left me in a happy time ,
Thou kill'dst not her — Heav'n spares the double crime . ”

On an inn-settle , in his maudlin grief ,
This he revolv'd , and drank for his relief .

Now liv'd the youth in freedom , but debarr'd

From constant pleasure, and he thought it hard;
Hard that he could not every wish obey,
But must awhile relinquish ale and play;
Hard! that he could not to his cards attend,
But must acquire the money he would spend.

With greedy eye he look'd on all he saw,
He knew not justice, and he laugh'd at law;
On all he mark'd, he stretch'd his ready hand;
He fish'd by water and he filch'd by land:
Oft in the night has Peter dropp'd his oar,
Fled from his boat and sought for prey on shore;
Oft up the hedge-row glided on his back,
Bearing the orchard's produce in a sack,
Or farm-yard load, tugg'd fiercely from the stack;
And as these wrongs to greater numbers rose,
The more he look'd on all men as his foes.

He built a mud-wall'd hovel, where he kept
His various wealth, and there he oft times slept;
But no success could please his cruel soul,
He wish'd for one to trouble and controul;
He wanted some obedient boy to stand,
And bear the blow of his outrageous hand;
And hop'd to find in some propitious hour
A feeling creature subject to his power.

Peter had heard there were in London then, —
Still have they being? — Workhouse-clearing men,
Who, undisturb'd by feelings just or kind,
Would parish boys to needy tradesmen bind:
They in their want a trifling sum would take,
And toiling slaves of piteous orphans make.

Such Peter sought, and when a lad was found,
The sum was dealt him, and the slave was bound.

Some few in town observ'd in Peter's trap
 A boy, with jacket blue and woollen cap;
 But none inquir'd how Peter us'd the rope,
 Or what the bruise, that made the stripling stoop;
 None could the ridges on his back behold,
 None sought him shiv'ring in the winter's cold;
 None put the question, — "Peter, dost thou give
 The boy his food? — What, man! the lad must live:
 Consider, Peter, let the child have bread,
 He'll serve thee better if he's strok'd and fed."
 None reason'd thus — and some, on hearing cries,
 Said calmly, "Grimes is at his exercise."

Pinn'd, beaten, cold, pinch'd, threaten'd, and abus'd —
 His efforts punish'd and his food refus'd, —
 Awake tormented, — soon arous'd from sleep, —
 Struck if he wept, and yet compell'd to weep,
 The trembling boy dropp'd down and strove to pray,
 Receiv'd a blow, and trembling turn'd away,
 Or sobb'd and hid his piteous face; — while he,
 The savage master, grinn'd in horrid glee:
 He'd now the power he ever lov'd to show,
 A feeling being subject to his blow.

Thus liv'd the lad, in hunger, peril, pain,
 His tears despis'd, his supplications vain:
 Compell'd by fear to lie, by need to steal,
 His bed uneasy and unblest his meal,
 For three sad years the boy his tortures bore,
 And then his pains and trials were no more.

'How died he, Peter?' when the people said,
 He growl'd — "I found him lifeless in his bed;"
 Then tried for softer tone, and sigh'd, "Poor Sam is
 dead."

Yet murmurs were there, and some questions ask'd, —
How he was fed, how punish'd, and how task'd?
Much they suspected, but they little prov'd,
And Peter pass'd untroubled and unmov'd.

Another boy with equal ease was found,
The money granted and the victim bound;
And what his fate! — One night it chanc'd he fell
From the boat's mast and perish'd in her well,
Where fish were living kept, and where the boy
(So reason'd men) could not himself destroy: —

“Yes! so it was,” said Peter, “in his play,
(For he was idle both by night and day,)
He climb'd the main-mast and then fell below;” —
Then show'd his corpse and pointed to the blow:
‘What said the jury?’ — they were long in doubt,
But sturdy Peter faced the matter out:
So they dismiss'd him, saying at the time,
‘Keep fast your hatchway, when you've boys who climb.’
This hit the conscience, and he colour'd more
Than for the closest questions put before.

Thus all his fears the verdict set aside,
And at the slave-shop Peter still applied.

Then came a boy, of manners soft and mild, —
Our seamen's wives with grief beheld the child;
All thought (the poor themselves) that he was one
Of gentle blood, some noble sinner's son,
Who had, belike, deceiv'd some humble maid,
Whom he had first seduc'd and then betray'd: —
However this, he seem'd a gracious lad,
In grief submissive and with patience sad.

Passive he labour'd, till his slender frame
Bent with his loads, and he at length was lame:

Strange that a frame so weak could bear so long
The grossest insult and the foulest wrong;
But there were causes—in the town they gave
Fire, food, and comfort, to the gentle slave;
And though stern Peter, with a cruel hand,
And knotted rope, enforc'd the rude command,
Yet he consider'd what he'd lately felt,
And his vile blows with selfish pity dealt.

One day such draughts the cruel fisher made,
He could not vend them in his Borough-trade,
But sail'd for London-mart : the boy was ill;
But ever humbled to his master's will;
And on the river, where they smoothly sail'd,
He strove with terror and awhile prevail'd;
But new to danger on the angry sea,
He clung affrighten'd to his master's knee;
The boat grew leaky and the wind was strong,
Rough was the passage and the time was long;
His liquor fail'd, and Peter's wrath arose, —
No more is known — the rest we must suppose,
Or learn of Peter; — Peter says, “ he spied
The stripling's danger and for harbour tried;
Meantime the fish, and then th' apprentice died.”

The pitying women rais'd a clamour round,
And weeping said, “ Thou hast thy 'prentice drown'd.”

Now the stern man was summon'd to the hall,
To tell his tale before the burghers all:
He gave th' account; profess'd the lad he lov'd,
And kept his brazen features all unmov'd.

The mayor himself with tone severe replied, —
“ Henceforth with thee shall never boy abide;

Hire thee a freeman, whom thou durst not beat,
But who, in thy despite, will sleep and eat :
Free thou art now ! — again should'st thou appear,
Thou 'lt find thy sentence, like thy soul, severe."

Alas ! for Peter not a helping hand,
So was he hated, could he now command ;
Alone he row'd his boat, alone he cast
His nets beside, or made his anchor fast ;
To hold a rope or hear a curse was none, —
He toil'd and rail'd ; he groan'd and swore alone.

Thus by himself compell'd to live each day,
To wait for certain hours the tide's delay ;
At the same times the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree ;
The water only, when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half cover'd and half dry ;
The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank side stakes in their uneven ranks ;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.

When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow ;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide ;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play ;
Where gaping muscles, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood ; —
Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace,

How sidelong crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race ;
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull, or clanging golden-eye ;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come ,
And the loud bittern, from the bulrush home ,
Gave from the salt ditch side the bellowing boom :
He nurs'd the feelings these dull scenes produce ,
And lov'd to stop beside the opening sluice ;
Where the small stream, confin'd in narrow bound ,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd'ning sound ;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear ,
Oppress'd the soul with misery, grief, and fear.

Beside these objects, there were places three ,
Which Peter seem'd with certain dread to see ;
When he drew near them he would turn from each ,
And loudly whistle till he pass'd the reach.

A change of scene to him brought no relief ,
In town, 'twas plain, men took him for a thief :
The sailors' wives would stop him in the street ,
And say, " Now, Peter, thou 'st no boy to beat : "
Infants at play, when they perceiv'd him, ran ,
Warning each other — " That's the wicked man. "
He growl'd an oath, and in an angry tone
Curs'd the whole place and wish'd to be alone.

Alone he was, the same dull scenes in view ,
And still more gloomy in his sight they grew :
Though man he hated, yet employ'd alone
At bootless labour, he would swear and groan ,
Cursing the shoals that glided by the spot ,
And gulls that caught them when his arts could not.

Cold nervous tremblings shook his sturdy frame ,
And strange disease — he couldn't say the name ;

Wild were his dreams, and oft he rose in fright,
Wak'd by his view of horrors in the night, —
Horrors that would the sternest minds amaze,
Horrors that demons might be proud to raise :
And though he felt forsaken, griev'd at heart,
To think he liv'd from all mankind apart ;
Yet, if a man approach'd, in terrors he would start.

A winter pass'd since Peter saw the town,
And summer lodgers were again come down ;
These, idly curious, with their glasses spied
The ships in bay as anchor'd for the tide, —
The river's craft, — the bustle of the quay, —
And sea-port views, which landsmen love to see.

One, up the river, had a man and boat
Seen day by day, now anchor'd, now afloat ;
Fisher he seem'd, yet us'd no net nor hook ;
Of sea-fowl swimming by no heed he took,
But on the gliding waves still fix'd his lazy look :
At certain stations he would view the stream,
As if he stood bewilder'd in a dream,
Or that some power had chain'd him for a time,
To feel a curse or meditate on crime.

This known, some curious, some in pity went,
And others question'd — “ Wretch, dost thou repent ? ”
He heard, he trembled, and in fear resign'd
His boat : new terror fill'd his restless mind ;
Furious he grew, and up the country ran,
And there they seiz'd him — a distemper'd man : —
Him we receiv'd, and to a parish bed,
Follow'd and curs'd, the groaning man was led.

Here when they saw him, whom they us'd to shun,
A lost, lone man, so harass'd and undone ;

Our gentle females, ever prompt to feel,
Perceiv'd compassion on their anger steal;
His crimes they could not from their memories blot,
But they were griev'd, and trembled at his lot.

A priest too came, to whom his words are told;
And all the signs they shudder'd to behold.

"Look! look!" they cried; "his limbs with horror shake,
And as he grinds his teeth, what noise they make!
How glare his angry eyes, and yet he's not awake:
See! what cold drops upon his forehead stand,
And how he clenches that broad bony hand."

The priest attending found he spoke at times
As one alluding to his fears and crimes:
"It was the fall," he mutter'd, "I can show
The manner how — I never struck a blow:" —
And then aloud — "Unhand me, free my chain;
On oath, he fell — it struck him to the brain: —
Why ask my father? — that old man will swear
Against my life; besides, he wasn't there: —
What, all agreed? — Am I to die to-day? —
My lord, in mercy, give me time to pray."

Then as they watch'd him, calmer he became,
And grew so weak he couldn't move his frame,
But murmuring spake, — while they could see and hear
The start of terror and the groan of fear;
See the large dew-beads on his forehead rise,
And the cold death-drop glaze his sunken eyes;
Nor yet he died, but with unwonted force
Seem'd with some fancied being to discourse:
He knew not us, or with accustom'd art
He hid the knowledge, yet expos'd his heart;

'Twas part confession and the rest defence,
A madman's tale, with gleams of waking sense.

"I'll tell you all," he said, "the very day
When the old man first plac'd them in my way :
My father's spirit — he who always tried
To give me trouble, when he liv'd and died —
When he was gone, he could not be content
To see my days in painful labour spent,
But would appoint his meetings, and he made
Me watch at these, and so neglect my trade.

"'Twas one hot noon, all silent, still, serene,
No living being had I lately seen;
I paddled up and down and dipp'd my net,
But (such his pleasure) I could nothing get, —
A father's pleasure, when his toil was done,
To plague and torture thus an only son!
And so I sat and look'd upon the stream,
How it ran on, and felt as in a dream :
But dream it was not; no! — I fix'd my eyes
On the mid stream and saw the spirits rise;
I saw my father on the water stand,
And hold a thin pale boy in either hand;
And there they glided ghastly on the top
Of the salt flood, and never touch'd a drop :
I would have struck them, but they knew th' intent,
And smil'd upon the oar, and down they went.

"Now, from that day, whenever I began
To dip my net, there stood the hard old man —
He and those boys : I humbled me and pray'd
They would be gone; — they heeded not, but stay'd :
Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by,
But gazing on the spirits, there was I :

They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to die :
And every day, as sure as day arose,
Would these three spirits meet me ere the close;
To hear and mark them daily was my doom,
And “come,” they said, with weak, sad voices, “come.”
To row away with all my strength I try’d,
But there were they, hard by me in the tide,
The three unbodied forms—and “come,” still “come,”
they cried.

“Fathers should pity — but this old man shook
His hoary locks, and froze me by a look :
Thrice, when I struck them, through the water came
A hollow groan, that weaken’d all my frame :
“Father!” said I, “have mercy :” — He replied,
I know not what — the angry spirit lièd, —
“Didst thou not draw thy knife?” said he : — ’Twas true,
But I had pity and my arm withdrew :
He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,
But he has no compassion in his grave.

“There were three places, where they ever rose, —
The whole long river has not such as those, —
Places accurs’d, where, if a man remain,
He ’ll see the things which strike him to the brain ;
And there they made me on my paddle lean,
And look at them for hours ; — accursed scene !
When they would glide to that smooth eddy-space,
Then bid me leap and join them in the place ;
And at my groans each little villain sprite
Enjoy’d my pains, and vanish’d in delight.

“In one fierce summer-day, when my poor brain
Was burning hot, and cruel was my pain,
Then came this father-foe, and there he stood

With his two boys again upon the flood;
 There was more mischief in their eyes, more glee
 In their pale faces, when they glar'd at me:
 Still did they force me on the oar to rest,
 And when they saw me fainting and oppress'd,
 He, with his hand, the old man, scoop'd the flood,
 And there came flame about him mix'd with blood;
 He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
 Then flung the hot-red liquor in my face;
 Burning it blaz'd, and then I roar'd for pain,
 I thought the demons would have turn'd my brain.

“ Still there they stood, and forc'd me to behold
 A place of horrors — they cannot be told —
 Where the flood open'd there I heard the shriek
 Of tortur'd guilt — no earthly tongue can speak:
 ‘ All days alike! for ever! did they say,
 ‘ And unremitted torments every day’ —
 Yes, so they said: ” — But here he ceas'd and gaz'd
 On all around, affrighten'd and amaz'd;
 And still he tried to speak, and look'd in dread
 Of frighten'd females gathering round his bed;
 Then dropt exhausted and appear'd at rest,
 Till the strong foe the vital powers possess'd;
 Then with an inward, broken voice he cried,
 “ Again they come,” and mutter'd as he died.

TABLE XI.

EDWARD SHORE.

GENIUS! thou gift of Heav'n? thou light divine!
 Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine!

Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy nobler efforts, to contend with pain;
Or want (sad guest!) will in thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom;
To life's low cares will thy proud thought confine,
And make her sufferings, her impatience, thine.

Evil and strong, seducing passions prey
On soaring minds, and win them from their way;
Who then to vice the subject spirits give,
And in the service of the conqu'ror live;
Like captive Samson making sport for all,
Who fear'd their strength, and glory in their fall.

Genius, with virtue, still may lack the aid
Implored by humble minds and hearts afraid;
May leave to timid souls the shield and sword
Of the tried faith, and the resistless word;
Amid a world of dangers venturing forth,
Frail, but yet fearless, proud in conscious worth,
Till strong temptation, in some fatal time,
Assails the heart, and wins the soul to crime;
When left by honour, and by sorrow spent,
Unused to pray, unable to repent,
The nobler powers that once exalted high
Th' aspiring man, shall then degraded lie:
Reason, through anguish, shall her throne forsake,
And strength of mind but stronger madness make.

When Edward Shore had reach'd his twentieth year,
He felt his bosom light, his conscience clear;
Applause at school the youthful hero gain'd,
And trials there with manly strength sustain'd:

With prospects bright upon the world he came,
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame :
Men watch'd the way his lofty mind would take,
And all foretold the progress he would make.

Boast of these friends, to older men a guide,
Proud of his parts, but gracious in his pride ;
He bore a gay good-nature in his face,
And in his air were dignity and grace ;
Dress that became his state and years he wore,
And sense and spirit shone in Edward Shore.

Thus while admiring friends the youth beheld,
His own disgust their forward hopes repell'd ;
For he unfix'd, unfixing, look'd around,
And no employment but in seeking found ;
He gave his restless thoughts to views refined,
And shrank from worldly cares with wounded mind.

Rejecting trade, awhile he dwelt on laws,
“ But who could plead, if unapproved the cause ? ”
A doubting, dismal tribe physicians seem'd ;
Divines o'er texts and disputations dream'd ;
War and its glory he perhaps could love,
But there again he must the cause approve.

Our hero thought no deed should gain applause,
Where timid virtue found support in laws ;
He to all good would soar, would fly all sin,
By the pure prompting of the will within ;
“ Who needs a law that binds him not to steal , ”
Ask'd the young teacher, “ can he rightly feel ?
To curb the will or arm in honour's cause,
Or aid the weak — are these enforced by laws ?
Should we a foul, ungenerous action dread,
Because a law condemns th' adulterous bed ? ”

Or fly pollution, not for fear of stain,
But that some statute tells us to refrain?
The grosser herd in ties like these we bind,
In virtue's freedom moves th' enlighten'd mind."

"Man's heart deceives him," said a friend: "Of course,"
Replied the youth, "but, has it power to force?
Unless it forces, call it as you will,
It is but wish, and proneness to the ill."

"Art thou not tempted?" "Do I fall?" said Shore:
"The pure have fallen." — "Then are pure no more:
While reason guides me, I shall walk aright,
Nor need a steadier hand, or stronger light;
Nor this in dread of awful threats, design'd
For the weak spirit and the grov'ling mind;
But that, engaged by thoughts and views sublime,
I wage free war with grossness and with crime."
Thus look'd he proudly on the vulgar crew,
Whom statutes govern, and whom fears subdue.

Faith, with his virtue, he indeed profess'd,
But doubts deprived his ardent mind of rest;
Reason, his sovereign mistress, fail'd to show
Light though the mazes of the world below;
Questions arose, and they surpass'd the skill
Of his sole aid, and would be dubious still;
These to discuss he sought no common guide,
But to the doubters in his doubts applied;
When all together might in freedom speak,
And their loved truth with mutual ardour seek.
Alas! though men who feel their eyes decay
Take more than common pains to find their way.
Yet, when for this they ask each other's aid,
Their mutual purpose is the more delay'd:

Of all their doubts, their reasoning clear'd not one,
Still the same spots were present in the sun;
Still the same scruples haunted Edward's mind,
Who found no rest, nor took the means to find.

But though with shaken faith, and slave to fame,
Vain and aspiring on the world he came;
Yet was he studious, serious, moral, grave,
No passion's victim, and no system's slave;
Vice he opposed, indulgence he disdain'd,
And o'er each sense in conscious triumph reign'd.

Who often reads, will sometimes wish to write,
And Shore would yield instruction and delight:
A serious drama he design'd, but found
'Twas tedious travelling in that gloomy ground;
A deep and solemn story he would try,
But grew ashamed of ghosts, and laid it by;
Sermons he wrote, but they who knew his creed,
Or knew it not, were ill disposed to read;
And he would lastly be the nation's guide,
But, studying, fail'd to fix upon a side;
Fame he desired, and talents he possess'd,
But loved not labour, though he could not rest,
Nor firmly fix the vacillating mind,
That, ever working, could no centre find.

'Tis thus a sanguine reader loves to trace
The Nile forth rushing on his glorious race;
Calm and secure, the fancied traveller goes
Through sterile deserts and by threat'ning foes;
He thinks not then of Afric's scorching sands,
Th' Arabian sea, the Abyssinian bands;
Fasils and Michaels, and the robbers all,
Whom we politely chiefs and heroes call;

He of success alone delights to think,
He views that fount, he stands upon the brink,
And drinks a fancied draught, exulting so to drink.

In his own room, and with his books around,
His lively mind its chief employment found;
Then idly busy, quietly employ'd,
And, lost to life, his visions were enjoy'd:
Yet still he took a keen inquiring view
Of all that crowds neglect, desire, pursue;
And thus abstracted, curious, still, serene,
He, unemploy'd, beheld life's shifting scene;
Still more averse from vulgar joys and cares,
Still more unfitted for the world's affairs.

There was a house where Edward oft times went,
And social hours in pleasant trifling spent;
He read, conversed and reason'd, sang and play'd,
And all were happy while the idler stay'd:
Too happy one, for thence arose the pain,
Till this engaging trifler came again.

But did he love? We answer, day by day,
The loving feet would take th' accusom'd way,
The amorous eye would rove as if in quest
Of something rare, and on the mansion rest;
The same soft passion touch'd the gentle tongue,
And Anna's charms in tender notes were sung;
The ear too seem'd to feel the common flame,
Sooth'd and delighted with the fair one's name;
And thus as love each other part possess'd,
The heart, no doubt, its sovereign power confess'd.

Pleased in her sight, the youth required no more;
Not rich himself, he saw the damsel poor;

And he too wisely, nay, too kindly loved,
To pain the being whom his soul approved.

A serious friend our cautious youth possess'd,
And at his table sat a welcome guest;
Both unemploy'd, it was their chief delight
To read what free and daring authors write;
Authors who loved from common views to soar,
And seek the fountains never traced before;
Truth they profess'd, yet often left the true
And beaten prospect, for the wild and new.
His chosen friend his fiftieth year had seen,
His fortune easy, and his air serene;
Deist and atheist call'd; for few agreed
What were his notions, principles, or creed,
His mind reposed not, for he hated rest,
But all things made a query or a jest;
Perplex'd himself, he ever sought to prove
That man is doom'd in endless doubt to rove;
Himself in darkness he profess'd to be,
And would maintain that not a man could see.

The youthful friend dissentient, reason'd still
Of the soul's prowess, and the subject will;
Of virtue's beauty, and of honour's force,
And a warm zeal gave life to his discourse:
Since from his feelings all his fire arose,
And he had interest in the themes he chose.

The friend, indulging a sarcastic smile,
Said — "Dear Enthusiast! thou wilt change thy style,
When man's delusions, errors, crimes, deceit,
No more distress thee, and no longer cheat."

Yet lo! this cautious man, so coolly wise,
On a young beauty fixt unguarded eyes;

And her he married : Edward at the view
Bade to his cheerful visits long adieu ;
But haply err'd , for this engaging bride
No mirth suppress'd , but rather cause supplied :
And when she saw the friends , by reasoning long ,
Confused if right , and positive if wrong ,
With playful speech and smile , that spoke delight ,
She made them careless both of wrong and right.

This gentle damsel gave consent to wed ,
With school and school-day dinners in her head :
She now was promised choice of daintiest food ,
And costly dress , that made her sovereign good ;
With walks on hilly heath to banish spleen ,
And summer-visits when the roads were clean.
All these she loved , to these she gave consent ,
And she was married to her heart's content.

Their manner this — the friends together read ,
Till books a cause for disputation bred ,
Debate then follow'd , and the vapour'd child
Declared they argued till her head was wild ;
And strange to her it was that mortal brain
Could seek the trial , or endure the pain.

Then as the friend reposed , the younger pair
Sat down to cards , and play'd beside his chair ;
Till he awaking , to his books applied ,
Or heard the music of th' obedient bride :
If mild the evening , in the fields they stray'd ,
And their own flock with partial eye survey'd ;
But oft the husband , to indulgence prone ,
Resumed his book , and bade them walk alone.

“ Do , my kind Edward ! I must take mine ease ,
Name the dear girl the planets and the trees ;

Tell her what warblers pour their evening song,
What insects flutter, as you walk along;
Teach her to fix the roving thoughts, to bind
The wandering sense, and methodize the mind."

This was obey'd; and oft when this was done,
They calmly gazed on the declining sun;
In silence saw the glowing landscape fade,
Or sitting, sang beneath the arbour's shade:
Till rose the moon, and on each youthful face
Shed a soft beauty, and a dangerous grace.

When the young wife beheld in long debate
The friends, all careless as she seeming sate;
It soon appear'd, there was in one combined
The nobler person and the richer mind:
He wore no wig, no grisly beard was seen,
And none beheld him careless or unclean;
Or watch'd him sleeping: — we indeed have heard
Of sleeping beauty, and it has appear'd;
'Tis seen in infants — there indeed we find
The features soften'd by the slumbering mind;
But other beauties, when disposed to sleep,
Should from the eye of keen inspector keep:
The lovely nymph who would her swain surprize,
May close her mouth, but not conceal her eyes;
Sleep from the fairest face some beauty takes,
And all the homely features homelier makes;
So thought our wife, beholding with a sigh
Her sleeping spouse, and Edward smiling by.

A sick relation for the husband sent,
Without delay the friendly sceptic went;
Nor fear'd the youthful pair, for he had seen
The wife untroubled, and the friend serene:

No selfish purpose in his roving eyes ,
No vile deception in her fond replies :
So judged the husband , and with judgment true ,
For neither yet the guilt or danger knew.

What now remain'd ? but they again should play
Th' accustom'd game , and walk th' accustom'd way ;
With careless freedom should converse or read ,
And the friend's absence neither fear nor need :
But rather now they seem'd confused , constrain'd ;
Within their room still restless they remain'd ,
And painfully they felt , and knew each other pain'd . —
Ah ! foolish men ! how could ye thus depend ,
One on himself , the other on his friend ?

The youth with troubled eye the lady saw ,
Yet felt too brave , too daring to withdraw ;
While she , with tuneless hand the jarring keys
Touching , was not one moment at her ease :
Now would she walk , and call her friendly guide ,
Now speak of rain , and cast her cloke aside ;
Seize on a book , unconscious what she read ,
And restless still , to new resources fled ;
Then laugh'd aloud , then tried to look serene ,
And ever changed , and every change was seen.

Painful it is to dwell on deeds of shame —
The trying day was past , another came ;
The third was all remorse , confusion , dread ,
And (all too late !) the fallen hero fled .

Then felt the youth , in that seducing time ,
How feebly honour guards the heart from crime :
Small is his native strength ; man needs the stay ,
The strength imparted in the trying day ;

For all that honour brings against the force
 Of headlong passion, aids its rapid course;
 Its slight resistance but provokes the fire,
 As wood-work stops the flame, and then conveys it higher.

The husband came; a wife by guilt made bold
 Had, meeting, sooth'd him, as in days of old;
 But soon this fact transpir'd; her strong distress,
 And his friend's absence, left him nought to guess.

Still cool, though grieved, thus prudence bade him
 write—

“I cannot pardon, and I will not fight;
 Thou art too poor a culprit for the laws,
 And I too faulty to support my cause:
 All must be punish'd; I must sigh alone,
 At home thy victim for her guilt atone;
 And thou, unhappy! virtuous now no more,
 Must loss of fame, peace, purity deplore;
 Sinners with praise will pierce thee to the heart,
 And saints deriding, tell thee what thou art.”

Such was his fall; and Edward, from that time,
 Felt in full force the censure and the crime—
 Despised, ashamed; his noble views before,
 And his proud thoughts, degraded him the more:
 Should he repent—would that conceal his shame?
 Could peace be his? It perish'd with his fame:
 Himself he scorn'd, nor could his crime forgive;
 He fear'd to die, yet felt ashamed to live:
 Grieved, but not contrite was his heart; oppress'd,
 Not broken; not converted, but distress'd;
 He wanted will to bend the stubborn knee,
 He wanted light the cause of ill to see,
 To learn how frail is man, how humble then should be;

For faith he had not, or a faith too weak
To gain the help that humbled sinners seek;
Else had he pray'd—to an offended God
His tears had flown a penitential flood;
Though far astray, he would have heard the call
Of mercy—"Come! return, thou prodigal;"
Then, though confused, distress'd, ashamed, afraid,
Still had the trembling penitent obey'd;
Though faith had fainted, when assail'd by fear,
Hope to the soul had whisper'd, "Persevere!"
Till in his father's house an humbled guest,
He would have found forgiveness, comfort, rest.

But all this joy was to our youth denied
By his fierce passions and his daring pride;
And shame and doubt impell'd him in a course,
Once so abhorr'd, with unresisted force.
Proud minds and guilty, whom their crimes oppress,
Fly to new crimes for comfort and redress;
So found our fallen youth a short relief
In wine, the opiate guilt applies to grief,—
From fleeting mirth that o'er the bottle lives,
From the false joy its inspiration gives;
And from associates pleased to find a friend,
With powers to lead them, gladden, and defend,
In all those scenes where transient ease is found,
For minds whom sins oppress, and sorrows wound.

Wine is like anger; for it makes us strong,
Blind and impatient, and it leads us wrong;
The strength is quickly lost, we feel the error long:
Thus led, thus strengthen'd in an evil cause,
For folly pleading, sought the youth applause;
Sad for a time, then eloquently wild,
He gaily spoke as his companions smiled;

Lightly he rose, and with his former grace
Proposed some doubt, and argued on the case;
Fate and fore-knowledge were his favourite themes —
How vain man's purpose, how absurd his schemes :
“ Whatever is, was ere our birth decreed ;
We think our actions from ourselves proceed ,
And idly we lament th' inevitable deed ;
It seems our own , but there's a power above
Directs the motion , nay, that makes us move ;
Nor good nor evil can you beings name ,
Who are but rooks and castles in the game ;
Superior natures with their puppets play ,
Till , bagg'd or buried , all are swept away .”

Such were the notions of a mind to ill
Now prone, but ardent, and determined still :
Of joy now eager, as before of fame,
And screen'd by folly when assail'd by shame,
Deeply he sank; obey'd each passion's call,
And used his reason to defend them all.

Shall I proceed, and step by step relate
The odious progress of a sinner's fate?
No — let me rather hasten to the time
(Sure to arrive) when misery waits on crime.

With virtue, prudence fled; what Shore possess'd
Was sold, was spent, and he was now distress'd :
And want, unwelcome stranger, pale and wan,
Met with her haggard looks the hurried man ;
His pride felt keenly what he must expect
From useless pity and from cold neglect.

Struck by new terrors, from his friends he fled,
And wept his woes upon a restless bed ;

Retiring late, at early hour to rise,
With shrunken features, and with bloodshot eyes :
If sleep one moment closed the dismal view,
Fancy her terrors built upon the true ;
And night and day had their alternate woes,
That baffled pleasure, and that mock'd repose ;
Till to despair and anguish was consign'd
The wreck and ruin of a noble mind.

Now seized for debt, and lodged within a jail,
He tried his friendships, and he found them fail ;
Then fail'd his spirits, and his thoughts were all
Fix'd on his sins, his sufferings, and his fall :
His ruffled mind was pictured in his face,
Once the fair seat of dignity and grace :
Great was the danger of a man so prone
To think of madness, and to think alone ;
Yet pride still liv'd, and struggled to sustain
The drooping spirit and the roving brain ;
But this too fail'd, a friend his freedom gave,
And sent him help the threat'ning world to brave ;
Gave solid counsel what to seek or flee,
But still would stranger to his person be :
In vain ! the truth determined to explore,
He traced the friend whom he had wrong'd before.

This was too much ; both aided and advised
By one who shunn'd him, pitied, and despised :
He bore it not ; 'twas a deciding stroke,
And on his reason like a torrent broke :
In dreadful stillness he appear'd awhile,
With vacant horror and a ghastly smile ;
Then rose at once into the frantic rage,
That force controll'd not, nor could love assuage.

Friends now appear'd, but in the man was seen
The angry maniac, with vindictive mien;
Too late their pity gave to care and skill
The hurried mind and ever-wandering will;
Unnoticed pass'd all time, and not a ray
Of reason broke on his benighted way;
But now he spurn'd the straw in pure disdain,
And now laugh'd loudly at the clinking chain.

Then as its wrath subsided, by degrees
The mind sank slowly to infantine ease;
To playful folly, and to causeless joy,
Speech without aim, and without end employ;
He drew fantastic figures on the wall,
And gave some wild relation of them all;
With brutal shape he join'd the human face,
And idiot smiles approved the motley race.

Harmless at length th' unhappy man was found,
The spirit settled, but the reason drown'd;
And all the dreadful tempest died away,
To the dull stillness of the misty day.

And now his freedom he attain'd—if free,
The lost to reason, truth, and hope, can be;
His friends, or wearied with the charge, or sure
The harmless wretch was now beyond a cure,
Gave him to wander where he pleased, and find
His own resources for the eager mind;
The playful children of the place he meets,
Playful with them he rambles through the streets;
In all they need, his stronger arm he lends,
And his lost mind to these approving friends.

That gentle maid, whom once the youth had loved,
Is now with mild religious pity moved;

Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he
Will for a moment fix'd and pensive be;
And as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes
Explore her looks, he listens to her sighs;
Charm'd by her voice, th' harmonious sounds invade
His clouded mind, and for a time persuade :
Like a pleased infant, who has newly caught
From the maternal glance a gleam of thought;
He stands enrapt, the half-known voice to hear,
And starts, half-conscious, at the falling tear.

Rarely from town, nor then unwatch'd, he goes,
In darker mood, as if to hide his woes;
Returning soon, he with impatience seeks
His youthful friends, and shouts, and sings, and speaks;
Speaks a wild speech with action all as wild —
The children's leader, and himself a child;
He spins their top, or, at their bidding, bends
His back, while o'er it leap his laughing friends;
Simple and weak, he acts the boy once more,
And heedless children call him Silly Shore.

TALE XVI.

THE CONFIDANT.

ANNA was young and lovely—in her eye
The glance of beauty, in her cheek the dye;
Her shape was slender, and her features small,
But graceful, easy, unaffected all :
The liveliest tints her youthful face disclosed,
There beauty sparkled, and there health reposed;

For the pure blood that flush'd that rosy cheek;
Spoke what the heart forbade the tongue to speak;
And told the feelings of that heart as well,
Nay, with more candour than the tongue could tell;
Though this fair lass had with the wealthy dwelt,
Yet like the damsel of the cot she felt;
And, at the distant hint or dark surmise,
The blood into the mantling cheek would rise.

Now Anna's station frequent terrors wrought
In one whose looks were with such meaning fraught;
For on a lady, as an humble friend,
It was her painful office to attend.

Her duties here were of the usual kind —
And some the body harass'd, some the mind:
Billets she wrote, and tender stories read,
To make the lady sleepy in her bed;
She play'd at whist, but with inferior skill,
And heard the summons as a call to drill;
Music was ever pleasant till she play'd
At a request that no request convey'd;
The lady's tales with anxious looks she heard,
For she must witness what her friend averr'd;
The lady's taste she must in all approve,
Hate whom she hated, whom she loved must love;
These, with the various duties of her place,
With care she studied, and perform'd with grace;
She veil'd her troubles in a mask of ease,
And show'd her pleasure was a power to please.

Such were the damsel's duties; she was poor —
Above a servant, but with service more:
Men on her face with careless freedom gazed,
Nor thought how painful was the glow they rais'd;

A wealthy few to gain her favour tried,
But not the favour of a grateful bride;
They spoke their purpose with an easy air,
That shamed and frighten'd the dependent fair :
Past time she view'd, the passing time to cheat,
But nothing found to make the present sweet;
With pensive soul she read life's future page,
And saw dependent, poor, repining age.

But who shall dare t' assert what years may bring,
When wonders from the passing hour may spring? —
There dwelt a yeoman in the place, whose mind
Was gentle, generous, cultivated, kind;
For thirty years he labour'd; fortune then
Placed the mild rustic with superior men :
A richer Stafford who had lived to save,
What he had treasured to the poorer gave;
Who with a sober mind that treasure view'd,
And the slight studies of his youth renew'd :
He not profoundly, but discreetly read,
And a fair mind with useful culture fed;
Then thought of marriage — “ But the great,” said he,
“ I shall not suit, nor will the meaner me : ”
Anna he saw, admired her modest air;
He thought her virtuous, and he knew her fair;
Love raised his pity for her humble state,
And prompted wishes for her happier fate;
No pride in money would his feelings wound,
Nor vulgar manners hurt him and confound :
He then the lady at the hall address'd,
Sought her consent, and his regard express'd;
Yet if some cause his earnest wish denied,
He begg'd to know it, and he bow'd and sigh'd.
The lady own'd that she was loth to part,

But prais'd the damsel for her gentle heart,
Her pleasing person, and her blooming health;
But ended thus, "Her virtue is her wealth."

"Then is she rich!" he cried, with lively air;
"But whence, so please you, came a lass so fair?"

"A placeman's child was Anna, one who died
And left a widow by afflictions tried;
She to support her infant daughter strove,
But early left the object of her love;
Her youth, her beauty, and her orphan-state,
Gave a kind countess interest in her fate;
With her she dwelt, and still might dwelling be,
When the earl's folly caused the lass to flee;
A second friend was she compell'd to shun,
By the rude offers of an uncheck'd son;
I found her then, and with a mother's love
Regard the gentle girl whom you approve;
Yet, e'en with me protection is not peace,
Nor man's designs, nor beauty's trial, cease;
Like sordid boys by costly fruit they feel,
They will not purchase, but they try to steal."

Now this good lady, like a witness true,
Told but the truth, and all the truth she knew;
And 'tis our duty and our pain to show
Truth, this good lady had not means to know.
Yes, there was lock'd within the damsel's breast
A fact important to be now confess'd;
Gently, my Muse, th' afflicting tale relate,
And have some feeling for a sister's fate.

Where Anna dwelt, a conquering hero came, —
An Irish captain, Sedley was his name;

And he too had that same prevailing art,
That gave soft wishes to the virgin's heart :
In years they differ'd; he had thirty seen,
When this young beauty counted just fifteen;
But still they were a lovely lively pair,
And trod on earth as if they trod on air.

On love, delightful theme! the captain dwelt
With force still growing with the hopes he felt;
But with some caution and reluctance told,
He had a father crafty, harsh, and old;
Who, as possessing much, would much expect,
Or both, for ever, from his love reject :
Why then offence to one so powerful give,
Who (for their comfort) had not long to live?

With this poor prospect the deluded maid,
In words confiding, was indeed betray'd;
And, soon as terrors in her bosom rose,
The hero fled; they hinder'd his repose.
Deprived of him, she to a parent's breast
Her secret trusted, and her pains impress'd :
Let her to town (so prudence urged) repair,
To shun disgrace, at least to hide it there;
But ere she went, the luckless damsel pray'd
A chosen friend might lend her timely aid :
" Yes! my soul's sister, my Eliza, come,
Hear her last sigh, and ease thy Anna's doom : "
" 'Tis a fool's wish, " the angry father cried,
But, lost in troubles of his own, complied;
And dear Eliza to her friend was sent,
T' indulge that wish, and be her punishment :
The time arrived, and brought a tenfold dread:
The time was past, and all the terror fled;

The infant died; the face resumed each charm,
And reason now brought trouble and alarm :
“ Should her Eliza — no ! she was too just,
Too good and kind — but ah ! too young to trust. ”
Anna return'd, her former place resum'd,
And faded beauty with new grace re-bloom'd;
And if some whispers of the past were heard,
They died innoxious, as no cause appear'd;
But other cares on Anna's bosom press'd,
She saw her father gloomy and distress'd;
He died o'erwhelm'd with debt, and soon was shed
The filial sorrow o'er a mother dead :
She sought Eliza's arms, that faithful friend was wed;
Then was compassion by the countess shown,
And all th' adventures of her life are known.

And now beyond her hopes — no longer tried
By slavish awe — she lived a yeoman's bride;
Then bless'd her lot, and with a grateful mind
Was careful, cheerful, vigilant, and kind :
The gentle husband felt supreme delight,
Bless'd by her joy, and happy in her sight;
He saw with pride in every friend and guest
High admiration and regard express'd :
With greater pride, and with superior joy,
He look'd exulting on his first-born boy;
To her fond breast the wife her infant strain'd,
Some feelings utter'd, some were not explain'd;
And she enraptured with her treasure grew,
The sight familiar, but the pleasure new.

Yet there appear'd within that tranquil state
Some threat'ning prospect of uncertain fate;
Between the married when a secret lies,
It wakes suspicion from enforc'd disguise :

Still thought the wife upon her absent friend,
With all that must upon her truth depend;
“ There is no being in the world beside,
Who can discover what that friend will hide;
Who knew the fact, knew not my name or state,
Who these can tell cannot the fact relate;
But thou, Eliza, canst the whole impart,
And all my safety is thy generous heart.”

Mix'd with these fears — but light and transient these —
Fled years of peace, prosperity, and ease;
So tranquill all that scarce a gloomy day
For days of gloom unmix'd prepared the way:
One eve, the wife, still happy in her state,
Sang gaily, thoughtless of approaching fate;
Then came a letter, that (received in dread
Not unobserved) she in confusion read;
The substance this — “ Her friend rejoiced to find
That she had riches with a grateful mind;
While poor Eliza had from place to place
Been lured by hope to labour for disgrace;
That every scheme her wandering husband tried
Pain'd while he liv'd, and perish'd when he died.”
She then of want in angry style complain'd,
Her child a burthen to her life remain'd,
Her kindred shunn'd her prayers, no friend her soul
sustain'd.

“ Yet why neglected? Dearest Anna knew
Her worth once tried, her friendship ever true;
She hoped, she trusted, though by wants oppress'd,
To lock the treasured secret in her breast;
Yet, vex'd by trouble, must apply to one,
For kindness due to her for kindness done.”

In Anna's mind was tumult, in her face
Flushings of dread had momentary place :
" I must," she judged, " these cruel lines expose,
Or fears, or worse than fears, my crime disclose."

The letter shown, he said, with sober smile —
" Anna, your friend has not a friendly style :
Say, where could you with this fair lady dwell,
Who boasts of secrets that she scorns to tell ?"
" At school," she answer'd : he " at school !" replied ;
" Nay, then I know the secrets you would hide ;
Some early longings these, without dispute,
Some youthful gaspings for forbidden fruit :
Why so disorder'd, love ? are such the crimes
That give us sorrow in our graver times ?
Come, take a present for your friend, and rest
In perfect peace — you find you are confess'd."

This cloud, though past, alarm'd the conscious wife ;
Presaging gloom and sorrow for her life ;
Who to her answer join'd a fervent prayer,
That her Eliza would a sister spare :
If she again — but was there cause ? — should send,
Let her direct — and then she named a friend :
A sad expedient untried friends to trust,
And still to fear the tried may be unjust :
Such is his pain, who, by his debt oppress'd,
Seeks by new bonds a temporary rest.

Few were her peaceful days till Anna read
The words she dreaded, and had cause to dread : —

" Did she believe, did she, unkind, suppose
That thus Eliza's friendship was to close ?
No ! though she tried, and her desire was plain,
To break the friendly bond, she strove in vain :

Ask'd she for silence? why so loud the call,
And yet the token of her love so small?
By means like these will you attempt to bind
And check the movements of an injured mind?
Poor as I am, I shall be proud to show
What dangerous secrets I may safely know :
Secrets to men of jealous minds convey'd,
Have many a noble house in ruins laid :
Anna, I trust, although with wrongs beset,
And urged by want, I shall be faithful yet ;
But what temptation may from these arise,
To take a slighted woman by surprise,
Becomes a subject for your serious care —
For who offends, must for offence prepare. ”

Perplex'd, dismay'd, the wife foresaw her doom ;
A day deferr'd was yet a day to come ;
But still, though painful her suspended state,
She dreaded more the crisis of her fate ;
Better to die than Stafford's scorn to meet,
And her strange friend perhaps would be discreet :
Presents she sent, and made a strong appeal
To woman's feelings, begging her to feel ;
With too much force she wrote of jealous men,
And her tears falling spoke beyond the pen ;
Eliza's silence she again implored,
And promised all that prudence could afford.

For looks composed and careless Anna tried ;
She seem'd in trouble, and unconscious sigh'd.
The faithful husband, who devoutly loved
His silent partner, with concern reproved :
“ What secret sorrows on my Anna press,
That love may not partake, nor care redress? ”

“None, none,” she answer’d, with a look so kind,
That the fond man determin’d to be blind.

A few succeeding weeks of brief repose
In Anna’s cheek revived the faded rose;
A hue like this the western sky displays,
That glows awhile, and withers as we gaze.

Again the friend’s tormenting letter came —
“The wants she suffer’d were affection’s shame;
She with her child a life of terrors led,
Unhappy fruit! but of a lawful bed:
Her friend was tasting every bliss in life,
The joyful mother, and the wealthy wife;
While she was placed in doubt, in fear, in want,
To starve on trifles that the happy grant;
Poorly for all her faithful silence paid,
And tantalized by ineffectual aid:
She could not thus a beggar’s lot endure;
She wanted something permanent and sure:
If they were friends, then equal be their lot,
And she was free to speak, if they were not.”

Despair and terror seized the wife, to find
The artful workings of a vulgar mind:
Money she had not, but the hint of dress
Taught her new bribes, new terrors to redress:
She with such feelings then described her woes;
That envy’s self might on the view repose;
Then to a mother’s pains she made appeal,
And painted grief like one compell’d to feel.

Yes! so she felt, that in her air, her face,
In every purpose, and in every place,
In her slow motion, in her languid mien,
The grief, the sickness of her soul, were seen.

Of some mysterious ill the husband sure,
Desired to trace it, for he hoped to cure;
Something he knew obscurely, and had seen
His wife attend a cottage on the green;
Love, loth to wound, endured conjecture long,
Till fear would speak, and spoke in language strong.

“All I must know, my Anna — truly know
Whence these emotions, terrors, troubles flow;
Give me thy grief, and I will fairly prove
Mine is no selfish, no ungenerous love.”

Now Anna's soul the seat of strife became,
Fear with respect contended, love with shame;
But fear prevailing was the ruling guide,
Prescribing what to show and what to hide.

“It is my friend,” she said — “but why disclose
A woman's weakness struggling with her woes?
Yes, she has grieved me by her fond complaints,
The wrongs she suffers, the distress she paints:
Something we do — but she afflicts me still,
And says, with power to help, I want the will;
This plaintive style I pity and excuse,
Help when I can, and grieve when I refuse;
But here my useless sorrows I resign,
And will be happy in a love like thine.”

The husband doubted; he was kind but cool: —
“'Tis a strong friendship to arise at school;
Once more then, love, once more the sufferer aid, —
I too can pity, but I must upbraid;
Of these vain feelings then thy bosom free,
Nor be o'erwhelm'd by useless sympathy.”

The wife again despatch'd the useless bribe,
Again essay'd her terrors to describe;

Again with kindest words entreated peace,
And begg'd her offerings for a time might cease.

A calm succeeded, but too like the one
That causes terror ere the storm comes on :
A secret sorrow lived in Anna's heart,
In Stafford's mind a secret fear of art;
Not long they lasted — this determined foe
Knew all her claims, and nothing would forego ;
Again her letter came, where Anna read :
“ My child, one cause of my distress, is dead :
Heav'n has my infant : ” “ Heartless wretch ! ” she cried,
“ Is this thy joy ? ” “ I am no longer tied :
Now will I, hast'ning to my friend, partake
Her cares and comforts, and no more forsake ;
Now shall we both in equal station move,
Save that my friend enjoys a husband's love . ”

Complaint and threats so strong the wife amazed,
Who wildly on her cottage-neighbour gazed ;
Her tones, her trembling, first betray'd her grief,
When floods of tears gave anguish its relief .

She fear'd that Stafford would refuse assent,
And knew her selfish friend would not relent ;
She must petition, yet delay'd the task,
Ashamed, afraid, and yet compell'd to ask ;
Unknown to him some object fill'd her mind,
And, once suspicious, he became unkind :
They sate one evening, each absorb'd in gloom,
When, hark ! a noise and rushing to the room,
The friend tripp'd lightly in, and laughing said, “ I come . ”

Anna received her with an anxious mind,
And meeting whisper'd, “ Is Eliza kind ? ”
Reserved and cool, the husband sought to prove

The depth and force of this mysterious love.
To nought that passed between the stranger-friend
And his meek partner seem'd he to attend;
But anxious, listen'd to the lightest word
That might some knowledge of his guest afford;
And learn the reason one to him so dear
Should feel such fondness, yet betray such fear.

Soon he perceived this uninvited guest,
Unwelcome too, a sovereign power possess'd;
Lofty she was and careless, while the meek
And humbled Anna was afraid to speak:
As mute she listen'd with a painful smile,
Her friend sate laughing and at ease the while,
Telling her idle tales with all the glee
Of careless and unfeeling levity.
With ealm good sense he knew his wife endued,
And now with wounded pride her conduct view'd;
Her speech was low, her every look convey'd —
“ I am a slave, subservient and afraid. ”

All trace of comfort vanish'd; if she spoke,
The noisy friend upon her purpose broke;
To her remarks with insolence replied,
And her assertions doubted or denied;
While the meek Anna like an infant shook,
Woe-struck and trembling at the serpent's look.

“ There is, ” said Stafford, “ yes, there is a cause —
This creature frights her, overpowers and awes. ”
Six weeks had pass'd — “ In truth, my love, this friend
Has liberal notions; what does she intend?
Without a hint she came, and will she stay
Till she receives the hint to go away? ”

Confused the wife replied, in spite of truth,
“ I love the dear companion of my youth. ”

“ ’Tis well, ” said Stafford; “ then your loves renew;
Trust me, your rivals, Anna, will be few. ”

Though playful this, she felt too much distress’d
To admit the consolation of a jest;
Ill she reposed, and in her dreams would sigh,
And murmuring forth her anguish beg to die;
With sunken eye, slow pace, and pallid cheek,
She look’d confusion, and she fear’d to speak.

All this the friend beheld, for, quick of sight,
She knew the husband eager for her flight;
And that by force alone she could retain
The lasting comforts she had hope to gain :
She now perceived, to win her post for life,
She must infuse fresh terrors in the wife;
Must bid to friendship’s feebler ties adieu,
And boldly claim the object in her view :
She saw the husband’s love, and knew the power
Her friend might use in some propitious hour.

Meantime the anxious wife, from pure distress
Assuming courage, said, “ I will confess; ”
But with her children felt a parent’s pride,
And sought once more the hated truth to hide.

Offended, grieved, impatient, Stafford bore
The odious change till he could bear no more;
A friend to truth, in speech and action plain,
He held all fraud and cunning in disdain;
But fraud to find, and falsehood to detect,
For once he fled to measures indirect.

One day the friends were seated in that room
The guest with care adorn’d, and named her home :
To please the eye, there curious prints were placed,

And some light volumes to amuse the taste;
Letters and music, on a table laid,
The favourite studies of the fair betray'd;
Beneath the window was the toilet spread,
And the fire gleam'd upon a crimson bed.

In Anna's looks and falling tears were seen
How interesting had their subjects been :
" Oh ! then," resumed the friend, " I plainly find
That you and Stafford know each other's mind;
I must depart, must on the world be thrown,
Like one discarded, worthless and unknown;
But shall I carry, and to please a foe,
A painful secret in my bosom? No!
Think not your friend a reptile you may tread
Beneath your feet, and say, the worm is dead;
I have some feeling, and will not be made
The scorn of her whom love cannot persuade :
Would not your word, your slightest wish, effect
All that I hope, petition, or expect?
The power you have, but you the use decline —
Proof that you feel not, or you fear not mine.
There was a time, when I, a tender maid,
Flew at a call, and your desires obey'd;
A very mother to the child became,
Consoled your sorrow, and conceal'd your shame;
But now, grown rich and happy, from the door
You thrust a bosom-friend, despised and poor;
That child alive, its mother might have known
The hard, ungrateful spirit she has shown."

Here paused the guest, and Anna cried at length —
" You try me, cruel friend! beyond my strength;
Would I had been beside my infant laid,
Where none would vex me, threaten, or upbraid!"

In Anna's looks the friend beheld despair;
Her speech she soften'd, and composed her air;
Yet, while professing love, she answered still —
“ You can befriend me, but you want the will.”
They parted thus, and Anna went her way,
To shed her secret sorrows, and to pray.

Stafford, amused with books, and fond of home,
By reading oft dispell'd the evening gloom;
History or tale — all heard him with delight,
And thus was pass'd this memorable night.

The listening friend bestow'd a flattering smile;
A sleeping boy the mother held the while;
And ere she fondly bore him to his bed,
On his fair face the tear of anguish shed.

And now his task resumed, “ My tale,” said he,
“ Is short and sad, short may our sadness be ! ” —

“ The Caliph Harun, as historians tell,
Ruled, for a tyrant, admirably well;
Where his own pleasures were not touch'd, to men
He was humane, and sometimes even then;
Harun was fond of fruits, and gardens fair,
And woe to all whom he found poaching there :
Among his pages was a lively boy,
Eager in search of every trifling joy;
His feelings vivid, and his fancy strong,
He sigh'd for pleasure while he shrank from wrong;
When by the Caliph in the garden placed,
He saw the treasures which he long'd to taste;
And oft alone he ventured to behold
Rich hanging fruits with rind of glowing gold;
Too long he staid forbidden bliss to view,
His virtue failing as his longings grew;

Athirst and wearied with the noon-tide heat,
Fate to the garden led his luckless feet;
With eager eyes and open mouth he stood,
Smelt the sweet breath, and touch'd the fragrant food;
The tempting beauty sparkling in the sun
Charm'd his young sense — he ate, and was undone:
When the fond glutton paused, his eyes around
He turn'd, and eyes upon him turning found;
Pleased he beheld the spy, a brother-page,
A friend allied in office and in age;
Who promised much that secret he would be,
But high the price he fix'd on secrecy.

“ ‘ Were you suspected, my unhappy friend,’
Began the boy, ‘ where would your sorrows end?
In all the palace there is not a page
The Caliph would not torture in his rage:
I think I see thee now inhaled alive,
Writhing in pangs—but come, my friend! revive;
Had some beheld you, all your purse contains
Could not have saved you from terrific pains;
I scorn such meanness; and, if not in debt,
Would not an asper on your folly set.’ ”

“ The hint was strong; young Osmyn search'd his store
For bribes, and found he soon could bribe no more;
That time arrived, for Osmyn's stock was small,
And the young tyrant now possess'd it all;
The cruel youth, with his companions near,
Gave the broad hint that raised the sudden fear;
Th' ungenerous insult now was daily shown,
And Osmyn's peace and honest pride were flown;
Then came augmenting woes, and fancy strong
Drew forms of suffering, a tormenting throng;

He felt degraded: and the struggling mind
Dared not be free, and could not be resign'd;
And all his pains and fervent prayers obtain'd
Was truce from insult, while the fears remain'd.

“ One day it chanced that this degraded boy
And tyrant-friend were fix'd at their employ;
Who now had thrown restraint and form aside,
And for his bribe in plainer speech applied:
' Long have I waited, and the last supply
Was but a pittance, yet how patient I!
But give me now what thy first terrors gave,
My speech shall praise thee, and my silence save.' ”

“ Osmyn had found, in many a dreadful day,
The tyrant fiercer when he seem'd in play:
He begg'd forbearance; ' I have not to give;
Spare me awhile, although 'tis pain to live:
Oh! had that stolen fruit the power possess'd
To war with life, I now had been at rest.' ”

“ ' So fond of death,' replied the boy, ' tis plain
Thou hast no certain notion of the pain;
But to the Caliph were a secret shown,
Death has no pain that would be then unknown.' ”

“ Now,” says the story, “ in a closet near,
The monarch seated, chanced the boys to hear;
There oft he came, when wearied on his throne,
To read, sleep, listen, pray, or be alone.

“ The tale proceeds, when first the Caliph found
That he was robb'd, although alone, he frown'd;
And swore in wrath, that he would send the boy
Far from his notice, favour, or employ;

But gentler movements soothed his ruffled mind,
And his own failings taught him to be kind.

“ Relenting thoughts then painted Osmyn young,
His passion urgent, and temptation strong;
And that he suffer’d from that villain-spy
Pains worse than death till he desired to die;
Then if his morals had received a stain,
His bitter sorrows made him pure again :
To reason, pity lent her powerful aid,
For one so tempted, troubled, and betray’d;
And a free pardon the glad boy restored
To the kind presence of a gentle lord;
Who from his office and his country drove
That traitor-friend, whom pains nor pray’rs could move;
Who raised the fears no mortal could endure,
And then with cruel av’rice sold the cure.

“ My tale is ended; but, to be applied,
I must describe the place where Caliphs hide.”

Here both the females look’d alarm’d, distress’d,
With hurried passions hard to be express’d.

“ It was a closet by a chamber placed,
Where slept a lady of no vulgar taste;
Her friend attended in that chosen room,
That she had honour’d and proclaim’d her home;
To please the eye were chosen pictures placed,
And some light volumes to amuse the taste;
Letters and music on a table laid,
For much the lady wrote, and often play’d;
Beneath the window was a toilet spread,
And a fire gleam’d upon a crimson bed.”

He paused, he rose; with troubled joy the wife
Felt the new era of her changeful life;

Frankness and love appear'd in Stafford's face,
And all her trouble to delight gave place.

Twice made the guest an effort to sustain
Her feelings, twice resumed her seat in vain,
Nor could suppress her shame, nor could support her
pain :

Quick she retired, and all the dismal night
Thought of her guilt, her folly, and her flight;
Then sought unseen her miserable home,
To think of comforts lost, and brood on wants to come.

TALE XX.

THE BROTHERS.

THAN old John Fletcher, on the British coast,
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast;
Kind, simple, and sincere—he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and chorus'd—"Hearts of oak;"
In dangers steady, with his lot content,
His days in labour and in love were spent.

He left a son so like him, that the old
With joy exclaim'd, "'Tis Fletcher we behold;
But to his brother when the kinsmen came,
And view'd his form, they grudged the father's name.

George was a bold, intrepid, careless lad,
With just the failings that his father had;
Isaac was weak, attentive, slow, exact,
With just the virtues that his father lack'd.

George lived at sea : upon the land a guest ,
He sought for recreation , not for rest —
While , far unlike , his brother's feeblè form
Shrank from the cold , and shudder'd at the storm ;
Still with the seaman's to connect his trade ,
The boy was bound where blocks and ropes were made.

George , strong and sturdy , had a tender mind ,
And was to Isaac pitiful and kind ;
A very father , till his art was gain'd ,
And then a friend unwearied he remain'd :
He saw his brother was of spirit low ,
His temper peevish , and his motion slow ;
Not fit to bustle in a world , or make
Friends to his fortune for his merit's sake :
But the kind sailor could not boast the art
Of looking deeply in the human heart ;
Else had he seen that this weak brother knew
What men to court — what objects to pursue ;
That he to distant gain the way discern'd ,
And none so crooked but his genius learn'd.

Isaac was poor , and this the brother felt ;
He hired a house , and there the landman dwelt ;
Wrought at his trade , and had an easy home ,
For there would George with cash and comforts come ;
And when they parted , Isaac look'd around ,
Where other friends and helpers might be found.

He wish'd for some port-place , and one might fall ,
He wisely thought , if he should try for all ;
He had a vote — and , were it well applied ,
Might have its worth — and he had views beside ;
Old Burgess Steel was able to promote
An humble man who served him with a vote ;

For Isaac felt not what some tempers feel,
But bow'd and bent the neck to Burgess Steel;
And great attention to a lady gave,
His ancient friend, a maiden spare and grave:
One whom the visage long and look demure
Of Isaac pleased—he seem'd sedate and pure;
And his soft heart conceived a gentle flame
For her who waited on this virtuous dame;
Not an outrageous love, a scorching fire,
But friendly liking and elastised desire;
And thus he waited, patient in delay,
In present favour and in fortune's way.

George then was coasting—war was yet delay'd,
And what he gain'd was to his brother paid;
Nor ask'd the seaman what he saved or spent:
But took his grog, wrought hard, and was content;
Till war awaked the land, and George began
To think what part became a useful man:
“Press'd I must go; why, then, 'tis better far
At once to enter like a British tar,
Than a brave captain and the foe to shun,
As if I fear'd the music of a gun.”

“Go not!” said Isaac—“You shall wear disguise.”
“What!” said the seaman, “clothe myself with lies?”—
“Oh! but there's danger.”—“Danger in the fleet?
You cannot mean, good brother, of defeat;
And other dangers I at land must share—
So now adieu! and trust a brother's care.”

Isaac awhile demurr'd—but, in his heart,
So might he share, he was disposed to part:
The better minds will sometimes feel the pain
Of benefactions—favour is a chain;
But they the feeling scorn, and what they wish, disdain;—

While beings form'd in coarser mould will hate
The helping hand they ought to venerate;
No wonder George should in this cause prevail,
With one contending who was glad to fail:
“Isaac, farewell! do wipe that doleful eye;
Crying we came, and groaning we may die.
Let us do something 'twixt the groan and cry:
And hear me, brother, whether pay or prize,
One half to thee I give and I devise;
For thou hast oft occasion for the aid
Of learn'd physicians, and they will be paid:
Their wives and children men support, at sea,
And thou, my lad, art wife and child to me:
Farewell!—I go where hope and honour call,
Nor does it follow that who fights must fall.”

Isaac here made a poor attempt to speak,
And a huge tear moved slowly down his cheek;
Like Pluto's iron drop, hard sign of grace,
It slowly roll'd upon the rueful face,
Forced by the striving will alone its way to trace.

Years fled—war lasted—George at sea remain'd,
While the slow landman still his profits gain'd:
A humble place was vacant—he besought
His patron's interest, and the office caught;
For still the virgin was his faithful friend,
And one so sober could with truth commend,
Who of his own defects most humbly thought,
And their advice with zeal and reverence sought:
Whom thus the mistress praised, the maid approved,
And her he wedded whom he wisely loved.

No more he needs assistance—but, alas!
He fears the money will for liquor pass;

Or that the seaman might to flatterers lend,
Or give support to some pretended friend :
Still he must write—he wrote, and he confess'd
That, till absolved, he should be sore distress'd;
But one so friendly would, he thought, forgive
The hasty deed—Heav'n knew how he should live;
“ But you,” he added, “ as a man of sense,
Have well consider'd danger and expense :
I ran, alas ! into the fatal snare,
And now for trouble must my mind prepare ;
And how, with children, I shall pick my way,
Through a hard world, is more than I can say :
Then change not, brother, your more happy state,
Or on the hazard long deliberate.”

George answer'd gravely, “ It is right and fit,
In all our crosses, humbly to submit :
Your apprehensions are unwise, unjust ;
Forbear repining, and expel distrust.”—
He added, “ Marriage was the joy of life,”
And gave his service to his brother's wife ;
Then vow'd to bear in all expense a part,
And thus concluded, “ Have a cheerful heart.”

Had the glad Isaac been his brother's guide,
In these same terms the seaman had replied ;
At such reproofs the crafty landman smiled,
And softly said—“ This creature is a child.”

Twice had the gallant ship a capture made—
And when in port the happy crew were paid,
Home went the sailor, with his pocket stored,
Ease to enjoy, and pleasure to afford ;
His time was short, joy shone in every face,
Isaac half fainted in the fond embrace :

The wife resolved her honour'd guest to please,
The children clung upon their uncle's knees;
The grog went round, the neighbours drank his health,
And George exclaim'd—" Ah! what to this is wealth?
Better," said he, " to bear a loving heart,
Than roll in riches—but we now must part!"

All yet is still—but hark! the winds o'ersweep
The rising waves, and howl upon the deep;
Ships late becalm'd on mountain-billows ride—
So life is threaten'd, and so man is tried.

Ill were the tidings that arrived from sea,
The worthy George must now a cripple be;
His leg was lopp'd; and though his heart was sound,
Though his brave captain was with glory crown'd—
Yet much it vex'd him to repose on shore,
An idle log, and be of use no more:
True, he was sure that Isaac would receive
All of his brother that the foe might leave;
To whom the seaman his design had sent,
Ere from the port the wounded hero went:
His wealth and expectations told, he " knew
Wherein they fail'd what Isaac's love would do;
That he the grog and cabin would supply,
Where George at anchor during life would lie."

The landman read—and, reading, grew distress'd:—
" Could he resolve t' admit so poor a guest?
Better at Greenwich might the sailor stay,
Unless his purse could for his comforts pay;"
So Isaac judg'd, and to his wife appeal'd,
But yet acknowledged it was best to yield:
" Perhaps his pension, with what sums remain
Due or unsquander'd, may the man maintain;

Refuse we must not." — With a heavy sigh
The lady heard, and made her kind reply: —
"Nor would I wish it, Isaac, were we sure
How long his crazy building will endure;
Like an old house, that every day appears
About to fall — he may be propp'd for years;
For a few months, indeed, we might comply,
But these old batter'd fellows never die."

The hand of Isaac, George on entering took,
With love and resignation in his look;
Declared his comfort in the fortune past,
And joy to find his anchor safely cast;
"Call then my nephews, let the grog be brought,
And I will tell them how the ship was fought."

Alas! our simple seaman should have known,
That all the care, the kindness, he had shown,
Were from his brother's heart, if not his memory, flown:
All swept away to be perceived no more,
Like idle structures on the sandy shore;
The chance amusement of the playful boy,
That the rude billows in their rage destroy.

Poor George confess'd, though loth the truth to find,
Slight was his knowledge of a brother's mind:
The vulgar pipe was to the wife offence,
The frequent grog to Isaac an expense;
Would friends like hers, she question'd, "choose to come
Where clouds of poison'd fume defiled a room?
This could their lady-friend, and Burgess Steel,
(Teased with his worship's asthma) bear to feel?
Could they associate or converse with him —
A loud rough sailor with a timber limb?"

Cold as he grew, still Isaac strove to show,
By well-feign'd care, that cold he could not grow;
And when he saw his brother look distress'd,
He strove some petty comforts to suggest;
On his wife solely their neglect to lay,
And then t' excuse it, is a woman's way;
He too was chidden when her rules he broke,
And then she sicken'd at the scent of smoke.

George, though in doubt, was still consoled to find
His brother wishing to be reckon'd kind:
That Isaac seem'd concern'd by his distress,
Gave to his injured feelings some redress;
But none he found disposed to lend an ear.
To stories all were once intent to hear,
Except his nephew, seated on his knee,
He found no creature cared about the sea;
But George indeed—for George they call'd the boy,
When his good uncle was their boast and joy—
Would listen long, and would contend with sleep,
To hear the woes and wonders of the deep;
Till the fond mother cried—"That man will teach
The foolish boy his loud and boisterous speech."
So judg'd the father—and the boy was taught
To shun the uncle, whom his love had sought.
The mask of kindness now but seldom worn,
George felt each evil harder to be borne;
And cried (vexation growing day by day),
"Ah! brother Isaac!—What! I'm in the way!"
"No! on my credit, look ye, No! but I
Am fond of peace, and my repose would buy
On any terms—in short, we must comply:
My spouse had money—she must have her will—
Ah! brother—marriage is a bitter pill."—

George tried the lady — “ Sister, I offend.”
“ Me?” she replied — “ Oh no! — you may depend
On my regard — but watch your brother’s way,
Whom I, like you, must study and obey.”

Ah!” thought the seaman, “ what a head was mine,
That easy birth at Greenwich to resign!
I’ll to the parish” — but a little pride,
And some affection, put the thought aside.

Now gross neglect and open scorn he bore
In silent sorrow — but he felt the more :
The odious pipe he to the kitchen took,
Or strove to profit by some pious book.

When the mind stoops to this degraded state,
New griefs will darken the dependent’s fate ;
“ Brother!” said Isaac, “ you will sure excuse
The little freedom I’m compell’d to use :
My wife’s relations — (curse the haughty crew) —
Affect such niceness, and such dread of you —
You speak so loud — and they have natures soft —
Brother — I wish — do go upon the loft !”

Poor George obey’d, and to the garret fled,
Where not a being saw the tears he shed :
But more was yet required, for guests were come,
Who could not dine if he disgraced the room.
It shock’d his spirit to be esteem’d unfit
With an own brother and his wife to sit ;
He grew rebellious — at the vestry spoke
For weekly aid — they heard it as a joke :
“ So kind a brother, and so wealthy — you
Apply to us? — No! this will never do :
Good neighbour Fletcher,” said the overseer,
“ We are engaged you can have nothing here !”

George mutter'd something in despairing tone,
Then sought his loft, to think and grieve alone;
Neglected, slighted, restless on his bed,
With heart half broken, and with scraps ill fed;
Yet was he pleased, that hours for play design'd
Were given to ease his ever-troubled mind;
The child still listen'd with increasing joy,
And he was sooth'd by the attentive boy.

At length he sicken'd, and this duteous child
Watch'd o'er his sickness, and his pains beguiled;
The mother bade him from the loft refrain,
But, though with caution, yet he went again;
And now his tales the sailor feebly told,
His heart was heavy, and his limbs were cold:
The tender boy came often to entreat
His good kind friend would of his presents eat;
Purloin'd or purchased, for he saw, with shame,
The food untouch'd that to his uncle came;
Who, sick in body and in mind, received
The boy's indulgence, gratified and grieved.

"Uncle will die!" said George—the piteous wife
Exclaim'd, "she saw no value in his life;
But, sick or well, to my commands attend,
And go no more to your complaining friend."
The boy was vexed, he felt his heart reprove
The stern decree. — What! punish'd for his love!
No! he would go, but softly to the room,
Stealing in silence—for he knew his doom.

Once in a week the father came to say,
"George, are you ill?"—and hurried him away;
Yet to his wife would on their duties dwell,
And often cry, "Do use my brother well:"

And something kind, no question, Isaac meant,
Who took vast credit for the vague intent.

But truly kind, the gentle boy essay'd
To cheer his uncle, firm, although afraid;
But now the father caught him at the door,
And, swearing—yes, the man in office swore,
And cried, “Away! how! brother, I’m surprised,
That one so old can be so ill advised:
Let him not dare to visit you again,
Your cursed stories will disturb his brain;
Is it not vile to court a foolish boy,
Your own absurd narrations to enjoy!
What! sullen!—ha! George Fletcher? you shall see,
Proud as you are, your bread depends on me!”

He spoke, and, frowning, to his dinner went,
Then cool’d and felt some qualms of discontent;
And thought on times when he compell’d his son
To hear these stories, nay, to beg for one:
But the wife’s wrath o’ercame the brother’s pain,
And shame was felt, and conscience rose in vain.

George yet stole up, he saw his uncle lie
Sick on the bed, and heard his heavy sigh:
So he resolved, before he went to rest,
To comfort one so dear and so distress’d;
Then watch’d his time, but with a child-like art
Betray’d a something treasured at his heart:
Th’ observant wife remark’d, “the boy is grown
So like your brother, that he seems his own;
So close and sullen! and I still suspect
They often meet—do watch them and detect.”

George now remark’d that all was still as night,
And hasten’d up with terror and delight,

“Uncle!” he cried, and softly tapp’d the door;
“Do let me in”—but he could add no more;
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried, — “You serpent! is it thus you act?
Back to your mother!”—and, with hasty blow,
He sent th’ indignant boy to grieve below;
Then at the door an angry speech began —
“Is this your conduct? — is it thus you plan?
Seduce my child, and make my house a scene
Of vile dispute——What is it that you mean? —
George, are you dumb? do learn to know your friends,
And think awhile on whom your bread depends!
What! not a word? be thankful I am cool—
But, sir, beware, nor longer play the fool;
Come! brother, come! what is it that you seek
By this rebellion? — Speak, you villain, speak! —
Weeping! I warrant—sorrow makes you dumb:
I’ll open your mouth, impostor! if I come:
Let me approach—I’ll shake you from the bed,
You stubborn dog—Oh God! my brother’s dead!—”

Timid was Isaac, and in all the past
He felt a purpose to be kind at last;
Nor did he mean his brother to depart,
Till he had shown this kindness of his heart:
But day by day he put the cause aside,
Induced by av’rice, pceevishness, or pride.

But now awaken’d, from this fatal time
His conscience Isaac felt, and found his crime:
He raised to George a monumental stone,
And there retired to sigh and think alone;
An ague seized him, he grew pale, and shook —
“So,” said his son, “would my poor uncle look.”

— “And so, my child, shall I like him expire.”

— “No! you have physic and a cheerful fire.”

— “Unhappy sinner! yes, I’m well supplied
With every comfort my cold heart denied.”

He view’d his brother now, but not as one
Who vex’d his wife by fondness for her son;

Not as with wooden limb, and seaman’s tale,

The odious pipe, vile grog, or humbler ale:

He now the worth and grief alone can view

Of one so mild, so generous, and so true;

“The frank, kind brother, with such open heart,

And I to break it——’twas a Dæmon’s part!”

So Isaac now, as led by conscience, feels,

Nor his unkindness palliates or conceals;

“This is your folly,” said his heartless wife:

— “Alas! my folly cost my brother’s life;

It suffer’d him to languish and decay,

My gentle brother, whom I could not pay,

And therefore left to pine, and fret his life away.”

He takes his son, and bids the boy unfold

All the good uncle of his feelings told,

All he lamented, and the ready tear

Falls as he listens, soothed, and grieved to hear.

“Did he not curse me, child?” — “He never cursed,
But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst:”

— “And so will mine:” — “Then, father, you must pray;
My uncle said it took his pains away.”

Repeating thus his sorrows, Isaac shows

That he repenting feels the debt he owes,

And from this source alone his every comfort flows.

He takes no joy in office, honours, gain;

They make him humble, nay, they give him pain;

"These from my heart," he cries, "all feeling drove,
They made me cold to nature, dead to love:"

He takes no joy in home, but sighing, sees

A son in sorrow, and a wife at ease;

He takes no joy in office — see him now,

And Burgess Steel has but a passing bow;

Of one sad train of gloomy thoughts possess'd,

He takes no joy in friends, in food, in rest —

Dark are the evil days, and void of peace the best.

And thus he lives, if living be to sigh,

And from all comforts of the world to fly,

Without a hope in life — without a wish to die.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A LITERARY ESSAY ON WORDSWORTH AND THE LAKE-SCHOOL OF POETRY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq. late of St. John's at Cambridge, and at present distributor of stamps for the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland ¹. "Wordsworth, says a critic ² may want the intense power and energy of Byron; he may be equally deficient in the elegant sportiveness of imagination which distinguishes the poetry of Moore; in beauty of description, and force of illustration, Scott has far surpassed him; and there is an enthusiasm about the early productions of Southey's muse, which gives them an aireness and attraction, not to be found in his. Wordsworth, however, has excellencies peculiarly his own, and they are abundantly sufficient to give an immortal verdure to the laurels acquired by his genius. Slowly but surely he has gained a place in the very first rank of those great spirits, whose extraordinary talents render the age illustrious: and though, in the cant of criticism, he may be now exalted to the third heaven of fame, and now debased below the veriest bardling that imparts his puny wings in its grosser atmosphere; equally unmoved by extravagant praise and ridiculous censure, he holds on his way, rejoicing in the strength of intellect."

Wordsworth, like all men of a naturally contemplative turn of mind, writes rather for himself than for the public, and is easily consoled for the injustice of his contemporaries. A genius like his feels a consciousness of its own power, and in obeying

¹ Wordsworth has published: *An Evening Walk*, an Epistle in Verse addressed to a Young Lady from the lakes of the North of England, 4to. 1793. — *Descriptive Sketches in verse*, taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps, 4to. 1793. — *Lyrical Ballads and other Poems*, 12mo. 1798. — *Poems*, 2 v. 8vo. 1807; new edition with additions, a preface, and supplemental essay, 2 v. 8vo. 1815. — *On the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other*, 8vo. 1809. — *The Excursion*, being a portion of the Recluse, a poem, 4to. 1814. — *The White Doe of Rylstone*, a poem, 4to. 1815. — *Memorials of a tour on the continent*, 1822.

² Mr. H. in the *lit. Spec.*

the impulses of that genius, the poet finds in his own heart, if not the only encouragement he desires, at least that which serves to defend him against the piercing shafts of raillery. A rival poet unfortunately joined the tribe of critics, who make the philosophy of Wordsworth a subject of ridicule. Lord Byron contemplated nature and society in so different a point of view, that he must often be in direct contradiction to the lake poet; but it was not generous to feign so much contempt for a writer, from whom he condescended to borrow some of his ideas. Wordsworth's *Evening Sketches* undoubtedly furnished the groundwork of the third canto of *Childe Harold*.

Out of a thousand persons who read Lord Byron, there are ten who read Wordsworth; but out of these ten, there are, perhaps, six who assign to him the very highest rank among poets. In England, if you enquire who Wordsworth is, you will be answered by two or three stanzas of *Don Juan*, in which he is denounced as a fool; or you will, perhaps, be told that he is a man who is holding a situation in the stamp office; that about thirty years ago, he published some ballads for children; that he has since produced a dull poem, the hero of which is a common pedler. He does not indite verses to *Chloris*, but he writes forty sonnets on one streamlet; addresses lines to the linnet, the red-breast, the lark, the cuckoo, the daisy, and the hawthorn; describes, over and over again, the scenery of the English Switzerland, and is exceedingly fond of speculating on the instinct of children and idiots.

Yet this is the very man whom Walter Scott, Southey, and Coleridge, extol as the greatest genius of modern poetry. Wordsworth is the least popular of all the English poets; but, at the same time, he excites the highest degree of enthusiasm among his own admirers.

Wordsworth is at the head of the *Lake School*, which includes Southey, Coleridge, Wilson, etc. and is so called because all the poets belonging to it either reside, or have resided, near the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Though united together by the bonds of relationship and friendship, rather than by the doctrines of their particular poetic theory, yet they may, nevertheless, be regarded as the members of a sect.

Once the Edinburgh Review, attempted to establish a sort of literary catholicism, by setting up a claim to supremacy and infallibility. The principles of the lake school were the first *heresy* proscribed by the review, which, however has since shewn more indulgence for the principles, without abating its prejudice against the individuals who profess them. Southey

who is one of the contributors to the *Quarterly Review*, has occasionally rendered it a vehicle for the defence of his friends. But the lakists have been highly panegyricized in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which was at first hostile to them. Wilson and Coleridge are, however, now concerned in the management of that publication.

In politics, (for under representative governments, even poets are politicians) the lakists are tories. Republicanism was, however, the sin of their youth, and they still retain more liberal ideas than the whigs are willing to give them credit for. The year 1789 awakened their enthusiasm, but 1793 undeceived them, and in their despair, Southey, Coleridge, and Lovel, were on the point of setting out to found a free colony on the banks of the Susqueannah, in the United States. But since then, Coleridge has become a ministerial writer, and Southey has been made poet laureate.

The poets of the lake school reserve all their admiration for the authors of the Elizabethan age, and find nothing but a void in English literature from the time of Milton and Jeremy Taylor, up to Cowper. They are of opinion that the collection of the old ballads of Bishop Percy has had a tendency to restore the genuine taste for poetry in England. To this almost exclusive admiration for the literature of old times, they combine an absolute passion for metaphysics.

They affect also to view the beauties of nature with a degree of enthusiasm, of which the hearts of all are susceptible, except, as they pretend, those of the great mass of poets, who, blinded by false systems, discover only conventional charms in the finest natural scenery. Amidst silence and solitude, on the bosom of lakes, or in shady groves, their souls seem to mingle with the universal spirit of nature; they feel an invisible and ineffable influence, which exalts, delights, and purifies them. There is a mysticism in their feelings which bears some analogy to the Pantheism of Pythagoras. For this reason the lake poets are called the Quakers and Methodists of English poetry. Every object of nature to them presents the varied expression of an intellectual power, and they attribute not only a physical, but a moral existence to the most trivial as well as to the grandest object in the creation. They regard the ocean as endowed with feelings and passions; the moon has her caprices; comets, stars, and clouds, are governed by internal impulses. Coleridge, however, since he has become more exclusively philosophic, seems to have forsaken this fanciful theory. He even goes so far as to refute in his autobiography one of the poetic ideas of Words-

worth and Wilson, who suppose that the Deity delights in communing with the pure spirit of childhood.

The lake poets all agree in elevating the domestic virtues and amiable affections above brilliant and dangerous heroism. From them the mother, the daughter, the wife, and the sister, receive an homage as pure as the charm they diffuse over society. They would have the Muse of moral poetry invoked amidst the tumult of the world, like the voice of a sister or a friend calling us back to the innocent pleasures of infancy and home.

Of all the writers of the lake school, Wordsworth comes nearest the idea which the imagination loves to form of an inspired poet; he has carried poetry back to its origin, and to him it is a system of religion; he has, as it were, obtained new revelations concerning the destiny of man. His contemplative soul has continually been occupied with the necessity of ideal perfection. He is the inventor of a sort of Christian platonism, founded on the moral harmony of the universe. He shows us the moral imprint of the finger of God on the humblest object of the creation, and endeavours to lead man to a sense of his dignity, by associating him with the idea of the Almighty. Though he does not always carry us along with him into the elevated sphere of his abstractions, there is nothing offensive in his superiority. He humbles himself with us before the majesty of God and the magnificence or mysteries of his works, and the feelings of the man are not annihilated by the high speculations of the philosopher. But the developement of his sublime theories must be looked for in his grand poem of *The Excursion*. This work is distinguished by so calm a spirit of philosophy, and such a tone of solemn simplicity, that to be properly enjoyed, it must be perused in a particular disposition of mind. It requires that concentration of the soul, that pious inspiration which is indispensable to appreciate the sublimity of a gloomy forest, or the solitude of a vast Gothic cathedral, feebly lighted by the glimmering rays which penetrate its long painted windows.

The poem entitled *The Excursion*, though forming in itself a whole, is only a detached portion of an extensive work on *Man, Nature, and Society*, on which Wordsworth had been long engaged, and to which his smaller publications are subordinate.

The poem commences by introducing the reader to an old Scotchman, whom the author has known from his earliest youth. The old man, though of humble birth, has received the elements of a solid education and has above all imbibed principles of the strictest piety, thanks to his father-in-law, who was the

minister and school-master of his village. Born among the hills of Athol, where he had been accustomed to tend his flocks, he acquired early in life a meditative and poetic character. Religious books also exercised their influence on his youthful imagination. On attaining his eighteenth year, that secret voice which impels the inhabitant of Savoy and of Switzerland to desert his native mountains, whispered in the ear of the young Scotchman, and restless activity urged him to enter on a wandering life, and he followed the trade of a pedlar.

Far from the scenes of his youth, he applies himself to the study of the character of man, his manners, passions, pleasures, and in particular those feelings which, forming, as it were, the essential elements of the heart, are preserved under the simple forms of rural life, and are expressed in the language of ingenuousness. At the approach of old age, he relinquishes his trade; and his acquaintance with the character of social man, combined with that enthusiasm for the beauties of nature which his long and solitary journeys tended to cherish, has made of him a moralist, professing a system founded on his own experience, and employing the eloquent and simple language of nature and truth.

He leads the poet to the dwelling of a hermit, whom he is desirous of reconciling with providence, and who is introduced to the reader as a sceptic reading Voltaire oftener than his Bible. He had formerly been happy in the society of a beloved wife and two children; their death, however, left an irreparable void in his heart, and for a time he became a victim to despair. But he was once more allured to the scene of active life, by the dreams of liberty excited by the French revolution, the principles of which he enthusiastically embraced. Disappointed in his hopes for the cause of freedom, he despaired of man in general. His religious faith was shaken; he even renounced the memory of those whom he had followed weeping to their grave. Yet this is occasionally the source of his remorse.

The pedlar opposes the melancholy ideas of the hermit, and calls to his aid the experience of a village clergyman, who is the fourth actor in this philosophic drama.

The sublime conversations of these four characters produce a stronger impression, from the circumstance of their being held amidst the most picturesque scenery, to which the attention is frequently directed by descriptive allusions. According to the system to which we have already adverted, the lake, the torrent, and the mountain, have each their language, and nothing in nature is insensible; whatever is visible, whatever is endowed

with motion or voice, presents not merely obscure symbols, or fantastic emblems, but real revelations. The humming of a shell announces the mysterious alliance of its inhabitant with the roaring ocean. An echo sometimes furnishes an image of the harmony of the two worlds, and sometimes a corresponding idea is produced by the sight of a shadow, and the body whose form it repeats.

The fourth book is particularly remarkable for exalted morality, profound views, and poetic applications. It develops another principle of the *lakists*, namely, that the pride of human judgment should be humbled, in order to restore to the imagination and the affections that sway of which modern philosophy would deprive them.

The history of the spiritualism which was concealed under the idolatry of the Greeks, introduces a most poetic description of the remains of paganism; but an objection from the hermit leads the philosopher to a defence of his Christian orthodoxy. The village pastor makes his appearance in the fifth book, and, at the gate of the church-yard, justifies providence against despair. The remarks of the poet's venerable friend frequently remind the reader of the famous address of the old man of the Isle of France to Paul, to console him for the loss of Virginia. It is worthy of remark, that when Bernardin de St. Pierre consulted his friends on the subject of his master-piece, posterity was near being deprived of it through the unfavourable impression it produced on those who first perused it. Wordsworth has not yet lived, like St. Pierre, to be revenged of his scornful judges.

The pastor is requested to bring forwards, in support of the moral system he has defended, some episodes from country life. He chooses for his text the modest virtues, and the faults of those whom he has himself laid beneath the turf.

It would injure the effect of these portraits to draw them singly from their frames; but I cannot pass over, unnoticed, the ingenious anecdote of the two men of opposite opinions, who are thrown together by accident, and to whom contradiction becomes an absolute necessity. This episode bears some resemblance to those of Cowper, and even to Crabbe's tales. One of the two friends is a whig, who having spent a handsome fortune in electioneering struggles, retires, under an assumed name, to a village in the Highlands, where a Scottish laird, who had taken part with the Stuarts, seeks an asylum after the battle of Culloden. These two men, though they make not the least concession on either side, yet by the very habit of seeing,

meeting, and contradicting each other, become such inseparable friends, as to wish at their death to be laid in the same grave together.

Among the pathetic episodes, *Ellen*, the *Cottage in ruins*, and the *confessions of the hermit*, are the most affecting.

The development of the author's principles, together with these episodes, give to the work rather a didactic than a dramatic character. It would, therefore, be surprising if some common-places did not slip in, feebly disguised under the pomp of verse. The reader may occasionally regret the absence of the impassioned energy of Byron, the spirit and the action of Sir Walter Scott; but it would be unjust to deny that this great poem forms, on the whole, an eloquent development of a system of philosophy worthy of a Christian Plato.

But, to return to the earlier productions of Wordsworth. If sublimity of expression and elevated views be the distinguishing features of *The Excursion*, his lyrical ballads are sometimes written with a degree of simplicity almost bordering on affectation. Here Mr. Wordsworth's critics have found ample scope to accuse him of mawkish sentimentality. His admirers, however, maintain that, in spite of some inconsiderable defects, this series of little poems was the development of his principal object; the analysis of the real feelings of man, — of man considered independently of the conventional forms of society, from the first dawn of childhood to the hopes and recollections of old age. Inequality of style, that is to say, a mixture of the solemn and the vulgar, long commentaries on trifling events, prolixity and idle repetitions, overcharged grandeur of imagery, and misplaced emphasis of expression; are the defects of Wordsworth's detached poems; but their redeeming beauties are numerous. The plain grace of a poetic diction, resembling that of primitive nations, the depth and originality of the thoughts and sentiments, the truth of the images borrowed from nature, a lively sensibility, and an imagination which often elevates the most common-place subject: — these are the qualities which make the reader forget all the defects which criticism has so eagerly discovered in the lake poet.

The great charm of Wordsworth's poems is that they in some degree regenerate the heart, restoring to it all the freshness of its primitive sensations, and the independence of that age, when the acquisition of each new idea was a conquest which made it beat with joy, and when we were yet free from the common-place restraints imposed by the world, in morality as well as poetry.

The poet himself indicates, by the classification of his different poems, that his works are a poetic analysis of the feelings which external objects and an interchange of thoughts or affections awaken in the heart and the understanding of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. He brings us back to our most trivial sensations; but he gives at the same time a meaning and a voice to those sublime, though sometimes obscure, aspirations which the wonders of the creations awaken in the least poetic mind.

Mr. Wordsworth informs us that in the composition of his ballads, his object was to select events and situations from common life, and to describe them with simplicity, at the same time heightening their colouring, whenever the subject presented itself to his mind under an unusual form. But what he particularly proposed was to give to those events and situations a totally novel interest, by developing in them the primordial laws of our nature, and by that inexhaustible resource of the imagination which rhetoricians call the association of ideas.

The simplicity of rustic life was preferred for several reasons — first, because in common life the natural passions of the heart are less frequently perverted, are less constrained, and are expressed with greater freedom and unreservedness; — secondly, the elementary sensations, on account of their great simplicity, may be more clearly perceived; — thirdly, the manners of common life spring from those elementary sensations, and are less easily modified or changed; — and finally, the passions are there associated with the permanent forms of nature. The language of rural life, purified of its grossness, was therefore adopted by the poet, because the men by whom it is spoken are continually communicating with the objects whence the most poetic imagery is derived, and because their rank in society, as well as the narrow and unvaried circle of their intercourse with mankind, removes them from the influence of social vanities, and they express their sentiments and ideas in a natural and unstudied manner. “Accordingly,” says Mr. Wordsworth, “such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.”

We have not space to enter into a detailed explanation of

the philosophy of the new language which Wordsworth has undertaken to subject to the laws of rhythm. We shall not commence a philological discussion, which would not perhaps be altogether favourable to the lake poets, because, like all men of genius, who make themselves the slaves of a system, Wordsworth frequently excites the highest admiration when he departs from that system. But we must admire Wordsworth's talent for observing and delineating the various workings of the mind, when it is agitated, as he himself observes, by the noble and unsophisticated affections of our nature. In this manner he has analysed maternal affection in several of its most difficult shades; he has painted the last conflict of instinct with death, and has exhibited all the pure moral of fraternal love. But what above all distinguishes Wordsworth's poetry is, that the sentiment developed gives importance to the action and the situation, — while, as he himself very justly remarks, in the writings of other poets, the actions and situations confer importance on the sentiment. The stanzas on the *Indian Woman* are an illustration of this theory.

During the emigration of the tribes of North American Indians, if one of the party should happen to fall ill, or be unable to endure the fatigue of the journey, he is left behind with some deer skins, for covering, some provisions, water, and a supply of wood for kindling a fire. He is informed of the track which the tribe intend to follow, and if he do not overtake them, or fall in with some other wandering tribe, he must perish in the desert. Women are frequently abandoned in this manner; and the complaints of the Indian woman are supposed to be the lamentations of one of these unhappy beings.

Wordsworth has also written another complaint of a poor emigrant Frenchwoman, who being separated from her child, endeavours to cheat her maternal sorrow by caressing the offspring of another.

The *Female Vagrant* is the short history of a family reduced to misery. How pathetic are the regrets expressed by the poor woman at the recollection of the scenes of her childhood! And in the little poem entitled *Resolution and Independence*, how ably has the author portrayed the natural, but often inexplicable transition, from enthusiasm to gloomy reverie!

Many of Wordsworth's sonnets present grand images inspired by the events of the age, and are by turns prophetic visions of the future, and sublime commentaries on the past. We select

the following from among the *Sonnets on Liberty*, and the *Sonnets to Buonaparte*.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee;
 And was the safeguard of the west : the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest child of liberty;
 She was a maiden city, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate :
 And when she took unto herself a mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reach'd its final day :
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
 Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

But if you would *love* Wordsworth, without ceasing to *admire* him, you are to read the pastoral of *Michael*, the history of poor *Ruth*, (which reminds one of Sterne's *Maria*), the ballad of *Hart leap well*, the *Reveries on the banks of the Wye*, the *Brothers*, and the commencement of the history of a man who gains his livelihood by catching leeches. We dare say you will smile at these titles, which are certainly not of a very epic character; and we will not therefore recommend you to peruse the *Waggoner*, or *Peter Bell*, which latter is the hero of the poem only on the title-page, for the principal character is an ass, the animal which Homer did not despise, and which Buffon and Delille have celebrated in verse. Wordsworth, however, has been the first to create a *philosophic ass*.

Our author himself acknowledges that his *associations* have sometimes been particular rather than general; that he has consequently given to certain objects a false degree of importance, and treated subjects beneath the dignity of poetry. For our own part, we must confess that we have often found a whole world of new sensations in those subjects which are usually deemed beneath the dignity of poetry, as for example in the *Fraisier* of Bernardin de St. Pierre. The least phenomena of the creation present mysterious harmonies which are fertile in great results. The sublime revelation of God, or if you will, of Nature personified, is poetically manifested in a thousand subjects which have been hitherto neglected by poets, and which Wordsworth has analysed in a grand and original way. When the Lord appears to Elijah, in the First Book of Kings, it is

not the strong wind, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, but a gentle breath of air that fills the prophet with the consciousness of his presence.

“And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind, and after the wind came an earthquake.

“And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice.

“And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle.”

A. P.

ON THE HABITS OF THOUGHT, INCULCATED BY WORDSWORTH.

As in this country the investigations of metaphysicians have been directed chiefly towards the laws of intellect and association, and as we have nothing which deserves the name of philosophy founded upon an examination of what human nature internally says of itself, or upon enquiries into the dependance of one feeling upon another; we must turn to the poets, if we wish to hear what our literature says upon these subjects; for, by our speculative men, they have been left in utter silence, darkness, and uncertainty. If the practical turn of mind, which has always been characteristic of our nation, has led to these neglects, there is nothing more to be said; for the works of intellectual men should be moulded according to the character of those who are to read them: and nothing can obtain much influence over life, if it finds not a broad foundation in the popular mind.

Two things may be chiefly observed in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, namely, first, an attempt to awaken in the minds of his countrymen, certain *lumières* which they do not generally possess, and certain convictions of moral laws existing silently in the universe, and actually modifying events, in opposition to more palpable causes, in a manner similar to what is said to be taught by the philosophy of the Hindoos; and, secondly, a thorough knowledge of all the beauties of the human affections, and of their mutual harmonies and dependencies. In both of these things, he has scarcely had any precursors, either among the poets or philosophers of his country. Some traces of the convictions above alluded to, may be found in Spenser, and some

fainter traces in Milton, whose turn of genius was decisively ascertained by the circumstance of his greater success in handling a subject taken from the historical parts of the Old Testament, than one from the Christian Gospel. As for those who came after Milton, scarcely any thing above the level of actual existence appears in their writings; and, upon the whole, it would seem that the kind of sublimity with which the English have always been chiefly delighted, consists merely in an exhibition of the strength of the human energies, which, in our most esteemed poems and plays, are frequently not even elevated by self-devotion; witness *Coriolanus*, *Richard the Third*, *Satan in Paradise Lost*, the *Giaours* and *Corsairs*, etc. of modern days. In these pieces, elements of human nature, which are by no means of the highest kind, are represented boiling and foaming with great noise, and their turbidity is falsely taken for the highest kind of nobleness and magnificence.

Mr. Wordsworth has not followed out the national spirit in this, but has turned off into a totally different sphere of reflection, from whence no kind of strength appears great, because all strength is limited, and cannot appear sublime, if contrasted with strength a single degree above it. His contemplative Platonism searches for some image of perfection to admire, and perceives that the beauty of no limited being can consist in strength, but in its conformity to the moral harmony of the universe. Hence he can see no greatness in the movements of the mind, if they tend to no higher object than self-aggrandisement, which has ever its bounds that make it appear little; and, therefore, those objects, which appear to him endowed with poetical beauty, are often such as appear homely to the eyes of others who measure them by a different standard. The small admiration he entertains for the undisciplined energies of human nature leads him to a somewhat contemptuous estimation of active life, even when conduct is submitted to the restraints of morality. He thinks little has been done for the mind, unless those internal movements, also, which are without result in action, have been tuned into beauty and regularity, and a complete balance and subordination established among the feelings by dint of long continued meditation. On this subject his ideas cannot fail to recal to remembrance those Indian doctrines, which taught that the first step towards the perception of high moral truth, was the establishment of a certain stillness and equability within the mind. But Mr. Wordsworth should have proposed these Bramineal notions elsewhere; for they are totally at variance with the stirring and tumultuous spirit of England. No philosophy or re-

ligion, purely contemplative, has ever taken a strong hold of the English mind; and no set of English devotees, however much they professed to be dead to the world, have been able to keep their hands out of temporal affairs. They have always found something that called for their interference, and have exchanged the pleasures of abstract contemplation, for the zeal of partizanship. Mr. Wordsworth seems averse to active life, chiefly because he is afraid of losing sight of impressions which are only to be arrived at in the stillness of contemplation; and because he sees a risk, that the lower and coarser feelings being stirred into activity, amidst the bustle, may lose their subordination, and rise up so as to obscure the bright ideal image of human nature, which he would wish to retain always before him. Notions like these, however, must always appear ridiculous to the majority in England, where life is estimated as it produces external good or mischief. But, although Mr. Wordsworth's ideas have not met with a very flattering reception, he seems no way blind to the manly integrity and substantial excellences of character that adorn his country, and which have so deep a root there, that, as Madame de Stael observes, they have never ceased to flourish, even under the influence of speculative opinions, which would have withered them up elsewhere. Indeed, the moral speculations of England have been very much a separate pastime of the understanding, which began and ended there, without ever drawing a single reflection from the depths of human nature. A remarkable trait in the history of our philosophy is, that Christianity has been, as it were, transposed by Paley into a more familiar key, and adapted throughout to the theory of utility; so that David Hume himself might almost play an accompaniment to it. And Paley has obtained a great deal of credit, for the performance of this good office to his countrymen.

One of the causes which have prevented Mr. Wordsworth's writings from becoming popular, is, that he does not confine himself, like most other poets, to the task of representing poetical objects, or of moving our sympathies, but, also, proposes and maintains a system of philosophical opinions. In most of his poems, and in the *Excursion* especially, he scarcely makes poetry for its own sake, but chiefly as a vehicle for his doctrines, and the spirit of these doctrines is, unfortunately for his success, at variance with the philosophy at present most fashionable in this country. Although possessed of the requisite genius, he does not seem to care for composing poems adapted to the exclusive purpose of taking hold of the feelings of the people; and, among the philosophers, he is rejected, because he holds a

different language from them. Besides, the habits of thought, in which he chiefly delights, are not calculated to produce that strength and vividness of diction, which must ever constitute one of the chief attractions of poetry. Imagination seems insufficient of itself to produce diction always nervous and poetical, without the aid of human passion and wordly observation. It is from these that the greatest poignancy of words must spring. As for the saltiness of sagacity and wit, Mr. Wordsworth looks down upon it as a profane thing, and is well entitled to do so. If he were to descend into so low a region as that of jesting, he would probably succeed no better than old David Deans did, when he attempted a joke at his daughter's marriage dinner. But, as Mr. Wordsworth never jests, so his writings, perhaps, have some claim to be exempted from the pleasantries of others; which, indeed, can scarcely be directed with much success or effect against a person who faces ridicule so systematically, and who has always counted upon it beforehand.

Mr. Wordsworth has been thought to have more affinity to Milton than any other poet. If this is the case, the affinity is rather in manner than in substance. Milton has no idealism, not even in the *Paradise Regained*, where there was most scope for it. His poetry is, for the most part, quite literal; and the objects he describes have all a certain definiteness and individuality, which separates them from the infinite. He has often endeavoured to present images, where every thing should have been lost in sentiment. It is generally agreed, that among the most successful parts of *Paradise Lost*, are those which represent the character of the fallen angel; and yet these sublime and tragical soliloquies are founded chiefly on personal feeling; which, although it may be made a source of consummate pathos and dramatic beauty, is certainly not the region of the human mind, from whence the highest possible impressions are to be drawn. Terrible acts of divine power, and, on the other hand, force of will, and obdurate pride in the rebel spirits, are the highest moral elements exhibited; but, if we look to what composes some of the finest passages in Wordsworth, we shall be inclined (theoretically at least) to prefer them to the best of Milton, as conveying more exalted meaning, whether the poetical merit of the vehicle be equal or not. The sublimity drawn from terror, collision, tumult, or discord, of any kind, has always the disadvantage of being transient; and, therefore, cannot be considered as equal to those openings into immutable brightness and harmony, which are sometimes to be met with in Wordsworth. One beauty cannot fail to strike the reader of his poetry; and that is the perfect

homogeneousness of its spirit. A systematic correspondence pervades the whole, so that the perusal of one piece frequently leads the reader's own mind into a tract of thought, which is afterwards found to be developed by the poet himself, in some other performance. The defects of his poetry originate in the same system of thought which produces its beauties. They are not the result of casual whims, or imperfections of taste. Certain great convictions of sentiment have so completely pervaded his mind, as to produce a degree of consistency in all its emanations, that we vainly look for in works founded upon observation. It is remarkable that even the external characteristics of his poetry are similar to what we are told an analogous turn of internal thought anciently produced among the Hindoos. "From the descriptive poems of the Indians," says Schlegel, in his lectures on the history of literature, "we must seek to gather what influence those opinions had on human life and all its relations and feelings; what sort of poetry, and what sort of feeling of the sublime and beautiful, were produced among the Indians by the adoption of ideas to us so foreign and unaccountable. The first things which strike us in the Indian poetry are, that tender feeling of solitude, and the all-animated world of plants, which is so engagingly represented in the dramatic poetry of the *Sokuntola*; and those charming pictures of female truth and constancy, as well as of the beauty and loveliness of infantine nature, which are still more conspicuous in the older epic version of the same Indian legend. Neither can we observe, without wonder and admiration, that depth of moral feeling with which the poet styles conscience 'the solitary seer in the heart, from whose eye nothing is hid,' and which leads him to represent sin as something so incapable of concealment, that every transgression is not only known to conscience, and all the gods, but felt with a sympathetic shudder by those elements themselves which we call inanimate, by the sun, the moon, the fire, the air, the heaven, the earth, the flood, and the deep, as a crying outrage against nature, and a derangement of the universe."

Whoever wishes to understand Mr. Wordsworth's philosophical opinions, will find them developed in their most perfect form, in the *Excursion*; but those who wish to judge merely how far he possesses the powers commonly called poetical, will do best to read his *Lyrical Ballads*, and smaller Poems, where pathos, imagination, and knowledge of human nature, are often presented by themselves, without any obtrusive or argumentative reference to a system. At the same time, the reverential awe, and the far extended sympathy with which he looks upon

the whole system of existing things, and the silent moral connexions which he supposes to exist among them, are visible throughout all his writings. He tunes his mind to nature almost with a feeling of religious obligation; and where others behold only beautiful colours, making their appearance according to optical laws, or feel pleasant physical sensations resulting from a pure atmosphere, or from the odoriferous exhalations of herbage, or enjoy the pleasure of measuring an extended prospect, as an amusement for the eye, this poet (whether justly or not) thinks he traces something more in the spectacle than the mere reflection of his own feelings, painted upon external objects, by means of the association of ideas; or, at least, seems to consider what we then behold as the instantaneous creation of the mind.

Oh then what soul was his, when on the tops
Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked —
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy. His spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being. —

“ All things there
Breathed immortality; revolving life
And greatness still revolving; infinite;
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe; he saw.

The relation which the consideration of moral pain or deformity bears to this far-extended sympathy with the universe, is alluded to in another passage of the *Excursion*.

My friend, enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more;
Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
She ' sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is there.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
As once I passed, did to my heart convey
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful,
Amid the uneasy thoughts that filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair,

¹ One who had died of a broken heart.

From ruin and from change, and all the grief
 The passing shews of being leave behind,
 Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
 Where meditation was.

Notions like those of Mr. Wordsworth are evidently suited only to a life purely contemplative; but that universality of spirit, which becomes true philosophy, should forbid, in persons of different habits, any blind or sudden condemnation of them. No individual can say what are all the internal suggestions of the human faculties, unless he has varied his mode of existence sufficiently to afford fit opportunities for their developement. — The facts of consciousness are admitted to be as much facts as those of the senses; but, at the same time, we cannot get individuals to agree what they are, and, while things remain in this state of uncertainty, the first duty is certainly that of liberality of mind.

Wordsworth's habit of dwelling as much upon the rest of the universe as upon man, has given his poetry an air of greater joyfulness and sunshine, than it could have possessed if human life had been his more constant theme. He turns with ever new delight to objects which exhibit none of the harshness and discrepancy of the human world.

"The blackbird on the summer trees,
 The lark upon the hill,
 Let loose their carols when they please,
 Are quiet when they will.

"With nature do they never wage
 A foolish strife; they see
 A happy youth, and their old age
 Is beautiful and free."

"Down to the vale this water steers,
 How merrily it goes,
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
 And flow as now it flows."

When he does turn his attention upon life, we find always the most beautiful echoes of Christian tenderness and sorrow. In an elegy, suggested by a picture representing a storm, he alludes to the bitter recollection of a domestic loss which had befallen him, and is pleased to see the image of pain reflected in external nature.

"Oh 'tis a passionate work! — Yet wise and well;
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
 That hulk that labours in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, the pageantry of fear.

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.
 Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind;
 Such happiness, wherever it is known,
 Is to be pitied : for 'tis surely blind.
 But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be born,
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here. —
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.”

Surely nothing can be finer than this. It is impressed with the true character of that kind of social sentiment, which is drawn from a source not liable to fail. In his sonnets, we see what form citizenship is made to assume, when growing up in contiguity with the other habits of mind cultivated by Wordsworth. How these compositions, so pregnant with feeling and reflection, upon the most interesting topics, should not have been more generally known, is a problem difficult to be solved. The following is one of them, containing reflections on the moral effects of slavery.

“ There is a bondage which is worse to bear
 Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
 Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall :
 'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
 One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
 Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,
 Who, even the best, in such condition, free
 From self-reproach, reproach which he must share
 With Human Nature? Never be it ours
 To see the Sun how brightly it will shine,
 And know that noble Feelings, manly Powers,
 Instead of gathering strength must droop and pine,
 And Earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
 Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

In some respects Mr. Wordsworth may be considered as the Rousseau of the present times. Both of them were educated among the mountains, at a distance from the fermentations of social life, and acquired, from their way of existence, certain peculiar sentimental habits of meditation, which were pitched in a different key from the callous, sarcastic, and practical way of thinking, prevalent among their contemporaries of the cities. Rousseau mingled in the throng; but found himself there like a man dropped out of the clouds. The peculiarity of his habits made him wretched; and his irritation perverted the employment of his genius. Mr. Wordsworth has acted more wisely in keeping aloof, and continuing to cultivate his mind according to its

pristine bias, and forbearing to grapple too closely with the differently educated men of cities. Rousseau makes a fine encomium upon the mountains, which, as it is connected with the present subject, we shall quote:—"A general impression (which every body experiences, though all do not observe it) is, that, on high mountains, where the air is pure and subtle, we feel greater lightness and agility of body, and more serenity in the mind. The pleasures are there less violent; the passions are more moderate; *meditations receive there a certain great and sublime character proportioned to the objects that strike us*, a certain tranquil pleasure which has nothing sensual. We are there grave without melancholy; quiet without indolence; contented with existing and thinking; all too lively pleasures are blunted, and lose the sharp points which render them painful; they leave in the heart only a slight and agreeable emotion; and thus an happy climate makes the passions of mankind subservient to his felicity, which elsewhere are his torment. I question whether any violent agitation or vapourish disorder could hold out against such an abode, if continued for some time; and I am surprised that baths of the salutary and beneficial air of the mountains are not one of the principal remedies of medicine and morality."

B. M.

RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,
Her Father took another Mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted Child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a Pipe of straw,
And from that oaten Pipe could draw
All sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a Bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An Infant of the woods.

Beneath her Father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight :
Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay,
She passed her time; and in this way
Grew up to Woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore —
A military casque he wore
With splendid feathers drest ;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung;
Ah no! he spake the English tongue,

And bore a Soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the Youth could speak.
— While he was yet a Boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as, told to any Maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of Girls, a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian Town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When day-light is gone down.

He spake of plants, divine and strange,
That every hour their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues!

With budding, fading, faded flowers
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dew.

He told of the Magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The Cypress and her spire,
— Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie,
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, "How sweet it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
A gardener in the shade,
Still wandering with an easy mind
To build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

"What days and what sweet years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while," said he, "to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove
Dear thoughts about a Father's love;
"For there," said he, "are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,

That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

“ Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me,
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted Bride,
A sylvan Huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer !

“ Beloved Ruth ! ” — No more he said.
Sweet Ruth alone at midnight shed
A solitary tear :
She thought again — and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the Church our faith will plight,
A Husband and a Wife. ”
Even so they did ; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That, on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth — so much of Heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those Climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own langour lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent;
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became

The slave of low desires :
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn :
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played ?
So kind and so forlorn !

But now the pleasant dream was gone ;
No hope, no wish remained, not one, —
They stirred him now no more ;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore ;
But, when they thither came, the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

‘ God help thee, Ruth ! ’ — Such pains she had
That she in half a year was mad
And in a prison housed ;
And there, exulting in her wrongs,
Among the music of her songs
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
— They all were with her in her cell ;

And a wild brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain
There came a respite to her pain,
She from her prison fled;
But of the Vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again;
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves, she loved them still.
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies;
But till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old.
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is pressed by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten Pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
A evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock Woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild —
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

WE ARE SEVEN.

..... A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
— Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid ;
How many may you be ? ”

“ How many ? Seven in all , ” she said ,
And wondering looked at me .

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell . ”

She answered , “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell ,
And two are gone to sea .

Two of us in the church-yard lie ,
My sister and my brother ;
And , in the church-yard cottage , I
Dwell near them with my mother . ”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be? ”

Then did the little maid reply,
“ Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree. ”

“ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five. ”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen, ”
The little maid replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sun-set, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,

Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,

"If they two are in Heaven?"

The little maiden did reply,

"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!

Their spirits are in Heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away: for still

The little maid would have her will,

And said, "Nay, we are Seven!"

THE PET-LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice: it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seem'd to feast with head and ears; and his tail with
pleasure shook.

“Drink, pretty creature, drink,” she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

’Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight; they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away;
But, ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the lamb she looked; and from that shady place
I, unobserved, could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:

“What ails thee, young one? What? Why pull so at
thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? Well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is’t that aileth thee?

“What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy
heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no
peers;

And that green corn, all day, is rustling in thy ears!

“If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen
chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms! the like thou need’st not
fear —

The rain and storm are things which scarcely can come
here —

“Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away:

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by
none;

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yearn
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

“Thou know’st that twice a-day I have brought thee in
this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is, and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I’ll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest! — poor creature, can it be
That ’tis thy mother’s heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor
hear.

“Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair!
I’ve heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

“Here thou need’st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe, — our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!”

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;

And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again did I repeat the song;
“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the *damsel* must
belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with
such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.”

THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS,

A PASTORAL.

I.

The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never ending song,
To welcome in the May :
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.

II.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
It seems they have no work to do,
Or that their work is done.
On pipes of sycamore they play

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The fragments of a Christmas hymn ;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim :
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

III.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chaunts a joyous song ;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born ! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee ; and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal ;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry ! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon Ghyll.

IV.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
“ Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race.”
— Away the shepherds flew.
They leapt — the ran — and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
“ Stop ! ” to his comrade Walter cries —
James stopped with no good will :
Said Walter then, “ Your task is here,
'Twill keep you working half a year.

V.

“ Now cross where I shall cross — come on,
And follow me where I shall lead.” —

The other took him at his word ;
But did not like the deed.
It was a spot, which you may see.
If ever you to Langdale go :
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock :
The gulph is deep below ;
And in a basin black and small
Receives a lofty waterfall.

VI.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger began his march ;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list ! he hears a piteous moan —
Again, — his heart within him dies —
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pale as any ghost,
And, looking down, he spies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

VII.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulph profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne ;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn,
The lamb, still swimming round and round,
Made answer to that plaintive sound.

VIII.

When he learnt what thing it was,
That sent this rueful cry; I ween,
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid,—
A poet, one who loves the brooks,
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had thither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found,
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

IX.

He drew it gently from the pool,
And brought it forth into the light:
The shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took;
Said they, "He's neither maimed nor scarred."
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the bard
Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel;

And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthy stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed vision! happy child!
That art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
Oh! too industrious folly!
Oh! vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
Not framed to undergo unkindly shocks;
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

THE FEMALE VAGRANT.

My father was a good and pious man,
An honest man by honest parents bred,
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:
And afterwards, by my good father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read;
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

Can I forget what charm did once adorn
My garden, stored with pease, and mint, and thyme,
And rose, and lily, for the sabbath morn?
The sabbath bells, and their delightful chime;
The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time;
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;
The swans, that, when I sought the water-side,
From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride!

The staff I yet remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire;
His seat beneath the honeyed sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;
When market-morning came, the neat attire
With which, though bent on haste myself I deck'd;
My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire,
When stranger passed, so often I have checked:
The red-breast known for years, which at my casement
pecked.

The suns of twenty summers danced along, —
Ah! little marked how fast they rolled away :
But, through severe mischance, and cruel wrong,
My father's substance fell into decay ;
We toiled, and struggled — hoping for a day
When fortune should put on a kinder look ;
But vain were wishes — efforts vain as they :
He from his old hereditary nook
Must part, — the summons came, — our final leave we
took.

It was indeed a miserable hour,
When from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
That on his marriage day sweet music made!
Till then, he hoped his bones might there be laid,
Close by my mother in their native bowers ;
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed, —
I could not pray : — through tears that fell in showers,
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

There was a youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say.
'Mid the green mountains many and many a song
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May.
When we began to tire of childish play
We seemed still more and more to prize each other ;
We talked of marriage and our marriage day ;
And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such another.

Two years were passed since to a distant town
He had repaired to ply the artist's trade.
What tears of bitter grief till then unknown!
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!

To him we turned : — we had no other aid.
Like one revived , upon his neck I wept ,
And her whom he had loved in joy , he said
He well could love in grief : his faith he kept ;
And in a quiet home once more my father slept .

We lived in peace and comfort ; and were blest
With daily bread , by constant toil supplied .
Three lovely infants lay upon my breast ;
And often , viewing their sweet smiles , I sighed ,
And knew not why . My happy father died
When sad distress reduced the children's meal :
Thrice happy ! that for him the grave did hide
The empty loom , cold hearth , and silent wheel ,
And tears which flowed for ills which patience could not
— heal .

'Twas a hard change , an evil time was come ;
We had no hope , and no relief could gain .
But soon , with proud parade , the noisy drum
Beat round , to sweep the streets of want and pain .
My husband's arms now only served to strain
Me and his children hungering in his view :
In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain :
To join those miserable men he flew ;
And now to the sea-coast with numbers more we drew .

There long were we neglected , and we bore
Much sorrow , ere the fleet its anchor weighed ;
Green fields before us , and our native shore ,
We breathed a pestilential air , that made
Ravage for which no knell was heard . We prayed
For our departure ; wished and wished — nor knew
Mid that long sickness , and those hopes delayed ,

That happier days we never more must view :
The parting signal streamed, at last the land withdrew.

But the calm summer season now was past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
Ran mountains-high before the howling blast;
And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.
We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves should rue :
We reached the western world, a poor, devoted crew.

The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,
Disease and famine, agony and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would thy brain unsettle even to hear.
All perished—all, in one remorseless year,
Husband and children! one by one, by sword
And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored.

Peaceful as some immeasurable plain,
By the first beams of dawning light imprest,
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main.
The very ocean has its hour of rest.
I too was calm, though heavily distress!
Oh me, how quiet sky and ocean were!
My heart was hushed within me, I was blest,
And looked, and looked along the silent air,
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
And groans, that rage of racking famine spoke!
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps!

The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke !
The shriek that from the distant battle broke !
The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host
Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish toss'd,
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost !

Some mighty gulf of separation past,
I seemed transported to another world : —
A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curled
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
For me — farthest from earthly port to roam
Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might
come.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)
That I, at last, a resting-place had found;
“ Here will I dwell,” said I, “ my whole life long,
Roaming the illimitable waters round :
Here will I live : — of every friend disowned,
And end my days upon the ocean flood.” —
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound :
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food.

By grief enfeebled, was I turned adrift,
Helpless as sailor cast on desert rock;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor dared my hand at any door to knock.
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock
From the cross timber of an out-house hung :
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock !

At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,
Nor to the beggar's language could I frame my tongue.

So passed another day, and so the third;
Then did I try in vain the crowd's resort.
— In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort:
There, pains which nature could no more support,
With blindness link'd, did on my vitals fall,
And I had many interruptions short
Of hideous sense; I sank, nor step could crawl,
And thence was carried to a neighbouring hospital.

Recovery came with food: but still my brain
Was weak, nor of the past had memory.
I heard my neighbours, in their beds, complain
Of many things which never troubled me;
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee;
Of looks where common kindness had no part;
Of service done with careless cruelty,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart;
And groans, which, as they said, might make a dead
man start.

These things just served to stir the torpid sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
My memory and my strength returned; and, thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed;
The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,
And gave me food,—and rest, more welcome, more
desired.

They with their panniered asses semblance made
Of potters wandering on from door to door :
But life of happier sort to me pourtrayed,
And other joys my fancy to allure ;
The bag-pipe, dinning on the midnight moor,
In barn uplighted, and companions boon
Well met from far with revelry secure,
Among the forest glades, when jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

But ill they suited me, those journies dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch !
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill :
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding
still.

What could I do, unaided and unblest ?
My father ! gone was every friend of thine :
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help ; and, after marriage such as mine,
With little kindness would to me incline.
Ill was I then for toil or service fit :
With tears whose course no effort could confine,
By the road-side forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

I led a wandering life among the fields ;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,
I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.

The ground I for my bed have often used :
 But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth
 Is, that I have my inner self abused,
 Forgone the home delight of constant truth,
 And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

Three years thus wandering, often have I viewed;
 In tears, the sun towards that country tend.
 Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
 And now across this moor my steps I bend—
 Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
 Have I.”—She ceased, and weeping turned away;—
 As if because her tale was at an end
 She wept;—because she had no more to say
 Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

’TIS SAID THAT SOME HAVE DIED FOR LOVE:

’Tis said that some have died for love:
 And here and there a church-yard grave is found,
 In the cold north’s unhallowed ground,—
 Because the wretched man himself had slain,
 His love was such a grievous pain.
 And there is one whom I five years have known;
 He dwells alone
 Upon Helvellyn’s side:
 He loved—the pretty Barbara died,
 And thus he makes his moan:
 Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid,
 When thus his moan he made;

“Oh, move, thou cottage, from behind that oak!
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,
That in some other way yon smoke
May mount into the sky!
The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart:
I look—the sky is empty space;
I know not what I trace;
But, when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

“O! what a weight is in these shades! Ye leaves,
When will that dying murmur be suppress?
Your sound my heart of peace bereaves,
It robs my heart of rest.
Thou thrush, that singest loud—and loud and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

“Roll back, sweet rill! back to thy mountain bounds,
And there for ever be thy waters chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh let it then be dumb!—
Be any thing, sweet rill, but that which thou art now.

“Thou eglantine, whose arch so proudly towers,
(Even like a rainbow spanning half the vale)
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,—
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,—
Disturbs me, till the sight is more than I can bear.”

The man who makes this feverish complaint
Is one of giant stature, who could danee
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, or know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

BEFORE I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
The stars were mingled with my dreams;
In rustling conflict, through the skies,
I heard, and saw the flashes drive;
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive.

Before I see another day,
O let my body die away!

My fire his dead : it knew no pain;
Yet is it dead, and I remain.
All stiff with ice the ashes lie;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;
But they to me no joy can give,

No pleasure now, and no desire.

Then here contented will I lie!

Alone I cannot fear to die.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on

Another day, a single one!

Too soon I yielded to despair;

Why did ye listen to my prayer?

When ye were gone, my limbs were stronger;

And oh how grievously I rue,

That, afterwards, a little longer,

My friends, I did not follow you!

For strong and without pain I lay,

My friends, when ye were gone away.

My child! they gave thee to another,

A woman who was not thy mother.

When from my arms my babe they took,

On me how strangely did he look!

Through his whole body something ran,

A most strange working did I see;

— As if he strove to be a man,

That he might pull the sledge for me.

And then he stretched his arms, how wild!

Oh mercy! like a helpless child.

My little joy! my little pride!

In two days more I must have died.

Then do not weep and grieve for me;

I feel I must have died with thee.

Oh wind, that o'er my head art flying

The way my friends their course did bend,

I should not feel the pain of dying,

Could I with thee a message send!

Too soon, my friends, ye went away;

For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow ;
Ye travel heavily and slow ;
In spite of all my weary pain ,
I'll look upon your tents again .
— My fire is dead , and snowy white
The water which beside it stood ;
The wolf has come to me to-night ,
And he has stolen away my food .
For ever left alone am I ,
Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

IN distant countries have I been ,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man , a man full grown ,
Weep in the public roads alone .
But such a one ! on English ground ,
And in the broad high-way , I met ;
Along the broad high-way he came ,
His cheeks with tears were wet .
Sturdy he seemed , though he was sad ;
And in his arms a lamb he had .

He saw me , and he turned aside ,
As if he wished himself to hide :
Then with his coat he made essay
To wipe those briny tears away .
I followed him , and said , “ My friend ,
What ails you ? wherefore weep you so ? ”
— “ Shame on me , sir ! this lusty lamb ,
He makes my tears to flow .

To-day I fetched him from the rock ;
He is the last of all my flock.

When I was young, a single man ,
And after youthful follies ran ,
Though little given to care and thought ,
Yet, so it was, a ewe I bought ;
And other sheep from her I raised ,
As healthy sheep as you might see ;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be ;
Of sheep I numbered a full score ,
And every year increased my store.

Year after year my stock it grew ;
And from this one , this single ewe ,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised ,
As sweet a flock as ever grazed !
Upon the mountain did they feed ,
They throve , and we at home did thrive .
—This lusty lamb , of all my store ,
Is all that is alive ;
And now I care not if we die ,
And perish all of poverty.

Six children , sir ! had I to feed ;
Hard labour in a time of need !
My pride was tamed , and in our grief
I of the parish asked relief .
They said I was a wealthy man ;
My sheep upon the mountain fed ,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread .
“ Do this : how can we give to you , ”
They cried , “ what to the poor is due ? ”

I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food;
For me—it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away!
For me it was a woeful day.

Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopp'd—
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropp'd.
Till thirty were not left alive
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,
And I may say, that many a time
I wished they all were gone:
They dwindled one by one away;
For me it was a woeful day.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me.
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease, within doors or without;
And crazily, and wearily,
I went my work about.
Oft-times I thought to run away;
For me it was a woeful day.

Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be;

For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time;
God eursed me in my sore distress;
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week, and every day,
My flock, it seemed to melt away.

They dwindled, sir, sad sight to see!
From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;—
And then at last, from three to two;
And of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one :
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none;—
To-day I fetched it from the roek;
It is the last of all my flock.”

LAODAMIA.

“ WITH saeriffee, before the rising morn
Performed, my slaughtered lord have I required;
And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
Him of the infernal gods have I desired :
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore! ”

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heaven-ward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,

Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands,
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows,
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence—his corporeal mold?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear, “Such grace hath crowned thy
prayer,

Laodamia, that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air :
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!”

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

“Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice :
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon,—and blest a sad abode.”

“Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave
His gifts imperfect :—Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;

But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain ;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

“ Thou know’st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die, but me the threat could not withhold :
A generous cause a victim did demand ;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.”

“ Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest, best !
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore :
Thou found’st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

“ But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave ;
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

“ No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this :
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side !
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride !”
Jove frowned in heaven ; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

“ This visage tells thee that my doom is past :
Know, virtue were not virtue, if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys

Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains :
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

“ Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion : for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult of the soul ;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn — ”

“ Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestitis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in beauty's bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

“ The gods to us are merciful — and they
Yet further may relent : for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

“ But if thou go'st, I follow ” — “ Peace ! ” he said —
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered ;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled ;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty — melancholy grace —
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel,
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
Spake, as a witness, of a second birth
For all that is most perfect upon earth :

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. — “ Ill, ” said he,
“ The end of man’s existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, — day and night :

“ And while my youthful peers, before my eyes,
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprize
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

“ The wish’d-for wind was given : — I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

“ Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife;
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —
The paths which we had trod — these fountains — flowers;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

“ But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
‘ Behold they tremble! — haughty their array,

Yet of their number no one dares to die?'—
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought
In act embodied my deliverance wrought.

“And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Towards a higher object:—Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for this end:
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.”

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung—'tis vain:
The hours are past,—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, tow'rd the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way—
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Ah, judge her gently, who so deeply loved!
Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus removed;
Delivered from the galling yoke of time,
And these frail elements—to gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown

Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew,
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

MICHAEL,

A PASTORAL POEM.

IF from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.
But courage! for beside that boisterous brook,
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation there is seen; but such
As journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
There is a straggling heap of unhewn stones!

And to that place a story appertains,
 Which, though it be ungarnished with events,
 Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
 Or for the summer shade. It was the first,
 The earliest of those tales that spake to me
 Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men,
 Whom I already loved; — not verily
 For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
 Where was their occupation and abode.
 And hence this tale, while I was yet a boy
 Careless of books, yet having felt the power
 Of Nature, by the gentle agency
 Of natural objects led me on to feel
 For passions that were not my own, and think
 (At random and imperfectly indeed)
 On man, the heart of man, and human life.
 Therefore, although it be a history
 Homely and rude, I will relate the same,
 For the delight of a few natural hearts;
 And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
 Of youthful poets, who among these hills
 Will be my second self, when I am gone.

UPON the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
 There dwelt a shepherd, Michael was his name;
 An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age,
 Of an unusual strength : his mind was keen,
 Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs,
 And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
 And watchful more than ordinary men.
 Hence he had learned the meaning of all winds,
 Of blasts of every tone, and, oftentimes,
 When others heeded not, he heard the south

Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say:
“The winds are now devising work for me!”
And truly, at all times, the storm—that drives
The traveller to a shelter—summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks
Were things indifferent to the shepherd’s thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; the hills, which he so oft
Had climbed with vigorous steps; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which like a book preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,
So grateful in themselves, the certainty
Of honourable gain; these fields, these hills,
Which were his living being, even more
Than his own blood—what could they less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.
His helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself; full twenty years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,

Whose heart was in her house : two wheels she had
Of antique form, this large for spinning wool,
That small for flax ; and if one wheel had rest,
It was because the other was at work.

The pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old, — in shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale,
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The son and father were come home, even then
Their labour did not cease ; unless when all
Turned to their cleanly supper-board ; and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,
Sat round their basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the son was named)
And his old father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fire side ; perhaps to card
Wool for the housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the cieling, by the chimney's edge,
Which, in our ancient uncouth country style,
Did with a huge projection overbrow
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim, the housewife hung a lamp ;

An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found
And left the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke was in his eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sat,
Father and son, while late into the night
The housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life.
The thrifty pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dummal-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the house itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named The Evening Star.

Thus living on through such a length of years,
The shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his help-mate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Effect which might perhaps have been produced
By that instinctive tenderness, the same
Blind spirit, which is in the blood of all—
Or that a child, more than all other gifts,

Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
From such, and other causes, to the thoughts
Of the old man his only son was now
The dearest object that he knew on earth.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For dalliance and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the young one in his sight, when he
Had work by his own door, or when he sat
With sheep before him on his shepherd's stool,
Beneath that large old oak, which near their door
Stood,—and, from its enormous breadth of shade
Chosen for the shearer's covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The Clipping Tree, a name which yet it bears.
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.
And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up

A healthy lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old,
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the boy, wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights,
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the shepherd loved before
Were dearer now? that from the boy there came
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his father's sight the boy grew up:
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year,
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time

Of which I speak, the shepherd had been bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means,—
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had pressed upon him,—and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had gathered so much strength
That he could look his trouble in the face,
It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. “Isabel,” said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
“I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun itself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I,
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and, if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.
When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.

Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free.
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman — he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade — and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
May come again to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor
What can be gained?" At this the old man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
He was a parish-boy — at the church-door.
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
And with this basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who out of many chose the trusty boy,
To go and overlook his merchandize
Beyond the seas, where he grew wondrous rich,
And left estates and monies to the poor,
And at his birth-place built a chapel floored
With marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old man was glad,
And thus resumed: — "Well, Isabel! this scheme
These two days has been meat and drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
— We have enough — I wish indeed that I

Were younger, — but this hope is a good hope,
— Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :
— If he could go, the boy should go to-night.”
Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad, when Sunday came,
To stop her in her work : for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she through the two last nights
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep :
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door, “Thou must not go :
We have no other child but thee to lose,
None to remember — do not go away,
For if thou leave thy father, he will die.”
The youth made answer with a jocund voice ;
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work ;
And all the ensuing week the house appeared
As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at length
The expected letter from their kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the boy ;
To which requests were added that forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to shew it to the neighbours round;
Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
Had to her house returned, the old man said,
"He shall depart to morrow." To this word
The housewife answered, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
In that deep valley, Michael had designed
To build a sheep-fold; and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked;
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
And thus the old man spake to him: — "My son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should speak
Of things thou canst not know of. — After thou
First cam'st into the world — as it befalls
To new-born infants — thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,

And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-side
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
When thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy mother's breast. Month followed month,
And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains, else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke : among these hills,
As well thou know'st, in us the old and young
Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old man grasped his hand,
And said, "Nay, do not take it so — I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.
— Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good father : and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at other's hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together : here they lived,
As all their forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mold.
I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.
But 'tis a long time to look back, my son,
And see so little gain from sixty years.
These fields were burthened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,

And till these three weeks past the land was free.

—It looks as if it never could endure

Another master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,

If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good

That thou shouldst go." At this the old man paus'd;

Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,

Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :

"This was a work for us; and now, my son,

It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—

Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.

Nay, boy, be of good hope;—we both may live

To see a better day. At eighty-four

I still am strong and stout;—do thou thy part,

I will do mine.—I will begin again

With many tasks that were resigned to thee;

Up to the heights, and in among the storms,

Will I without thee do again, and do

All works which I was wont to do alone,

Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, boy!

Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast

With many hopes—It should be so—Yes—yes—

I knew that thou couldst never have a wish

To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound to me

Only by links of love : when thou art gone,

What will be left to us!—But, I forget

My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,

As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,

When thou art gone away, should evil men

Be thy companions, think of me, my son,

And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,

And God will strengthen thee : amid all fear

And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou

Mayst bear in mind the life thy fathers lived,

Who, being innocent, did for that cause

Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here : a covenant

'Twill be between us—— But, whatever fate
Befal thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave,

The shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
And, as his father had requested, laid

The first stone of the sheep-fold. At this sight

The old man's grief broke from him, to his heart

He pressed his son, he kissed him and wept;

And to the house together they returned.

—Hushed was that house in peace, or seeming peace,

Ere the night fell : — with morrow's dawn the boy

Began his journey, and when he had reached

The public way, he put on a bold face;

And all the neighbours, as he passed, their doors

Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,

That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their kinsman come,

Of Luke and his well-doing : and the boy

Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,

Which, as the housewife phrased it, were throughout

“The prettiest letters that were ever seen.”

Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.

So, many months passed on : and once again

The shepherd went about his daily work

With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now

Sometimes, when he could find a leisure hour,

He to that valley took his way, and there

Wrought at the sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began

To slacken in his duty; and at length

He in the dissolute city gave himself

To evil courses : ignominy and shame
Fell on him , so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love ;
'Twill make a thing endurable , which else
Would overset the brain , — or break the heart :
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old man , and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went , and still looked up upon the sun ,
And listened to the wind ; and as before
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep ,
And for the land his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair , to build the fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old man — and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went ,
And never lifted up a single stone.

There , by the sheep-fold , sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone , with that his faithful dog ,
Then old , beside him , lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years from time to time
He at the building of this sheep-fold wrought ,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years , or little more , did Isabel
Survive her husband : at her death the estate
Was sold , and went into a stranger's hand.
The cottage which was named The Evening Star
Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the ground

On which it stood ; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood : — yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door ; and the remains
Of the unfinished sheep-fold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

TO THE DAISY.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy :
But now my own delights I make, —
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

When soothed awhile by milder airs,
Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few grey hairs ;
Spring cannot shun thee ;
Whole Summer fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;
If welcomed once thou count'st it gain ;
Thou are not daunted,
Nor car'st if thou be set at nought :
And oft alone in nooks remote

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be Violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art! a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds

The common life our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,
I see thee rise, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run,
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful when the day's begun
As morning leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Dear thou shalt be to future men
As in old time;—thou not in vain,
Art Nature's favourite.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

“BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous elf,”
Exclaimed a thundering voice,
“Nor dare to trust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!”

A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high, and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

“Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off, off! or, puny thing!
I’ll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling.”

The Flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past;
But, seeing no relief, at last
He ventured to reply.

“Ah!” said the Briar, “blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you spread!

The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

“When spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths, to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chaunted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

“But now proud thoughts are in your breast —
What grief is mine you see.
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left —
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter’s day,
A happy Eglantine!”

What more he said I cannot tell.
The Torrent thundered down the dell
With unabating haste;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

That way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly, one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending, —
To this lower world descending;
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
——But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop; and there are none—
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap, half way,
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then

Has it in her power again :
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror ;
Quick as he in feats of art ,
Far beyond in joy of heart .
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by ,
Clapping hands with shout and stare ,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Over happy to be proud ,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure !

'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;
Here, for neither babe nor me ,
Other playmate can I see .
Of the countless living things ,
That with stir of feet and wings ,
(In the sun or under shade ,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings ,
Chirp and song, and murmurings ,
Made this orchard's narrow space ,
And this vale so blithe a place ;
Multitudes are swept away
Never more to breathe the day :
Some are sleeping ; some in bands
Travelled into distant lands ;
Others slunk to moor and wood ,
Far from human neighbourhood ;
And among the kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship ,

With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.
— Where is he that giddy sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out;
Hung with head towards the ground,
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound;
Lithest, gaudiest harlequin!
Prettiest tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart and light of limb,
What is now become of him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in it's prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighbouring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitters hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy:
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gaiety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature;
Whatsoever we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty kitten! from thy freaks,—
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Laura's face;
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season,
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladness.
—Pleased by any random toy,
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy;
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought;
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with life's falling leaf.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
It seems to fill the whole air's space,
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
But unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place;
That is fit home for thee!

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the sea,
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! — and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling; and inveterately convolved, —
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks

That threaten the prophane; — a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially — beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide — Far and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight — Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow, — there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood-street, when day-light appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
The jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; which, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods, and distant waters, roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly:
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy!

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,

As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so:
And fears, and fancies, thick upon me came;
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could
name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me —
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified;
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel, that in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of Heaven

I saw a man before me unawares :
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand repositeth, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep; in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood,
Motionless as a cloud, the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:

And him with further words I thus bespake,
“What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.”
He answered, while a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest;
Choice word, and measured phrase; above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland-use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told me that he to this pond had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance:
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength by strong admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,

My question eagerly did I renew,
“How is it that you live, and what is it you do!”

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the ponds where they abide.

“Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man’s sad speech, all troubled me:
In my mind’s eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find
In that decrepid man so firm a mind.
“God,” said I, “be my help and stay secure;
I’ll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!”

THE THORN.

“There is a thorn—it looks so old,
In truth, you’d find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and gray.

Not higher than a two years' child
It stands erect, this aged thorn;
No leaves it has, no thorny points;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens it is overgrown.

Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop:
Up from the earth these mosses creep,
And this poor thorn they clasp it round
So close, you'd say that they were bent
With plain and manifest intent
To drag it to the ground;
And all had joined in one endeavour
To bury this poor thorn for ever.

High on a mountain's highest ridge,
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale;
Not five yards from the mountain path,
This thorn you on your left espy;
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water, never dry;
Though but of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns, and parching air.

And, close beside this aged thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,

Just half a foot in height.
 All lovely colours there you see;
 All colours that were ever seen;
 And mossy net-work too is there,
 As if by hand of lady fair
 The work had woven been;
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me! what lovely tints are there!
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars;
 Green, red, and pearly white.
 This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
 Which close beside the thorn you see,
 So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
 Is like an infant's grave in size,
 As like as like can be:
 But never, never any where,
 An infant's grave was half so fair.

Now would you see this aged thorn,
 This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
 You must take care and choose your time,
 The mountain when to cross:
 For oft there sits between the heap
 That's like an infant's grave in size,
 And that same pond of which I spoke,
 A woman in a scarlet cloak,
 And to herself she cries,
 "Oh misery! oh misery!
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!"

All times of the day and night
 This wretched woman thither goes;

And she is known to every star,
And every wind that blows;
And there, beside the thorn, she sits,
When the blue daylight's in the skies,
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And to herself she cries,

"O misery! oh misery!

Oh woe is me! oh misery!"

"Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
Thus to the dreary mountain-top
Does this poor woman go?

And why sits she beside the thorn,
When the blue daylight's in the sky,
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And wherefore does she cry?—
Oh wherefore? wherefore? tell me why
Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;
For the true reason no one knows:
But if you'd gladly view the spot,
The spot to which she goes;
The heap that's like an infant's grave,
The pond—and thorn, so old and gray;
Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—
And, if you see her in her hut,
Then to the spot away!—

I never heard of such as dare
Approach the spot when she is there."

"But wherefore to the mountain-top
Can this unhappy woman go,

Whatever star is in the skies,
Whatever wind may blow?"

"'Tis known, that twenty years are passed
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave with a maiden's true good will
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
While friends and kindred all approved
Of him whom tenderly she loved:

And they had fixed the wedding-day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another maid
Had sworn another oath;
And with this other maid to church
Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha! on that woeful day,
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest!

They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
'Tis said, her lamentable state
Even to a careless eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad;
Yet often she was sober sad
From her exceeding pain.
O guilty father,—would that death
Had saved him from that breach of faith!

Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child!

Sad case, as you may think, for one
Who had a brain so wild!

Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen
Held that the unborn infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again:

And when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

No more I know, I wish I did,
And I would tell it all to you,
For what became of this poor child
There's none that ever knew:

And if a child was born or no,
There's no one that could ever tell;
And if 'twas born alive or dead,
There's no one knows, as I have said;
But some remember well,
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,
The church-yard path to seek:

For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from the mountain-head:
Some plainly living voices were;
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead:

I cannot think, whate'er they say,
They had to do with Martha Ray.

But that she goes to this old thorn,
The thorn which I've described to you,

And there sits in a scarlet cloak,
I will be sworn is true.
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climbed the mountain's height :
A storm came on, and I could see
No object higher than my knee.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain,
No screen, no fence could I discover,
And then the wind! in faith, it was
A wind full ten times over.
I looked around, I thought I saw
A jutting crag, — and off I ran,
Head foremost, through the driving rain,
The shelter of the crag to gain;
And, as I am a man,
Instead of jutting crag, I found
A woman seated on the ground:
I did not speak — I saw her face;
Her face! — it was enough for me;
I turned about and heard her cry,
“ Oh misery! oh misery!”
And there she sits, until the moon
Through half the clear blue sky will go;
And, when the little breezes make
The waters of the pond to shake,
As all the country know,
She shudders, and you hear her cry,
“ Oh misery! oh misery!”

“ But what's the thorn? and what's the pond?
And what's the hill of moss to her?”

And what's the creeping breeze that comes
The little pond to stir?"

"I cannot tell; but some will say
She hanged her baby on the tree;
Some say she drowned it in the pond,
Which is a little step beyond:
But all and each agree,
The little babe was buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

I've heard, the moss is spotted red
With drops of that poor infant's blood:
But kill a new-born infant thus,
I do not think she could!

Some say, if to the pond you go,
And fix on it a steady view,
The shadow of a babe you trace,
A baby and a baby's face,
And that it looks at you;
Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain
The baby looks at you again.

And some had sworn on oath that she
Should be to public justice brought;
And for the little infant's bones
With spades they would have sought.
But then the beauteous hill of moss
Before their eyes began to stir!
And for full fifty yards around,
The grass, — it shook upon the ground!
But all do still aver
The little babe is buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

I cannot tell how this may be:
But plain it is, the thorn is bound

With heavy tufts of moss, that strive
To drag it to the ground;
And this I know, full many a time,
When she was on the mountain high,
By day, and in the silent night,
When all the stars shone clear and bright,
That I have heard her cry,
“Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!”

HART-LEAP WELL.

PART I.

THE knight had ridden down from Wensley moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;
He turned aside towards a vassal's door,
And “Bring another horse!” he cried aloud.

“Another horse!” — That shout the vassal heard
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain :
Brach, Swift, and music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight hallooed, he chid and cheered them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern ;
But breath and eye-sight fail ; and one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race ?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?
—This chace it looks not like an earthly chace ;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side ;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died ;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a thorn ;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy :
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat ;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned ;
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched :
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling still,

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot !)

Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill — (it was at least
Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face and cried, “Till now
Such sight was never seen by living eyes :
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small harbour, made for rural joy ;
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

A cunning artist will I have to frame
A bason for that fountain in the dell !
And they, who do make mention of the same
From this day forth, shall call it Hart-leap Well.

And, gallant brute ! to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised ;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time, when days are long,
I will come hither with my paramour ;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail,
My mansion with its harbour shall endure ; —
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure !”

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.
—Soon did the knight perform what he had said,
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were interwin'd, —
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,
Sir Walter led his wondering paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale. —
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

PART II.

The moving accident is not my trade :
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill diviné :
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,

I saw three pillars standing in a line ,
The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head ;
Half-wasted the square mound of tawny green ;
So that you just might say, as then I said ,
“ Here in old time the hand of man hath been . ”

I looked upon the hill both far and near ,
More doleful place did never eye survey ;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here ,
And Nature here were willing to decay .

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost ,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired ,
Came up the hollow : — Him did I accost ,
And what this place might be I then inquired .

The shepherd stopped , and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed .
“ A jolly place , ” said he , “ in times of old !
But something ails it now ; the spot is cursed .

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood —
Some say that they are beeches , others elms —
These were the bower ; and here a mansion stood ,
The finest palace of a hundred realms !

The arbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stones , the fountain , and the stream ;
But as to the great lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream .

There's neither dog nor heifer , horse nor sheep ,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes , when all are fast asleep ,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan .

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have
past!

Even from the top-most stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds — and look, sir, at this last —
— O master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by this fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

But now here's neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain all are gone. ”

“ Gray-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:
This beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,

Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust : — behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves the objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shews, and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING
THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR.

July 13, 1798

FIVE years have passed; five summers; with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view

These plots of cottage ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door, and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods;
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration : — feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened : — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, —

Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless day-light; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart;
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again;
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever Nature led: more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by,)

To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock ,
The mountain , and the deep and gloomy wood ,
Their colours and their forms , were then to me
An appetite : a feeling and a love ,
That had no need of a remoter charm ,
By thought supplied , or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past ,
And all its aching joys are now no more ,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I , nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed , for such loss , I would believe ,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on Nature , not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still , sad music of humanity ,
Nor harsh nor grating , though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused ,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns ,
And the round ocean , and the living air ,
And the blue sky , and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit , that impels
All thinking things , all objects of all thought ,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods ;
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear , both what they half create ,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense ,

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee, in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place

For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

SONNETS.

THOUGH NARROW.

THOUGH narrow be that Old Man's cares, and near,
The poor Old Man is greater than he seems:
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams;
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer;
The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.
He the seven birds hath seen, that never part;
Seen the Seven Whistlers in their nightly rounds,

And counted them : and oftentimes will start —
For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's Hounds,
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds.

PERSONAL TALK.

I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk, —
Of friends, who live within an easy walk;
Or neighbours, daily, weekly in my sight :
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like forms with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle, whispering its faint undersong.

CONTINUED.

“ Yet life,” you say, “ is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee,
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe.”
Even be it so : yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me !
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them : — sweetest melodies

Are those which are by distance made more sweet ;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes ,
He is a slave : the meanest we can meet !

CONTINUED.

Wings have we, — and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood ,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low :
Dreams , books , are each a world ; and books , we know ,
Are a substantial world , both pure and good :
Round these , with tendrils strong as flesh and blood ,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow .
There do I find a never-failing store
Of personal themes , and such as I love best ;
Matter wherein right voluble I am :
Two will I mention , dearer than the rest ;
The gentle Lady , married to the Moor ;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb .

CONCLUDED.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote
From evil speaking ; rancour , never sought ,
Comes to me not ; malignant truth , or lie .
Hence have I genial seasons , hence have I
Smooth passions , smooth discourse , and joyous thought :
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour , lodging peaceably .
Blessings be with them — and eternal praise ,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares :
The Poets , who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !

Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

Sept. 3, 1803.

Earth has not any thing to shew more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare ,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The world is too much with us ; late and soon ,
Getting and spending , we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not. — Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;

Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF
SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea;
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly striven;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being as I am opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For shew; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest :
The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in Nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more :
The homely beauty of the good old cause

Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

LONDON, 1802.

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN AMONG US.

Great men have been among us ; hands that penn'd
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none :
The later Sydney, Marvel ; Harrington,
Young Vane and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend :
They knew how genuine glory was put on ;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour : what strength was, that would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road ;
But equally a want of books and men !

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

“WHY, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

Where are your books? — that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your mother earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!”

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply :

“The eye — it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where’er they be,
Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,

That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

— Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

UP! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double :
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife :
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher :
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —

Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :
— We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

L I N E S

Left upon a seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of
Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a
beautiful prospect.

NAY, traveller! rest. This lonely yew-tree stands
Far from all human dwelling : what if here
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
What if these barren boughs the bee not loves?
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

Who he was
That piled these stones, and with the mossy sod

First covered o'er, and taught this aged tree
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
I well remember. — He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favoured being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow, — 'gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn, — against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service : wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude. — Stranger! these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper :
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life :
And lifting up his head, he then would gaze
On the more distant scene, — how lovely 'tis
Thou seest, — and he would gaze till it became
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor, that time,
When Nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those beings, to whose minds,
Warm from the labours of benevolence,
The world, and man himself, appeared a scene
Of kindred loveliness : then he would sigh
With mournful joy, to think that others felt

What he must never feel : and so, lost man !
On visionary views would fancy feed,
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
He died, — this seat his only monument.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger ! henceforth be warned ; and know, that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used ; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. O be wiser, thou !
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

LINES

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclin'd,
In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and play'd;
Their thoughts I cannot measure : —
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven is sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

MATTHEW.

In the School of——is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the names of the several persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite one of those names the Author wrote the following Lines.

IF Nature, for a favourite child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,

That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.

— When through this little wreck of fame,
Cypher and syllable! thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stay'd :
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up —
He felt with spirit so profound.

Thou, soul of God's best earthly mould!
Thou, happy soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

WE walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
“The will of God be done!”

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

“Our work,” said I, “was well begun;
Then, from thy breast what thought
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?”

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply :

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,

Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, coming to the church, stopped short
Beside my daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang; — she would have been
A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white :
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again :
— And did not wish her mine."

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

“Now, Matthew!” said I, “let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch,
That suits a summer’s noon.

Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!”

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee:

“Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes!

'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird in the summer trees,
The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there is one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs;
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains,

And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"

At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;
And, ere we came to Leonard's Rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!

And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow!

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought! — Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!

Such as did once the poet bless,
Who, murmuring here a later ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
For him suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that poet's sorrows more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
—The evening darkness gathers round
By virtue's holiest powers attended.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

A SKETCH.

The little hedge-row birds,
That peck along the road, regard him not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression; every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain; but moves
With thought. — He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect, that the young behold
With envy, what the old man hardly feels.

O D E.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose, —
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep, —
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
 Thou, child of joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou, happy
 shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen,
While the earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May-morning;
And the children are pulling,
 On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm: —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 — But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her innate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,

That life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —

Mighty prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immorality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou, little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast : —

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised!

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us — cherish — and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither, —
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower!
We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And oh ye, fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart on hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

AN ESSAY ON COLERIDGE'S LIFE AND POETRY.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, is a native of Bristol and formerly a member of Jesus College, Cambridge. When the late Sir Alexander Ball was appointed governor of Malta, Mr. Coleridge went with him in quality of Secretary. ¹

Mr. Wordsworth may, in some respects, be compared to Jacques, in *As You Like It*; but in regard to reveries, his friend, S. Taylor Coleridge, leaves far behind him Shakspeare's contemplative philosopher, who, however, has the advantage of never having been a ministerial journalist. ²

“From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood;”

says one of the characters in his metaphysical tragedy. It is but just to add, that Coleridge would, perhaps, be the greatest of modern poets, if he were not the most indolent. He is an extraordinary dreamer, and all his poetry seems to be composed in his sleep. *Kubla-Khan*, one of his day dreams, is preceded by a little preface, in which he states, that while engaged in transcribing his poem, he was called away on business, and that, on his return home, he was unable to catch the thread of his narrative; consequently, the story is but half told. He offers no

¹ He has published *The Fall of Robespierre*, hist. dram. 8vo. 1794.—*Conciones ad Populum*, or *Addresses to the People*, 8vo. 1795.—*A Protest against certain Bills, or the Plot discovered*, 12mo. 1795.—*Poems on various subjects*, 8vo. 1796. 2d ed. with the addition of *Poems by Charles Lamb, and Charles Lloyd*, 8vo. 1797.—*The Watchman*, a *Weekly Miscellany*, No. 1-10. 1796.—*A Prospect of Peace*, 1796.—*Ode to the departed Year*, 4to. 1797.—*Fears in Solitude*, written in 1798, during the alarm of an invasion, 4to. 1798.—*The Piccolomini*, or the first part of *Wallenstein*, a drama, from the German of Schiller, 8vo. 1800.—*The Death of Wallenstein*, trag. from the German of Schiller, 8vo. 1800.—*The Friend*, a series of *Essays*, roy. 8vo. 1812.—*Remorse*, a tragedy, 8vo. 1813.—Mr. C. also contributed about four hundred lines at the beginning of his friend Mr. Southey's epic poem *Joan of Arc*.

² Perhaps Coleridge's best verses are those which are dated from the period of his political independence:

“Not yet enslaved, not wholly free,
O Albion!” etc., etc.

Ode on the Year 1796.

better apology for all the unfinished fragments contained in his poetic collections, entitled *Sybiline Leaves*.

Every one of Coleridge's productions has been left incomplete, through mere indolence. It unfortunately happened, that while he attended the German universities, his enthusiastic imagination imbibed the contagion of that philosophic and religious mysticism, which, like a cloud, envelopes the greater portion of his writings, and often renders the brilliant flashes of his genius less vivid than they would otherwise be. This obscurity is particularly remarkable in his prose. Coleridge is said to be the only man who has thoroughly understood Kant and Fichte; but, it is to be regretted, that such an advantage should sometimes have the effect of rendering his own writings unintelligible. Madame de Staël, while she has explained Kant, according to her own ideas, has, at least, written in a way to be understood; but Coleridge seems only to have added the impenetrable veil of his own theories to those of the German philosopher.

Coleridge's reputation long rested on the hopes excited by his youthful genius, or on the exaggerated praises bestowed by his admirers on certain poems, which, it was affirmed, would astonish the world, but which, eventually, proved to be mere abortions. He is now praised, not for what he will do, but for what he might do. He has, however, in his portfolio, a work on which high expectations are founded. This is, his *Lectures on Shakespeare*. Those who have read them, speak with contempt of Schlegel's lectures. Coleridge, it appears, possesses, in an eminent degree, the charm of ex-tempore composition, and even his ordinary conversation displays beautiful effusions of eloquence. He should always have a short-hand writer at his side, to note down his brilliant inspirations. Coleridge had, at one time, a sort of disciple, who, unfortunately, was not a Boswell. Instead of the active admiration of Johnson's biographer, John Chester could only listen to his master and give him verbal assurances of ecstasy.

A remarkable characteristic of Coleridge's poetry, is, that its simplicity and ease are admirably blended with great richness of expression, and with continual harmony and elegance. Even the faulty metre of his verses seems to be calculated. It is music in which the rules of composition are violated, but which is, nevertheless, perfectly appropriate to the sentiment it is intended to express. There is something very fantastic in Coleridge's rhythm, when his subjects are borrowed from the phantasmagoria of his own dreams. His philosophic fragments have not the solemn and somewhat monotonous tone of Wordsworth; they present the energy of Milton, and the beauty of Shakespeare.

The reveries of love are, in Coleridge's verses, described with captivating melancholy and simplicity. Few writers have better understood the delicacy of that passion. Coleridge has represented its most poetic ideality, and even to the emotions of the senses he has given the language of the imagination. It is he who makes a lover say, when speaking of his mistress —

“Her voice, that even in her mirthful mood,
Has made me wish to steal away and weep.”

The little poem of *Genevieve* or *Love* abounds in touches no less charming. It is a sweet picture of the *metaphysics* of first love, and possesses a great deal of that grace which has been so highly admired in Dante's *Qual giorno no leggiamo mai*.

Love was one of Wordsworth's collection of lyrical ballads; but Coleridge subsequently separated his works from those of his friend. According to the plan mutually agreed upon between them, Coleridge was to make choice of imaginary heroes and subjects, without, however, renouncing the advantage of imparting to them a degree of interest and an air of probability, sufficient to obtain from his readers what he terms poetic faith — that is to say, *the voluntary suspension of the critical spirit of incredulous reason*. The *Ancient Mariner* is Coleridge's best ballad. It is a whimsical conception; but we cannot, like the author's friends, pronounce it to be at once *astonishing and original*. It is, they affirm, a poem which must be felt, admired, and meditated upon, but which cannot possibly be described, analyzed, or criticised. We doubt whether it would; in France, be acknowledged to be the most singular of the creations of genius. But to the *lakers* it is not a thing of this material world. They regard the melodious verses of this poem as the melancholy and mysterious murmur of a dream; to them the images have the beauty, grandeur, and incoherence of a vision, in which imposing shadows are mingled with graceful and distinct forms. Every fault is pardoned, the superfluous ornaments, the redundancy of the language, and the vagueness and confusion of the narrative.

The poem opens with the celebration of a wedding. Joyous music is heard, and lights burning at a distance guide the guests to the festival. One of them is stopped by an old man, who seizes him by the hand, and insists on speaking to him; he gets away from him; but the stranger, who is the old mariner, has an *irresistible charm* in his look, and possesses a singular power of fascination. The sailor, without any preamble, relates that he once embarked on board a vessel to sail for the South Sea. The ship steered with a favourable wind as far as the Line,

when suddenly a violent storm arose, and it was driven into the icy regions. A sea bird, the Albatross, is received with joy and hospitality by the ship's crew. The appearance of this bird is regarded as a good augury. It accompanies the vessel, but is killed by the old sailor. The fair weather ceases, and the crew overwhelm the sailor with reproaches; but, on the return of a favourable gale, they justify him, and thus become accomplices in his crime. A calm suddenly arises, and the vessel is impeded in her course. The Albatross is now about to be avenged. The miseries which assail the ship's crew, the feverish thirst which torments them amidst the vast plain of water by which they are surrounded, all are the result of the old sailor's cruelty. An exclamation of joy escapes from them at the sight of an approaching vessel; but they are filled with horror, on discovering that the ship is sailing without the aid of either wind or current. It proves only to be the *skeleton of a vessel*.¹ The crew consists of two phantoms, viz. : *Death*, and another which the narrator terms *Life in Death*. These two phantoms dispute for the possession of the old sailor, and cast dice to determine which shall have the prize. Life in Death is the winner. The old sailor sees his comrades perish in the waves, venting imprecations on him in their dying moments. Amidst the pangs of remorse, and the gloomy reflections of which he is now the victim, a sentiment of charity still lingers in his heart, and is the means of saving him. He ejaculates a prayer, and from that moment he is cheered by returning hope. The Holy Virgin sends to his aid a refreshing slumber and a shower of rain, and he hears strange voices and an extraordinary commotion in the elements.

The vessel moves, the dead bodies, which have been floating on the waves, utter groans, and rise up, but without speaking or moving their eyes. The pilot stations himself at the helm, and the vessel sails on, though not a breath of air is stirring. The sailors are all at their posts, and their limbs are in motion like insensible machines.

However, the Spirit of the Pole claims his revenge, and obtains it. The misery of the sailor again commences; but after expiating his offence by a long series of torments and terrors, he at length reaches his native shore. The angels, who have temporarily re-animated the bodies of the ship's crew, re-assume their forms of light. A hermit receives the sailor on the shore. He unfolds to him his dreadful history, and he is afterwards doomed to wander through the world, and to tell his tale, in order to warn men, by his example, to respect God's creatures.

¹ Sir Walter Scott has introduced this phenomenon of nautical superstition into his poem of *Rokeby*.

Coleridge has lavished a vast store of poetry and imagination on this little production; and he has displayed singular ingenuity in the management of the style. The language of the mariner is sometimes rapid and impetuous, like the tempest by which the vessel is hurled along; and to this succeeds a measured solemnity, indicative of the calm.¹ The interruptions of the auditor, the sprightly music of the nuptial festival, mingling with the accents of remorse and fear, all are calculated to excite superstitious terror and melancholy. This poem, it is said, produces a most impressive effect, when recited by Coleridge himself.

Christabel, which is a composition of the same class, has been too highly extolled by Lord Byron. It is an incomplete effusion.

There is certainly some analogy between the talent of Coleridge and that of the German poet, Burger, the author of *Leonora*. I should almost be inclined to say that the English poet is the more *German* of the two; for even in his pictures of ordinary life, where he has to trace the most natural emotions, his imagination loves to soar beyond the visible world, and gather rich and mysterious colours from the realms of illusion. Coleridge has even applied his phantasmagoria to politics. His pretended eclogue, entitled, *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, was an energetic malediction upon Pitt, in the time of his power. In La Vendée, on a plain ravaged by war, the three personified scourges meet, and express their gratitude to the minister, who supplied them with so many victims. The scene of the three furies in *Manfred* would form an admirable pendant to this.

Coleridge has translated, or rather imitated Schiller's *Wallenstein*; for the German piece receives new beauty from its English dress, while a mere translator usually impoverishes his author. The tragedy of *Zapolya* is imitated from Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, with this difference, that as Coleridge, could not, like his model, venture to pass over an interval of twenty years between one act and another, he has written a second piece, detached from the first, under the title of *Prelude*. This concession to Aristotle is singular enough on the part of so fanciful a writer; but he has strongly expressed his disapproval of dramatic licences, in some critical remarks on Maturin's *Bertram*, and the plays of Kotzebue. Coleridge's tragedies are indeed sometimes mystical, but never so extravagant as his poem of the *Ancient Mariner* would lead one to suppose. *Remorse* is the only one of his dramatic productions which has

¹ "It is a great art in certain fictions to imitate by words the solemn stillness which imagination pictures in the empire of darkness and death."
— *Madame de Staël*.

attained any degree of success on the stage. The character of Ordonio is profoundly conceived; but unfortunately every thing seems to be sacrificed to that one character. Every succeeding scene develops a new trait in this *moral monster*, who is a compound of pride, selfishness, honour, and generosity. Lord Byron has portrayed so many heroes of this stamp, that they have now almost forfeited all claim to originality. The great merit of the tragedy of *Remorse* is the beautiful poetry of its details. The piece is, however, more full of incident and interest than metaphysical tragedies usually are.

The scene is laid in Grenada, during the reign of Philip II., towards the close of the civil wars with the Moors, who are subjected to the utmost rigour of persecution. The inquisitor Monveidro, however, plays only a secondary part. The Marquess de Valdez has two sons, Alvar and Ordonio. The former, who is betrothed to an orphan, named Theresa, his father's ward, sets out on his travels, after receiving the plighted faith of his mistress, together with her portrait, which he is to wear concealed in his bosom as the secret, but solemn, pledge of their future union. Ordonio, who is himself enamoured of Theresa, is an invisible witness of the parting interview of the lovers, and on being informed of his brother's approaching return, he dispatches three Moors to assassinate him. One of these Moors is Isidore, a man devoted to the interests of Ordonio, by whom his life has been saved. Isidore is, however, only prevailed on to become the murderer of Alvar, by being persuaded that he is the enemy of his benefactor. Alvar defends himself courageously, and, finally, comes to an explanation with Isidore, who, discovering him to be the brother of Ordonio, is satisfied with his promise of exiling himself from Grenada, for the space of a year; and he receives from him the portrait of Theresa. Alvar the more readily surrenders the portrait of his mistress, because he is at that moment induced to believe that Theresa has betrayed him, and is favouring the suit of Ordonio. The latter supposing his brother to be no more, offers his hand to Theresa, who long refuses to believe the death of Alvar. Ordonio renders a fresh service to Isidore; in return for which, he requires him to use means to convince Theresa that Alvar is numbered with the dead. To effect this object, he wishes him to assume the character of a magician: this Isidore refuses to do; but he refers Ordonio to a mysterious stranger, who has just arrived in Grenada, and who, he assures him, will readily obey his commands. This is no other than Alvar himself; and Ordonio, in communicating his treacherous instructions, unconsciously reveals to him

the innocence of Theresa. He gives him the precious portrait, which the pretended magician is to produce, after a mysterious invocation addressed to the shade of the deceased; but Alvar exhibits, to the astonished eyes of his brother and his bride, a picture representing his supposed murder. This scene is interrupted by Ordonio's exclamations of rage, and by the entrance of the familiars of the inquisition, who seize Alvar for practising sorcery, and throw him into a dungeon. Ordonio, thinking himself betrayed by Isidore, vows his destruction and that of the stranger. He, however, executes only half his revenge; and Alvar, who has already made himself known to Theresa, confounds the traitor, by consigning him to the torments of remorse, which, as the author says—

“Is as the heart in which it grows :
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dew
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison!”

In the midst of his misery, Ordonio is surprised by a party of Moors, headed by Alhadra. This Alhadra, who is a forcibly drawn character, is the wife of Isidore, whose death she avenges, by plunging a dagger into the heart of Ordonio.

The following passage is taken from the scene in which Alhadra describes her anguish on discovering the murder of Isidore :

..... “I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!
Naomi. Thou call'd'st him !
Alhad. I crept into the cavern —
’Twas dark and very silent. (*Turns wildly.*)
What said'st thou ?
No ! no ! I did not dare to call Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer ! a brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came ! After that pause,
O Heaven ! I heard a groan, and followed it —
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess — and there was *light*,
A hideous light ! his torch lay on the ground ;
Its flame burnt dimly o’er a chasm’s brink !
I spake, and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm ! It was his last ! his death groan !
Naomi. Comfort her Alla !
Alhad. I stood in unimaginable trance,
And agony that cannot be remember’d,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan !
But I had heard his last — my husband’s death-groan !”

A. P.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?”

The bridegroom’s doors are open’d wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three year’s child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“The ship was cheer’d, the harbour clear’d,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon"—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking winds,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wonderous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clift.
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross :
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whilst all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?”—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross!

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,

Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the Mariners' hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:

They all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.

'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow stream'd off free:

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;

And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,

We stuck, nor breath nor motion,

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so :
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choak'd with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.

A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

With throat unslack'd, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throat unslack'd, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres!

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled through his bones;
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of his
mouth,
Half whistles and half groans.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dews did drip —
Till clombe above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogg'd moon
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And curs'd me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly, —
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.” —
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Liv'd on; and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay, like a cloud, on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high:
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gusht from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do :
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner ! ”

Be calm thou, wedding-guest !

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixt her to the ocean;

But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“ Is it he ? ” quoth one, “ Is this the man ?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow. ”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, “ The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do. ”

· PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly, flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light :

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;

My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot, and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The Skiff-boat near'd : I heard them talk,
“ Why this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ”

“ Strange, by my faith ! ” the Hermit said—
“ And they answered not our cheer !
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !

I never saw ought like to them,
Unless perchance it were
The skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along :
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feared—Hush on, push on!
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd,
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;

The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
“ Ha! ha!” quoth he, “ full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!”
The hermit cross'd his brow.
“ Say quick,” quoth he, “ I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;

But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

I.

SPIRIT who sweepst the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchanging eline,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the enter'd eloud foreclos'd my sight,
I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

II.

Hither, from the recent tomb;
From the prison's direr gloom,
From distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where o'er eradled infants bending
Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze.
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye woes! ye young-eyed joys! advance!
By time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep

Raises it's fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er nature struggling in portentous birth,
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread Name, that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm; and woke the brood of hell.
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! they too have heard thy spell,
They too obey thy name, Divinest Liberty!

III.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry —
“ Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay?
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?
Fly, mailed Monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
Th' insatiate hag shall glote with drunken eye!
Manes of th' unnumber'd slain!
Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choak'd the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutt'd hour,
Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffin'd slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled —

(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead,
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate,
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscrib'd with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er th' ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories
shone.

Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired Gods advancing,
The spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng,
Hush'd were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven,
(The mystic words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make;
The fervent spirit bow'd, then spread his wings and spake!
"Thou in stormy blackness throning,
Love and uncreated light,
By the earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, arm of might!
By peace, with proffer'd insult scar'd,
Masked hate and envying scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!

And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared !
 But chief by Afric's wrongs ,
 Strange, horrible, and foul !
 By what deep guilt belongs
 To the deaf Synod, " full of gifts and lies ! "
 By Wealth's insensate laugh ! by Torture's howl !
 Avenger, rise !
 For ever shall the thankless Island scowl ,
 Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow ?
 Speak ! from thy storm-black Heaven O speak aloud !
 And on the darkling foe
 Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud !
 O dart the flash ! O rise and deal the blow !
 The past to thee, to thee the future cries !
 Hark ! how wide Nature joins her groans below !
 Rise, God of Nature ! rise. "

VI.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled ;
 Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.
 And ever, when the dream of night
 Renews the phantom to my sight ,
 Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs ;
 My ears throb hot ; my eye-balls start ;
 My brain with horrid tumult swims ;
 Wild is the tempest of my heart ;
 And my thick and struggling breath
 Imitates the toil of death !
 No stranger agony confounds
 The soldier on the war-field spread ,
 When all foredone with toil and wounds ,
 Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead !
 (The strife is o'er, the day-light fled ,
 And the night-wind clamours hoarse !

See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillow'd on a brother's corse!)

VII.

Not yet enslav'd, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy vallies, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glitt'ring dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his Island-child!
Hence, for many a fearless age,
Has social Quiet lov'd thy shore;
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandon'd of Heaven! mad avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride —
Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood;
And join'd the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee, and with eager wond'ring
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many a dream
Of central fires thro' nether seas upthund'ring
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies
By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
O Albion! thy predestin'd ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Muttering distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX.

Away, my soul, away!

In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing —
And hark! I hear the famish'd brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!

Away, my soul, away!

I unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud lament.
Now I recenter my immortal mind

In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleans'd from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's image, sister of the Seraphim.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE:

WRITTEN IN 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN INVASION.

A green and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever pois'd himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bath'd by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks; at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!

Which all, methinks, would love ; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise !
Here he might lie on fern or wither'd heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,)
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame ;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts ;
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature !
And so his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds !

My God ! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren — O my God !
It is indeed a melancholy thing,
And weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o'er these silent hills —
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset ; fear and rage,
And undetermin'd conflict — even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native isle :
Carnage and groans beneath this blessed sun !
We have offended, Oh ! my countrymen !
We have offended very grievously,
And been most tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven !

The wretched plead against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
Our brethren! like a cloud that travels on,
Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Ev'n so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,
All individual dignity and power
Engulph'd in courts, committees, institutions,
Associations and societies,
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting guild,
One benefit-club for mutual flattery,
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honorable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preach'd,
Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
For all must swear—all and in every place,
College and wharf, council and justice-court;
All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,

That faith doth reel; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet, Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

Thankless too for peace;
(Peace long preserv'd by fleets and perilous seas)
Secure from actual warfare, we have lov'd
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
It's ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows,)
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
Spectators and not combatants! No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation on contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth,
(Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names,
And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning-meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,

Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and deceit,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gor'd without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Pass'd off to Heaven, translated and not kill'd;—
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! therefore, evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen!
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings?

Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! Oh! spare us yet awhile!
Oh! let not English women drag their flight
Fainting beneath the burden of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laugh'd at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gaz'd with fondness on the forms
Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells
Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe,
Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
With deeds of murder; and still promising

Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,
Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart
Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes
And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
Render them back upon the insulted ocean,
And let them toss as idly on its waves
As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
Swept from our shores! and oh! may we return
Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung
So fierce a foe to frenzy!

I have told,
O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-tim'd;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless enmity, expect
All change from change of constituted power;
As if a government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd
Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nurse them. Others, mean-
while,
Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
Who will not fall before their images,

And yield them worship, they are enemies,
Even of their country!

Such have I been deem'd —
But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband, and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all enobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in Nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrow'd from my country. O divine
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!

May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menace of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roar'd and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
In this low dell, bow'd not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:

The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and, lo! recall'd
From bodings that have well nigh wearied me,
I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy Main,
Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quicken'd footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that by Nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is soften'd, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.

A WAR ECLOGUE.

The Scene, a desolated Tract in La Vendee. FAMINE is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter FIRE and SLAUGHTER.

FAMINE.

SISTERS! sisters! who sent you here?

SLAUGHTER (*to Fire.*)

I will whisper it in her ear.

FIRE.

No! no! no!

Spirits hear what spirits tell:

'Twill make an holiday in Hell.

No! no! no!

Myself, I nam'd him once below,

And all the souls, that damned be,

Leapt up at once in anarchy,

Clapp'd their hands and danced for glee.

They no longer heeded me;

But laugh'd to hear Hell's burning rafters

Unwillingly re-echo laughter!

No! no! no!

Spirits hear what spirits tell:

'Twill make an holiday in Hell!

FAMINE.

Whisper it, sister! so and so!

In a dark hint, soft and slow.

SLAUGHTER.

Letters four do form his name—

And who sent you?

Both.

The same! the same!

SLAUGHTER.

He came by stealth, and unlock'd my den,
 And I have drunk the blood since then
 Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

Both.

Who bade you do't?

SLAUGHTER.

The same! the same!

Letters four do form his name:
 He let me loose, and cried, Halloo!
 To him alone the praise is due.

FAMINE.

Thanks, sister, thanks! the men have bled,
 Their wives and their children faint for bread.
 I stood in a swampy field of battle;
 With bones and skulls I made a rattle,
 To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow
 And the homeless dog — but they would not go.
 So off I flew : for how could I bear
 To see them gorge their dainty fare?
 I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
 And through the chink of a cottage-wall —
 Can you guess what I saw there?

Both.

Whisper it, sister! in our ear.

FAMINE.

A baby beat its dying mother :
 I had starv'd the one and was starving the other!

Both.

Who bade you do't?

FAMINE.

The same! the same!

Letters four do form his name.
 He let me loose, and cried, Halloo!
 To him alone the praise is due.

FIRE.

Sisters! I from Ireland came!
 Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,
 I triumph'd o'er the setting Sun!
 And all the while the work was done,
 On as I strode with my huge strides,
 I flung back my head and I held my sides,
 It was so rare a piece of fun
 To see the swelter'd cattle run
 With uncouth gallop through the night,
 Scared by the red and noisy light!
 By the light of his own blazing cot
 Was many a naked rebel shot:
 The house-stream met the flame and hiss'd,
 While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,
 On some of those old bed-ridden nurses,
 That deal in discontent and curses.

Both.

Who bade you do't?

FIRE.

The same! the same!

Letters four do form his name.
 He let me loose, and cried, Halloo!
 To him alone the praise is due.

All.

He let us loose, and cried, Halloo!
 How shall we yield him honour due?

FAMINE.

Wisdom comes with lack of food.
 I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,
 Till the cup of rage o'erbrim:

They shall seize him and his brood —

SLAUGHTER.

They shall tear him limb from limb!

FIRE.

O thankless beldames and untrue!

And is this all that you can do

For him, who did so much for you?

Ninety months he, by my troth!

Hath richly cater'd for you both;

And in an hour would you repay

An eight years' work? — Away! away!

I alone am faithful! I

Cling to him everlastingly.

L O V E.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,

Whatever stirs this mortal frame,

Are all but ministers of Love,

And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I

Live o'er again that happy hour,

When midway on the mount I lay,

Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,

Had blended with the lights of eve;

And she was there, my hope, my joy,

My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,

The statue of the armed knight;

She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pin'd; and ha!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That craz'd that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And sav'd from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and claspt his knees;
And how she tended him in vain —
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words — but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,

And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin-shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd — she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept —
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin-pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

AN ESSAY ON BOWLES'S POETRY AND SONNETS.

THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, M. A. of Donhead, near Shaftesbury, rector of Dumbleton, Gloucestershire, was educated at Winchester under Dr. Joseph Warton, and afterwards became a member and subsequently a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.*

Mr. Bowles has long been a candidate for literary fame, and one of the most deservedly popular of English minor poets. There is a certain melancholy sweetness in his style peculiar to himself, and although we have heard it objected to his earlier productions, that they dwell too long and too frequently upon the subject of his own private griefs, yet this is done in a manner so little offensive, that our sympathy towards the man begets our indulgence to the poet.

But although he has already given three volumes of miscellaneous poetry to the public, Mr. Bowles has chiefly been celebrated as a writer of sonnets, a species of poem which we are by no means disposed to place so high in the scale of merit, as its popularity appears to warrant. The dilation of a single idea into fourteen lines accords but ill with the energy of the English Language : and it has ever appeared to us, that nothing but the soft melody of the Italian, or the majesty of the Spanish, could reconcile the ear to the monotony of metre, and the perpetual recurrence of the same rhyme necessary to the legitimate sonnet. We are aware, however, that this species of poem is highly esteemed in other countries, particularly in France, where the

* Fourteen Sonnets, 4to. 1789. — Verses to John Howard, on his State of the Prisons and Lazarettos, 4to. 1789. — The Grave of Howard, a poem, 4to. 1790. — Verses on the Institution of the Philanthropic Society, 4to. 1790. — Monody written at Matlock, 4to. 1791. — Elegiac Stanzas written during sickness at Bath, 4to. 1796. — Hope, an Allegorical Sketch, on recovering slowly from sickness, 4to. 1796. — Coombe Ellen, a poem, 4to. 1798. — St. Michael's Mount, a poem, 4to. 1798. — Poems, 4 v. sm. 8vo. 1798-1809. — The Battle of the Nile, a poem, 4to. 1799. — The Sorrows of Switzerland, a poem, 4to. 1801. — The Picture, Verses suggested by a Magnificent Landscape of Rubens, 8vo. 1803. — The Spirit of Discovery, a poem, 8vo. 1805. — The Works of Alexander Pope, in Verse and Prose, 10 v. 8vo. 1807. — The Missionary, 8vo. 1809.

authority of Boileau may be cited by the advocates of the sonnet, both in support of its merit, and of the extreme difficulty of its composition. But the best of the modern French writers have ventured to dissent from this opinion; and Laharpe has not hesitated to affirm, that the decision of this great critic is more to be attributed to a servile compliance with the fashion of the times, than to his own candid and unbiassed judgment.

It is only within these few years that the sonnet has become so favourite a production with the English poets. Formerly (we speak not of the times of Elizabeth and James) few attempted it, and still fewer succeeded. But the present race of poetasters has made ample amends for this blank in our literature. Attracted by its brevity and supposed facility, and probably not a little dazzled by the meretricious ornament of which it has been found to be susceptible, every rhyming school-boy and love-sick girl now give their crude effusion to the public under the denomination of sonnets. The press teems with volumes of this description.

We by no means wish to insinuate, that this species of poem is totally devoid of merit. The writings of Mr. Bowles alone would be sufficient to convince us of the contrary. Indeed we are of opinion, that his merits as a poet (and merits he certainly has) will be found to rest chiefly upon his success in compositions of this nature. His sonnets are superior to any we have read; and if they never obtain for him the character of a first-rate poet, they will at least secure to him the reputation of a pleasing and not inelegant writer. G.....d.

The Lake school or Coleridge at least, speaks of Mr. Bowles as intitled to a higher rank among the living poets of England; we find in Coleridge's *Biographia litteraria* the following statement of his early remembrance of Bowles's sonnets :

« I had just entered on my seventeenth year, when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me, by a school-fellow who had quitted us for the university, and who, during the whole time that he was in our first form (or in our school language a *GRECIAN*) had been my patron and protector. It was a double pleasure to me, and still remains a tender recollection, that I should have received from a friend so revered the first knowledge of a poet, by whose works, year after year, I was so enthusiastically delighted and inspired. My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined

eagerness and impetuous zeal, with which I laboured to make proselytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and an half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard. And with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author. »

(*Biog. litter.*)

Mr. Bowles is perhaps better known to the rising generation as a critic than a poet, by the *Pope controversy*, in which were engaged, Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, Jeffry, Hazzlit. Much was said on both sides about art and nature, manners and passions, fancy and imagination. And Mr. Bowles must be quoted with honour in the next edition of Mr. Israel's « quarrels of authors. »

In 1822 he published his poem : *The grave of the last Saxon*, an interesting poetical composition, but of a rather diffuse style, a better poem after all than the *Missionary*, by the same author.

C. N.

SONNETS ON MILTON.

IN YOUTH.

MILTON, our noblest poet, in the grace
Of youth, in those fair eyes and clustering hair,
That brow, untouched by one faint line of care;
To mar its openness, we seem to trace
The front of the first lord of human race,
'Mid thy own Paradise pourtrayed so fair,
Ere sin or sorrow scathed it : — such the air
Which characters thy youth. Shall Time efface
These lineaments, as crowding care assail?
It is the lot of fall'n humanity.
What boots it? Armed in adamant mail
Th' unconquerable mind, and genius high,
Right onward hold their way through weal or woe,
Or whether life's brief lot be high or low.

IN AGE.

And, “ art thou he ” now “ fall'n on evil days,”
And changed indeed? yet what does this sunk cheek,
These thinner locks, and that calm forehead, speak?
A spirit reckless of man's blame or praise, —
A spirit — when thine eyes to the noon's blaze
Their dark orbs roll in vain — in sufferance meek,
As in the sight of God, intent to seek,
'Mid solitude, or age, or through the ways
Of hard adversity, th' approving look
Of its Great master; while the conscious pride,

Of wisdom, patient, and content to brook
 All ills, to that sole master's task applied, —
 Still show, before high Heaven, th' unaltered mind,
 Milton, though thou art poor, and old, and blind.

ON THE SLEEPING CHILDREN,

A GROUP BY CHANTREY.

Look at those sleeping-children! — Softly tread,
 Lest thou do mar their dream, and come not nigh
 Till their fond mother, with a kiss, shall cry
 “ ’Tis morn, awake! awake!” Ah! they are dead! —
 Yet folded in each others arms they lie —
 So still — oh look! — so still and smilingly
 So breathing and so beautiful they seem,
 As if to die in youth were but to dream
 Of spring and flowers! — of flowers! — Yet nearer stand —
 There is a lily in one little hand
 Broken, but not faded yet,
 As if its cup with tears was wet.
 So sleeps that child, not faded, though in death, —
 And seeming still to hear her sister's breath,
 As when she first did lay her head to rest
 Gently on that sister's breast,
 And kissed her ere she fell asleep!
 The archangel's trump alone shall wake that slumber deep.
 “ Take up those flowers that fell
 From the dead hand, and sigh a long farewell!
 Your spirits rest in bliss!
 Yet ere with parting prayers we say

Farewell for ever! to th' insensate clay,
Poor maid, those pale lips we will kiss!"
Ah! 'tis cold marble — Artist, who hast wrought
This work of nature, feeling, and of thought, —
Thine Chantrey, be the fame,
That joins to immortality thy name.
— For these sweet children that so sculptured rest —
A sister's head upon a sister's breast —
Age after age shall pass away,
Nor shall their beauty fade, their forms decay.
For here is no corruption — the cold worm
Can never prey upon that beauteous form :
This smile of death that fades not, shall engage
The deep affections of each distant age!
Mothers, till ruin the round world hath rent,
Shall gaze with tears upon the monument :
And fathers sigh, with half-suspended breath,
" How sweetly sleep the innocent in death! "

SONNETS.

BEREAVE me not of these delightful dreams
Which charm'd my youth ; or mid her gay career
Of hope, or when the faintly-paining tear
Sat sad on memory's cheek ! though loftier themes
Await the awaken'd mind, to the high prize
Of wisdom hardly earn'd with toil and pain,
Aspiring patient ; yet on life's wide plain
Cast friendless, where unheard some suff'rer cries
Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,
'Twere not a crime, should we awhile delay

Amid the sunny field; and happier they,
Who, as they wander, woo the charm of song
To cheer their path, till they forget to weep;
And the tired sense is hush'd and sinks to sleep.

Languid and sad, and slow, from day to day
I journey on, yet pensive turn to view,
Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue,
The streams and vales and hills that steal away.
So fares it with the children of the earth.

For when life's goodly prospect opens round,
Their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground
Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.
But them vain hope and easy youth beguiles;
And soon a longing look like me they cast
Back o'er the pleasing prospect of the past.
Yet fancy points, where still far onward smiles
Some sunny spot, and her fair colouring blends,
Till cheerless on their path the night descends.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
Pleas'd I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shores; and now the beam
Of evening smiles on the grey battlement,
And yon forsaken tow'r that time has rent:
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touch'd, and the hush'd billows seem to sleep.
Sooth'd by the scene e'en thus on sorrow's breast
A kindred stillness steals, and bids her rest;
Whilst sad airs stilly sigh along the deep,

Like melodies that mourn upon the lyre,
Waked by the breeze, and as they mourn, expire.

TO BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE, holy tow'rs, that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though hurrying silent by, relentless time
Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind's sweep.
For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity has fix'd her chosen seat,
Oft listening tearful, when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the grave.

TO THE RIVER WENSBECK.

As lowly wanders thy sequester'd stream,
Wensbeck! the mossy scatter'd rocks among,
In fancy's ear still making plaintive song
To the dark woods above, that waving seem
To bend o'er some enchanted spot, remov'd
From life's vain scenes; I listen to the wind,
And think I hear meek sorrow's plaint, reclin'd
O'er the forsaken tomb of one she lov'd.
Fair scenes, ye lend a pleasure long unknown
To him who passes weary on his way.
The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay,
Shall thank you: and whene'er of pleasures flown
His heart some long lost image would renew,
Delightful haunts! he will remember you.

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O Tweed! a stranger that with wandering feet
O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile
(If so his weary thoughts he may beguile)
Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
The waving branches that romantic bend
O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow.
The murmurs of thy wandering wave below
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend,
Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,
When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more;
Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
To muse upon thy banks at even tide.

Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest touch the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and farthest hill
And wood — I think of those that have no friend:
Who now perhaps by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts,
Unseen, and mark the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely; oft to musing Fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.
Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

Clydsdale, as thy romantic vales I leave,
And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
Where musing Fancy seems to linger still,
Tracing the broad bright landscape; much I grieve
That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
I may return your varied views to mark
Of rocks amid the sunshine tow'ring dark;
Of rivers winding wild, and mountains hoar,
Or castle gleaming on the distant steep!
Yet still your brightest images shall smile
To charm the lingering stranger, and beguile
His sway; whilst I the poor remembrance keep
Like those, that muse on some sweet vision flown,
To cheer me wandering on my way alone.

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN.

Itchin, when I behold thy banks again,
Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast
On which the self-same tints still seem to rest;
Why feels my heart the shivering sense of pain?
Is it, that many a summer's day has past
Since in life's morn I carol'd on thy side?
Is it, that oft since then my heart has sigh'd,
As youth's and hope's delusive gleams flew fast?
Is it, that those who circled on thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend
Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
From whom in happier hours we wept to part.

DOVER CLIFFS.

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet

Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And while the distant murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he lov'd most dear;
Of social scenes from which he wept to part.
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall;
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
The world his country, and his God his guide.

LANDING AT OSTEND.

The orient beam illumines the parting oar,
From yonder azure track emerging white,
The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore.
Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies.
Yet, mid the beauties of the morn unmov'd,
Like one, for ever torn from all he lov'd,
Towards Albion's heights I turn my longing eyes,
Where ev'ry pleasure seem'd ere while to dwell:
Yet boots it not to think or to complain,
Musing sad ditties to the reckless main.
To dreams like these adieu! the pealing bell
Speaks of the hour that stays not, and the day
To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

ON THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
(Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)
Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow

In murmurs parted; varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open and the rocks retire;
Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire
Mid the bright landscape's tract, unfolding slow.
Here dark with furrow'd aspect, like despair,
Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide,
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days; and those delightful years,
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First wak'd my wondering childhood into tears,
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy, once heard and heard no more.

If chance some pensive stranger hither led,
His bosom glowing from romantic views,
The gorgeous palace or proud landscape's hues,
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed?
'Tis poor Matilda!—to the cloister'd scene

A mourner beauteous, and unknown she came
To shed her secret tears, and quench the flame
Of hopeless love! yet was her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle.

Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend,
Like that which spake of a departed friend :
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!
Ah, be the spot by passing pity blest,
Were husht to long repose the wretched rest.

TO TIME.

O Time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay,
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away :
On thee I rest my only hopes at last;
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile.
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient show'r,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.
But ah! what ills must that poor heart endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone a cure.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

Ah, from my eyes the tears unbidden start,
Albion! as now thy cliffs (that white appear
Far o'er the wave, and their proud summits rear
To meet the beams of morn) my beating heart
With eager hope and filial transport hails!
Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring

Joyous awoke amid your blooming vales,
And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain :
Fled are those hours and all the joys they gave :
Yet still I sigh, and count each rising wave
That bears me nearer to your haunts again;
If haply, mid those woods and vales so fair,
Stranger to peace, I yet may meet her there.

NETLEY ABBEY.

Fallen pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate,
But when the weak winds wafted from the main,
Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come mourning to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and on those
Who once like thee majestic and sublime
Have stood; till bow'd beneath the hand of time,
Or hard mishap, at their sad evening's close,
Their bold and beauteous port has sunk forlorn !
Yet, wearing still a charm, that age and cares
Could ne'er subdue, decking the silver hairs
Of sorrow, as with short-liv'd gleam the morn
Illumines, whilst it weeps, the refted tower
That lifts its forehead grey, and smiles amidst the shower.

O Harmony ! thou tenderest nurse of pain,
If that thy note's sweet magic e'er can heal
Griefs, which the patient spirit oft may feel,
Oh, let me listen to thy songs again;
Till memory her fairest tints shall bring,
Hope wake with brighter eye, and listening seem
With smiles to think on some delightful dream,
That wav'd o'er the charm'd sense with gladsome wing.
For when thou ledest all thy soothing strains

More smooth along, the silent passions meet
In one suspended transport, sad and sweet;
And nought but sorrow's softest touch remains,
That, when the transitory charm is o'er,
Just wakes a tear, and then is felt no more.

TO THE RIVER CHERWELL.

Cherwell, how pleas'd along thy willow'd edge
Erewhile I stray'd, or when the morn began
To tinge the distant turret's gloomy fan,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the sighing sedge!
And now repos'd on thy lorn banks, once more
I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
Whose music on thy melancholy way
I woo'd, amid thy waving willows hoar;
Seeking awhile to rest, till the bright sun
Of joy returns, as when heaven's beauteous bow
Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below :
Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
Till eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF JAMES
MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY is by birth a Scotchman, and was born on the 4th of November, 1771, at Irvine, a small sea-port town in Ayrshire, Scotland. He was the eldest son of a Moravian minister, by whom he was removed to Gracehill, in the county of Antrim, Ireland, in the year 1776; and afterwards placed at the early age of six years in the seminary of the united Moravian brethren, at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. It may be almost said, that at this early period of Mr. Montgomery's life he was for ever separated from his parents, since, previous to their departure as missionaries for the West Indies, where his mother died in 1789, and his father in 1790, he resided with them but for three months in the year 1784.

How happy the parents of Mr. Montgomery had been in placing their son, circumstanced as they were, under the guidance and tuition of the pious and learned Moravian brethren, can now be easily perceived from the result it has produced. For, notwithstanding that every reader of Mr. Montgomery's works may trace in them the effects of a mind naturally virtuous and religious, we cannot withhold from believing that he is in a great measure indebted to the education he has received for his well-earned fame as a moral poet. He began to write sacred poetry when he was no older than ten years, and report even goes so far as to say, that he had composed at this tender age, two volumes of such poetry. On finishing his studies in the seminary of the Moravian brethren, which occupied ten years, he was placed by his friends as an apprentice with a very worthy man of his own persuasion, who kept a retail shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield. This was a calling in no manner calculated to suit the genius of Montgomery; and not being under the articles of apprenticeship, he left his master at the end of a year and a half, with only three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, but big with the expectation of reaching London, which now his youthful imagination pourtrayed as the patron city of learning and talent.

His humble means, however, did not allow him to proceed as far as he expected, and he found himself constrained on the fifth day, to enter into an employment at Wath, near Rotherham, which was not dissimilar to that he had left behind him at Mirfield. Previous to his departure from this latter place, he had left a letter with his employer, in which, besides testifying his uneasiness of mind, he promised to be heard from again in a few days. He now fulfilled his promise, and requested at the same time a character to recommend him to the trust of his new master. His upright conduct and virtuous habits not only gained him this from his late employer and the rest of the Moravian brethren, but also the promise of an establishment more congenial to his wishes, if he would return. This, however, he declined, candidly confessing the cause of his melancholy, but concealing the ambitious motives which prompted him to withdraw from their benevolent protection. It was his present master, with whom he remained only twelve months, that many years afterwards, in the most calamitous period of Montgomery's life, sought him out amidst his misfortunes, not for the purpose of offering consolation only, but to serve him substantially by every means in his power. The interview which took place between the old man and his former servant, the evening previous to his trial at Doncaster, will ever live in the memory of him who can forget an injury but not a kindness. No father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son; the tears he shed were honourable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery.

On leaving Wath, he found means to introduce himself to Mr. Harrison, a bookseller, in London, in consequence of having sent him, previous to his departure, a volume of manuscript poems. This gentleman gave Mr. Montgomery employment in his shop, but not undertaking the publication of his poems, he recommended the poet to the study of prose, as likely to be more profitable than poetry. Mr. Montgomery began now to perceive that London was not so much the land of promotion as he fancied it to be; and having had at the end of eight months a misunderstanding with Mr. Harrison, which was accompanied with the misfortune of not being able to dispose of an eastern tale in prose, he returned to his former employment in Yorkshire.

He removed in 1792 to Sheffield, and engaged himself with M. Gales, the publisher of a very popular newspaper, at that time known by the title of the Sheffield Register. Mr. Montgomery became a useful correspondent to this paper, and gained

so far the good opinion and affection of Mr. Gales and his family, that they vied with each other in demonstrating their respect and regard for him. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England to avoid a political prosecution, Montgomery, with the assistance of a literary gentleman, with whom he had not been even personally acquainted, became the publisher of the Register, which title he changed for that of the Iris. He was not, however, long in his new profession before he fell twice into the hands of Justice, and underwent each time the penalty of fine and imprisonment. His first crime was to have printed a song, composed by an Irish clergyman, at the entreaty of a man whom he had never seen before. He was tried for this at the Quarter Sessions of 1795, and found *guilty of publishing*; but this verdict being tantamount to an acquittal, it was refused by the court, and the jury were sent to reconsider for another hour, when they gave in a general verdict of *guilty*. The sentence, which was delivered by M. A. Taylor, Esq. was a fine of twenty pounds and three months imprisonment in York Castle. Our readers may think that we are forgetting ourselves in this part of Mr. Montgomery's biography, and are leading them back to some remote and barbarous age; but such a trial did take place at no earlier a period than thirty years ago. During his confinement, an active friend superintended his business, and on resuming his editorial duties he commenced a series of essays, entitled *the Whisperer*, which, notwithstanding that they were written in haste for his *paper*, contained a very considerable share of genuine humour.

Though he was very anxious not to leave it in the power of the law to find him guilty of an offence a second time, it was not however long after undergoing his first penalty, that he had to experience the severity of another. He gave in his paper, as he thought, in a correct manner, the particulars of a riot that took place in the streets of Sheffield, and in which two men were shot by the military. His statement of the circumstances, however, gave offence to a magistrate in the neighbourhood, who preferred a bill of indictment against Mr. Montgomery; and notwithstanding that the latter had a great many witnesses who verified his account of the transaction in the Iris, he was found guilty at Doncaster Sessions, in January, 1796, and sentenced to pay a fine of thirty pounds, and suffer another imprisonment in York Castle, for the space of six months.

He found his constitution greatly impaired in consequence of these two imprisonments, and immediately after his last liberation, he repaired to Searborough for the benefit of his health. It may be said that this was the first time for him to behold the

sea as a poet, and the delight which the sight of it afforded his mind was not greater than the health restored to his body. His visits thither were consequently repeated, and it was one of these which gave birth to his poem on the Ocean, written in the summer of 1805. In 1797 he published his Prison "Amusements," and in 1806, produced the volume containing the "Wanderer of Switzerland." His time was now chiefly occupied in editing his paper, and no work of considerable magnitude appeared from his pen until the year 1809, when his *West Indies* was published in quarto, with superb embellishments. Three years after the appearance of this last mentioned poem, he produced "The world before the Flood," which is to stamp his fame for ever as a superior poet.

It has been frequently, and perhaps justly, observed, that the delight which beautiful poetry affords, is obtained too often to the prejudice of moral feelings and precepts, which are better calculated to ennoble the human mind. But had we not Milton, Fenelon, Klopstock, and even the divine writers themselves, to show the fallacy of this bold accusation, brought against the most powerful language and effort of man, the poems of Montgomery alone would form a compilation of proofs so able and so manifest in themselves, as to be fully sufficient for composing a refutation at once unanswerable and undoubted. Every line of his poetry invites to a love of virtue and all that is amiable in our nature; while it fills the soul at the same time with the sweet luxury of pure, yet delightful enjoyment, and creates within us an admiration and esteem for that art under which so many great and happy powers have been put forth.

These few prefatory remarks may be sufficient to show the outline of Mr. Montgomery's character as a moral poet, and also to prove that poetry is neither useless nor vicious when in able and proper hands; we shall now place before our readers a more extensive and minute representation of his powers, from venturing on a critique of his two principal poems, — The "Wanderer of Switzerland," and "The World before the Flood."

The former of these two beautiful productions has been the basis of Mr. Montgomery's present popularity, but it is, however, inferior to the latter, in every qualification that can exalt a poetical composition in the opinion of the man of letters and refined taste.

The story of the "Wanderer of Switzerland" is simply thus: A native of Switzerland and his family, consisting of his wife, his widowed daughter and her young children, emigrating from

their country in consequence of its subjugation by the French, in 1798, arrive at the cottage of a shepherd, beyond the frontiers, where, while they are hospitably entertained, the Wanderer, at the desire of his host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his country during the invasion and conquest of it by the French. An account of his own misfortunes is told in connection with this, and he concludes by saying, that, after the example of many of his countrymen, flying from the tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote part of America.

The poem is divided into six parts. The FIRST PART is merely introductory to the sad story of the Wanderer and his country, which begins in the second; it cannot therefore be supposed to interest us as those that follow, in which we have a pathetic relation, not only of the misfortunes of the Wanderer and his distressed family, but of an entire country brought under the subjection of a cruel and haughty people. The FIRST PART, however, contains some beautiful stanzas; among these the two following are conspicuous.

The Wanderer is addressing his fallen country :

“ O'er thy mountains sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurled;
Like the waters of the flood
Rolling round a buried world. ”

The shepherd alludes to the close of evening :

“ On the western hills afar
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favourite star
Brightening on the brow of night. ”

The stanzas on the avalanches or glaciers, are as sublime as the measure in which the poem is written will admit :

“ By an hundred winters piled,
When the Glaciers, dark with death,
Hang o'er precipices wild,
Hang — suspended by a breath :

If a pulse but throb alarm,
Headlong down the steep they fall;
— For a pulse will break the charm, —
Bounding, bursting, burying all.

Struck with horror stiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that hear it coming, die. ”

The SECOND PART contains little more than an account of the preparations made by the Wanderer's countrymen to oppose the

invaders. At the conclusion of a spirited description of the birth place of his sires, he has the following beautiful and picturesque stanza : —

“ There, my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seemed at rest;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast. ”

The scenery about the camp of the invaded is portrayed in a very sublime and happy manner :

“ Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainst Eternity to stand,
Mountains terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim behind, the Valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view;
Fair in front the gleaming lake
Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
STANTZ, with simple grandeur crown'd,
Seem'd the mother of the vale,
With her children scatter'd round. ”

The image in the last stanza is well conceived, but is yet inferior to the following, which shows the situation of Stantz after its subjugation.

“ Midst the ruins of the dale
Now she bows her hoary head,
Like the widow of the vale
Weeping o'er her children dead. ”

The THIRD PART contains a description of the battle and massacre of Underwalden, and is, perhaps, the most animated of the whole poem. We can only admit these few pathetic stanzas : —

“ Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,
Children raised their little arms
In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a youth and maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, death !

Cold and keen the assassin's blade
Smote the father to the ground,
Through the infant's breast convey'd
To the mother's heart a wound. ”

The FOURTH PART is more pathetic than any of the rest; in it the Wanderer relates the circumstances attending the death of

Albert, his son-in-law; and as his daughter, the widow of Albert, is present, the most tender emotions are excited in consequence of her trouble on hearing the recital of those events connected with the early fate of her beloved husband.

The following beautiful simile is also in this part :

“ So when night with rising shade
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till in hoary gloom array'd
All the giant-mountains sleep —

High in heaven their monarch stands,
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining unto distant lands
Like a new-created star.”

In the FIFTH PART the Wanderer relates his adventures after the battle of Underwalden; the best stanzas in it are those descriptive of the scene after the battle : —

“ Many a widow fixed her eye,
Weeping, where her husband bled,
Heedless, though her babe was by
Prattling to his father dead.

Many a mother, in despair
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long'd to seek in vain!

Dark the evening-shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death;
And the evening-dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.”

In the SIXTH PART the Wanderer tells his intention of settling with his people in America : it contains more true patriotism than all the rest of the poem put together. As our short space will admit but one extract, we prefer the following to any other, because it places before the reader a happy outline of this part of the poem.

“ Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man;

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where nature worships God
In the wilderness alone;

— Thither, thither would I roam;
 There my children may be free:
 I for them will find a home,
 They shall find a grave for me."

The characters of the "Wanderer of Switzerland" are familiar and welcome to every human breast: the aged father and mother, affectionate son-in-law, and widowed disconsolate daughter, with her poor helpless children, are what we see every day in real life, and need only possess the common sense and nature bestowed on man, to share in the delights and pain of every thing connected with their fate. But there are, however, some visible defects in this poem. The circumstances attending the fate of the Wanderer's countrymen, and the death of Albert, which excite the greatest interest throughout, are known about the conclusion of the fourth part, which ought, if possible, to have been deferred to the sixth, the end of the poem. If this had been done, the mind of the reader would have been filled with the same share of excitement and eager anticipation during the perusal of the whole, in consequence of the main incidents being still expected, as it had been while it passed over the four first parts. There is besides this what we consider a defect in the versification, which in some places borders on what critics call sing-song. We cannot trace this defect, however, in any of the other poems of Mr. Montgomery, which show the masterly hand of a superior poet in every line; but what we allude to is not an unusual mark of a juvenile poet, and mostly arises from the latter lines of a stanza being little more than an echo of those which precede them; or by an unnecessary repetition of the line last repeated.

It is happy for that critic, who has so much good sense and taste left, that the blemishes of a work are incapable of prejudicing him so far against the author, as to cause him to pass over its beauties with silent contempt. The Edinburgh Reviewers were not so far fortunate in their criticism on the "Wanderer of Switzerland." A short time after its first appearance they did whatever lay in their power to crush it altogether, and discourage the author from ever writing again. But this was not, however, until it had gone through three editions; for they said they took compassion upon Mr. Montgomery, on his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea and the praises of sentimental ensigns and other provincial literati, and tempted in that situation to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment. A third edition, however,

they thought too alarming to be passed over in silence; and though they were *perfectly assured* that, in less than *three years*, nobody would know the name of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," or any of the other poems that accompanied it, still they thought themselves called on to interfere, and prevent as far as lay in their power the mischief that might arise from the intermediate prevalence of so distressing an epidemic. But all their combined efforts to annihilate the poor Wanderer were unavailing; every day saw it gain more and more prevalence in public favour, till fresh productions from the able pen of Mr. Montgomery, proved beyond every doubt that the bold assertions of the *great journal* respecting his character as a poet, were as malicious and as ill founded, as its predictions regarding the duration of his poem.

The "World Before The Flood," is by far Mr. Montgomery's best poem. It is divided into ten Cantos, written in the heroic couplet, and has for the foundation of its story, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain. The principal characters on the side of the invaded, are Enoch, Javan, and Zillah. Javan, having been ambitious of acquiring fame, forsook his native fields in the ardour of youth, and having joined the bands of the idolatrous king, continued with them during many of their conquests, till the latter coming to invade Eden, the young adventurer feels himself prevailed upon by the influence of an early attachment he had for Zillah, to retreat in the night time from the camp of the descendants of Cain, and seek once more his native glen. The passage descriptive of this retreat of Javan, is undoubtedly the best in the first canto; with the exception of those lines which pourtray his character in such a clear and powerful manner. We are sorry our limits will not allow us to give them entire.

"Quick his eye and changeable its ray,
As the sun glancing through a vernal day;
And like the lake, by storm or moonlight seen,
With darkening furrows or cerulean mien,
His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
The calm or trouble of his soul express'd.
As years enlarged his form, in moody hours,
His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers;
Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears;
The fulness of his heart repress'd his tongue,
Though none might rival Javan, when he sung.
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind;
But from the north, when snow and tempest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame;

With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
 Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods..
 Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view
 The world, which yet by fame alone he knew."

The second Canto is all Elysium. Javan arrives at the place where he had formerly parted with Zillah, when he withdrew from the Patriarch's glen, and there again discovers her in a bower asleep. As he believes it improper to stand beholding her in this situation, he conceals himself in the thicket, and plays on his flute, whilst his fair one's slumbers are visited by the most delightful and ominous dreams respecting her supposed absent lover. She awakes at length — Javan does not make himself known, and female pride in her forbidding her to acknowledge him, they separate after a short interview; she to tend her father's flock, and he to find the dwelling of Enoch. We refrain quoting from any of the parts immediately connected with the interview of the two lovers, that we may afford ourselves space to make one or two extracts from this Canto, which will place Mr. Montgomery in a superior point of view as a descriptive poet. The following is the description given of the forest through which Javan had passed, previous to his interview with Zillah :

" Steep the descent, and wearisome the way;
 The twisted boughs forbade the light of day;
 No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry gloom,
 The arching forest seem'd one pillar'd tomb.
 There, as the massy foliage, far aloof
 Display'd a dark impenetrable roof,
 So, guard'd and rigid, claspt and interwound,
 An uncouth maze of roots emboss'd the ground :
 Midway beneath, the sylvan wild assumed
 A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd;
 Openings of sky, and little plots of green,
 And showers of sun-beams through the eaves were seen.'

What follows is a description of the place where Javan parted with Zillah, when he left the Patriarch's glen; it is, perhaps, more beautiful than the above, but the latter is more creditable to the author, in consequence of its being a more faithful copy after nature.

" Sweet was the scene ! apart the cedars stood,
 A sunny inlet open'd in the wood;
 With vernal tints the wild-briar thicket glows,
 For here the desert flourish'd as the rose;
 From sapling trees, with lucid foliage crown'd,
 Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground,
 Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run
 To hang their silver blossoms in the sun;

Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
 Where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe;
 O'er all the bees, with murmuring music, flew
 From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew;
 While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
 Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams;
 So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
 It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
 And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
 To morning songs, or moonlight serenades."

In the third Canto, Javan makes a most beautiful and pathetic soliloquy on Zillah's desertion of him; after which he reaches the ruins of his native cottage, and thence proceeds to Enoch's dwelling, where he is kindly received by the venerable Patriarch. The description of the ruined cottage and the Patriarch's glen, both of which are to be found in this Canto, add great weight to the specimens which we have already given of Mr. Montgomery's descriptive powers: as they are not long, we can find a place for both here —

..... he gazed around,
 In wistful silence, eyed those walls decay'd,
 Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd;
 The moss-clad timbers, loose and lapsed awry,
 Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie;
 The fractured roof, through which the sunbeams shone,
 With rank unflowering verdure overgrown;
 The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
 And reptile traces on the damp green floor."

The author has been very happy in his choice of the last line. The Patriarch's glen would be an ornament to the canvas, were it drawn with as much beauty, and as faithfully, as it is described by the poet.

"Deep was that valley, girt with rock and wood;
 In rural groups the scatter'd hamlet stood;
 Tents, harbours, cottages, adorn'd the scene,
 Gardens and fields, and shepherds' walks between;
 Through all, a streamlet, from its mountain-source,
 Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course."

In the fourth Canto, Enoch relates to Javan the circumstances attending the death of Adam; no part of the poem affords so many elegant specimens of true feeling as this. We give that passage which places before the reader in such a powerful and pathetic manner, the grief and anxious solicitude of Eve for Adam, when she finds him unexpectedly in his dying hour —

"She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,
 Forward, and cast herself upon the ground

At Adam's feet; half-rising in despair,
 Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear;
 Repell'd by gentle violence, she press'd
 His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,
 And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears,
 Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.
 Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
 They open'd on her in a transient flame;
 — 'And art thou here, my Life! my Love!' he cried,
 'Faithful in death to this congenial side?
 Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
 One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.'
 — 'Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below;
 With thee I tarry, or with thee I go.'
 She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,
 Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
 Alarming recollection soon return'd,
 His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd:
 Ah! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
 With fond solicitude of love she sought
 To sooth his limbs upon their grassy bed,
 And make the pillow easy to his head;
 She wiped his reeking temples with her hair;
 She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air;
 Moistened his lips with kisses; with her breath
 Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death,
 That ran and revell'd through his swollen veins
 With quicker pulses, and severer pains."

In the fifth Canto, Enoch leads Javan to the burying-place of the Patriarchs, it being the anniversary of the fall of Adam, to whom it was the custom on such days to offer sacrifice. The prophecy of Enoch is also in this Canto, and is executed in a very bold and masterly manner. The burying-place of the Patriarchs, is described with so much beauty, that we cannot pass it over without quoting it as a passage of great merit.

"The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
 With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
 Who dress'd with duteous hands each hallow'd sod:
 No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
 His praises, whom the worm devour'd beneath;
 The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
 Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there;
 Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
 By one dishonour'd or by all forgot;
 To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
 From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear.
 And oft the living, by affection led,
 Were wout to walk in spirit with their dead,
 Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom;
 No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
 But white and red with intermingling flowers,
 The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers."

Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound,
 Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound;
 'Twas not a scene for Grief to nourish care,
 It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer."

In the sixth Canto, Javan has a second interview with Zillah, who betrays her affection for him, in consequence of the anxiety she expresses for his safety, and her wish to perish by the sword of the invaders so that he might live. After this, Javan visits the dwellings of his neighbours, whom he had not yet seen since his late return home, and sings to his harp, whilst they are assembled round him in the evening. He commences with a beautiful address to Twilight; after which follows Jubal's song on the creation, a piece of sacred poetry, perhaps without a rival in the English language. In his song, Javan also exemplifies the power of music, by showing what a happy revolution it wrought formerly in the disposition of Cain, as he was about to murder Jubal, whilst playing on his harp. Our limits will not admit more than one short extract from this Canto, and we offer the following, which carries its own great character with it, as strongly as it describes that of the unfortunate Cain, when his dark soul was meditating the murder of the bard —

"..... Grim before him lay,
 Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
 With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
 Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the lyre,
 An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd,
 Half brute, half human; whose terrific beard,
 And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
 Like eagle's plumage, ruffled by the air,
 Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
 Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,
 Deep-ploughed by Time, and ghastly pale with woes,
 That goaded till remorse to madness rose;
 Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
 With savage beasts in solitude to roam;
 Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
 No art could tame him, and no chains could bind:
 Already seven disastrous years had shed
 Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head;
 His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
 His heart was wither'd by the cold night-moon."

In the seventh Canto, the glen of the Patriarch is entered during the night, and they and their families carried away captive by a detachment from the army of the invaders. They submit to their enemy without betraying a want of resignation: and having travelled all night, find themselves in the morning, on the top of a mountain, where, while they halt, they offer to the Almighty "the sacrifice of prayer and praise." Having des-

cended the mountain, they pass by the tomb of Abel, which Enoch points out to Javan, and relates the circumstances attending his death, as occasioned by the murderer Cain. Javan relates to Enoch, in return, an account of the origin of their present invaders, believed to be the descendants of Cain, and who are called giants, from their great bulk and stature. The Canto concludes with the relation of the singular occurrences attending the birth and early adventures of the giant King, leader of the host, come to invade Eden. The awful character of the foster sire, by whom this last mentioned personage was brought up, may be sufficient to prepare the minds of our readers for one of his early adventures.

“ A Goatherd fed his flock on many a steep,
Where Eden’s rivers swell the southern deep;
A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
Yet far abroad his evil fame was known,
The first of woman born, that might presume
To wake the dead bones mouldering in the tomb,
And, from the gulph of uncreated night,
Call phantoms of faturity to light.
’Twas said his voice could stay the falling flood,
Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to blood,
Roll back the planets on their golden cars,
And from the firmament unfix the stars.
Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land,
Came at his call, and flew at his command;
His spells so potent, that his changing breath
Open’d or shut the gates of life and death.
O’er nature’s powers he claim’d supreme controul,
And held communion with all Nature’s soul:
The name and place of every herb he knew,
Its healing balsam, or pernicious dew;
The meanest reptile, and the noblest birth
Of ocean’s caverns, or the living earth,
Obey’d his mandate: — Lord of all the rest,
Man more than all his hidden art confess’d,
Cringed to his face, consulted, and revered
His oracles, — detested him and fear’d.”

The following is the early adventure of the giant king, whose delight in his boyhood was to brave the river’s wrath, to wrestle with the waves; and when torrents had swollen the furious tide, to ride on the foamy surge.

“ Once on a cedar, from its mountain throne
Pluckt by the tempest, forth he sail’d alone,
And reach’d the gulph: — with eye of eager fire,
And flushing cheek, he watch’d the shores retire,
Till sky and water wide around were spread;
— Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led,
With shouts of transport hail’d its setting light,
And follow’d all the long and lonely night;

But ere the morning-star expired, he found
 His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.
 Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes,
 When in the east he saw the sun arise;
 Pride quickly check'd them : — young ambition burn'd
 For bolder enterprize, as he return'd."

The eighth Canto commenees with an animated and beautiful address to the spirit or soul of the lyre, put in the mouth of the giant king's minstrel, who immediately after, sings the praises of his monarch, and describes the destruction of the remnant of his enemies' forces in an assault by land and water, on their encampment, between the forest on the eastern plain of Eden, and the river to the west. The king during the song of the minstrel, is represented on the summit of a mountain beneath the shade of aged trees, and encompassed by all his giant chiefs. While the latter trembled to hear the dreadful account of their own deeds, his soul remains unmoved, and his look is often turned to the west, whilst his thoughts are labouring with the ambitious design of even storming the mount of Paradise. At the conclusion of the bard's song, the trumpet summons the appearance of the captive Patriarchs and their families before the giant king and his chieftains.

To quote the beautiful passages found in this Canto, would be to quote every line in it. We must confine ourselves to one alone, and it is that characteristic of the great giant king in all his strength and pride of conquest.

"Exalted o'er the vassal chiefs, behold
 Their sovereign, cast in nature's mightiest mould;
 Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd
 A verdant canopy of light and shade,
 Throned on a rock the giant king appears,
 In the full manhood of five hundred years;
 His robe, the spoils of lions, by his might
 Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight;
 His raven locks unblanch'd by withering time,
 Amply dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime;
 His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, gleam
 Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
 Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appal,
 And nothing satisfy if less than all,
 Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
 The character of calm and awful grace;
 But direst cruelty, by guilt repress'd,
 Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,
 In silence brooding, like the secret power,
 That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour.

Canto the ninth. — The Giant King is overjoyed on beholding the patriarchs in his power, and is determined to offer up their blood ere morning, as a price for that aid which he ex-

pects from his demons, when he is to storm the mount of Paradise. On beholding Javan among the crowd, his wrath is raised to the highest, and he orders his slaves in a vehement tone to smite him, fling his limbs into the flames, and scatter his ashes to the wind. Javan is already pleading before there is time for the orders of the tyrant to be put in execution, and as he concludes by observing that he dies happy if he dies alone, Zillah on a sudden makes her appearance, when a very affecting scene takes place between the two lovers. This is at length interrupted by the awful sound of the voice of the Goatherd, the old foster sire of the giant king, who having flung himself in adoration before the tyrant, and acted in a very demon-like manner for a considerable time, to the terror of the awe-struck beholders, pretends at length to discover the secret attending the birth of the king, by declaring that the sun himself is his celestial sire and the moon his mother, who consigned her babe to him in secrecy, to be a blessing to all mankind. Shortly after this declaration he proposes his deification by ordering the giant chiefs to pour out the blood of the patriarchs as an offering to their kin. But as he continues his blasphemous harangue, and has occasion to mention the name of God, a spasm of horror withers up his frame at the most sacred word; and while the king and his chieftains look sore amazed in silent expectation on their sorcerer, Enoch, amidst a dead silence; makes his sudden appearance, at sight of whom the giant monarch shook —

“Shook like Belshazzar, in his festive hall,
When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall.”

Our space will admit but a short extract from this Canto, for which reason we give the description of the Goatherd, foster sire of the giant king.

“ Scarcely seem'd he of the sons of earth;
Unchronicled the hour that gave him birth;
Though shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply plough'd,
Keen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow'd;
Swarthy his features; venerably grey,
His beard dishevell'd o'er his bosom lay:
Bald was his front; but, white as snow behind,
His ample locks were scatter'd to the wind;
Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone
Of shagged fur, and o'er his shoulders thrown
A serpent's skin, that cross'd his breast, and round
His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

In the tenth Canto Enoch foretells the malediction ready to light upon the heads of the sorcerer and the giant king, in addition with what is to happen about the time of the general

deluge. The sorcerer, he said, was doomed to roam an out-cast for ever, and to live the scoff and scorn of mankind more than he had been its terror and adoration before; and his monarch was to be snatched from the pinnacle of his glory before morning by a death without a name, and his carcass left a prey for the wolves to slumber on at sunrise. As Enoch concludes by putting the utmost power of the giants to defiance, they and their leader rush instantaneously to smite him in death, when they are utterly and shamefully foiled in the attempt by the immediate ascension of the prophet into heaven in the sight of all his fellow brethren. Javan feeling himself endued by the divine spirit of Enoch, conducts the Patriarchs and their families through the host of the giants unhurt. The latter endeavour in the night-time to storm the mount of paradise, but the tempest rises, and showers sleet and hailstones in their faces, while the wind and waters are in dreadful commotion all around, and an earthquake rocks the agonizing earth beneath, which completely unnerves their strength by overwhelming them with terror. Coming on morning they are entirely routed by the fiery cherubim taking the field on winged coursers, and during their precipitate flight, their king is slain, agreeable to the prophecy of Enoch, by some unknown hand among his own people. The panic stricken legions fly homewards, leaving all their spoil and arms behind them, by which the natives of Eden find themselves greatly enriched, and freed henceforth from the terrors and danger of war, they lead a life of happiness and peace.

We have heard it laid as a material fault to this poem, that it is not sufficiently dramatic: to this objection we are sorry Mr. Montgomery has not left it in our power to raise another; but we can say, that had the defect which we have alluded to, never existed, it seems very probable that his poem would never have been charged with this last mentioned fault, or if so, that the charge would have been without a proper foundation. What we would next object to, is a frequent want of connexion between the lines of the couplet. Pope has been censured severely by the critics for mostly closing every couplet or two lines of his elaborate poetry with a period; and whilst Mr. Montgomery seems to have carefully avoided this studied defect, he has unfortunately, and we believe unwittingly, fallen into one not less serious, — that of making such a pause at the end of the first line of the couplet as completely bars the progress of its natural flow into the second, and consequently ruins its best effect.

E. R.

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this Pillow press'd,
That aching head is gone to rest;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worms' dark bed.
For ever sleeps that humble head.

My Friend was young, the world was new;
The world was false, my Friend was true;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, my Friend was poor;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense;
For nature never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consum'd its frail terrestrial frame;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd:
And yet, O Pillow! yet to me,
My gentle Friend survives in thee;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead!

On Helicon's inspiring brink,
Ere yet my Friend had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day,
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The Muse of Sorrow wandered by;

Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye;
With sweet astonishment he smiled;
The gipsy saw — she stole the child;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gayly sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire:
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings;
Then forth the music brake like thunder;
Back he started, wild with wonder!
The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in childhood's Eden bowers;
The fall from infant innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence:
O knowledge! worthless at the price,
Bought with the loss of Paradise!
As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires!)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,

O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man!

Then Nature's charms his heart possess'd,
And Nature's glory fill'd his breast :
The sweet Spring morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till boyhood blossom'd into youth;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired.
To bolder flights his soul aspired;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his genius soar'd,
Time and eternity explor'd,
And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
In Nature's temple, Nature's God :
Or pierced the human breast to scan
The hidden majesty of man;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride;
Pursued, along their erring course,
The streams of passion to their source;
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought!
—Yet still through all his strains would flow

A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the Muse of Sorrow's child.

O Pillow! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He poured his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild controul
Sleep, like a soft enchantment, stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire,
Through every chord that strung his lyre;
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue,
Amidst the wilderness he sung;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd:
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name, — a life in death,
Denied — a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O Pillow! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low;
But ah! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,

While deep he cherished in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O Pillow! only told to thee :
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel fair was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd;
They stung remembrance to despair;
"A wounded spirit who can bear!"
Meanwhile disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away!
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast!
How did delirious fancy dwell
On madness, suicide, and hell!
There was on earth no power to save :
— But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
Religion! — her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death;
She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace :
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To Heaven his gentle spirit rose.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past
There lived a man : — and WHO WAS HE ?
— Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast ,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth ,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perished from the earth ,
This truth survives alone : —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear !
— Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb ,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him ,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd, — but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd, — but his delights are fled ;
Had friends, — his friends are now no more ;
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O she was fair ! — but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee ;

He was — whatever thou hast been ;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN!

DEATH OF ADAM AND EVE.

— “ ‘ LEAVE me not, Adam ! leave me not below ;
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,’ —
She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,
Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face. —
Alarming recollection soon return'd,
His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd :
Ah ! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
With fond solicitude of love she sought
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,
And make the pillow easy to his head ;
She wiped his reeking temples with her hair ;
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air ;

Moisten'd his lips with kisses : with her breath
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of death ,
That ran and revelled through his swollen veins
With quicker pulses, and severer pains.

“ The sun , in summer majesty on high ,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky ;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays ,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze ,
And , circled with a red portentous zone ,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne ;
The vital air was still ; the torrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts , that labour'd hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade ,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd ,
And stretch'd him , pillow'd with his latest sheaves ,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known ,
We chose to watch his dying bed alone ,
Eve , Seth , and I. — In vain he sigh'd for rest ,
And oft his meek complainings thus express'd :
— ‘ Blow on me , wind ! I faint with heat ! O bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring ;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse ,
Ye cedars ! wash me cold with midnight dews.
— Cheer me , my friends ! with looks of kindness cheer ;
Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear ;
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom ;
This silence is the silence of the tomb.
Thither I hasten ; help me on my way ;
O sing to sooth me , and to strengthen pray ! ’
We sang to sooth him , — hopeless was the song ;
We pray'd to strengthen him , — he grew not strong.
In vain from every herb , and fruit , and flower ,

Of cordial sweetness, or of healing power,
We press'd the virtue; no terrestrial balm
Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
Thus as the day declined, the fell disease
Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees:
Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resign'd,
More self-collected grew the sufferer's mind;
Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore,
The righteous penalty of sin he bore;
Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.

— 'Tis just, 'tis merciful,' we heard him say;
' Yet wherefore hath he turn'd his face away?

I see him not; I hear him not; I call;
My God! my God! support me, or I fall.'

"The sun went down, amidst an angry glare
Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air;
The winds brake loose; the forest boughs were torn,
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;
Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
The florid evening vanish'd into night:
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder, and thick-vollied hail;
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,
Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand;
Around its base, the foamy-crested streams
Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's gleams;
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground,
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round;—
Never since nature into being came,
Had such mysterious motion shook her frame;
We thought, ingulph't in floods, or wrapt in fire,
The world itself would perish with our sire.

“ Amidst this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose,
Beneath the pressure of collected woes :
But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
Like the loose vapour of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began :

— “ ‘ O ye that shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of death and life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last;
Nature's infirmity alone you see;
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free;
Though firm in God the spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Horror and anguish seize me; — 'tis the hour
Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power;
The Tempter plies me with his direst art,
I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart;
He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
Instils the deadening poison of despair,
Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,
And bids me curse my Maker to his face.
— I will not curse Him, though his grace delay;
I will not cease to trust Him, though he slay;
Full on his promised mercy I rely,
For God hath spoken, — God, who cannot lie.
— Thou, of my faith the Author and the End!

Mine early, late, and everlasting friend !
The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more :
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
Receive my spirit, Lord ! from whom it came ;
Rebuke the Tempter, shew thy power to save,
O let thy glory light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death.'

" He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile :
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door ; —
The sword of God in his right hand he bore ;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sun-rise on the mountain's crest ;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm ;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease ;
His look was love, his salutation, ' Peace ! '

" Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed :
— ' 'Tis he, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove ;
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake ! ' she cried ;
' Return to Paradise ; behold thy guide !
O let me follow in this dear embrace ! '
She sank, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up ; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an angel's at the view :
' I come ! ' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.

The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled ;
We stood alone, the living with the dead ;
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom ;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

“ Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless spouse ;
Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse ;
She gave no answer ; motionless and cold,
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold ;
Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey
That hid her cheek ; her soul had pass'd away :
A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side ;
Love bound their lives, and death could not divide.”

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON GAIN.

“ I LOVE thee, twilight ! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, twilight ! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns,
While contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight ! I love thee ; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace ;

Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast :
Deeper, O twilight ! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

“ On such an evening, so divinely calm,
The woods all melody, the breezes balm,
Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray'd,
And mountain-cedars stretcht their downward shade,
Jubal, the prince of song (in youth unknown)
Retired to commune with his harp alone;
For still he nursed it, like a secret thought,
Long cherish'd and to late perfection wrought, —
And still with cunning hand, and curious ear,
Enrich'd, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,
Till he had compass'd, in that magic round,
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.
Then sang the minstrel, in his laurel bower,
Of nature's origin, and music's power.
— ‘ He spake, and it was done ; — Eternal night,
At God's command, awaken'd into light ;
He call'd the elements, earth, ocean, air,
He call'd them when they were not, and they were :
He look'd through space, and kindling o'er the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars came forth to meet his eye :
His spirit moved upon the desert earth,
And sudden life through all things swarm'd to birth ;
Man from the dust he raised to rule the whole ;
He breathed, and man became a living soul :
Through Eden's groves the Lord of Nature trod,
Upright and pure, the image of his God.
Thus were the heavens and all their host display'd,

In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid;
The glorious scene a holy sabbath closed,
Amidst his works the Omnipotent reposed:
And while he view'd, and bless'd them from his seat,
All worlds, all beings worshipt at his feet:
The morning stars in choral concert sang,
The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang,
Adoring angels from their orbs rejoice,
The voice of music was Creation's voice.

“ ‘ Alone along the lyre of nature sigh'd
The master-chord, to which no chord replied;
For man, while bliss and beauty reign'd around,
For man alone, no fellowship was found,
No fond companion, in whose dearer breast,
His heart, repining in his own, might rest;
For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,
A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
On earth's green lap, the father of mankind,
In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined;
Soft o'er his eyes a scaling slumber crept,
And fancy soothed him while reflection slept.
Then God — who thus would make his counsel known,
Counsel that will'd not man to dwell alone,
Created woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face.
The patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride,
— The morn of beauty risen from his side!
He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,
And love's first whispers won her to his arms.
Then, tuned through all the chords supremely sweet,
Exulting nature found her lyre complete,
And from the key of each harmonious sphere
Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear.’ ”

“ Here Jubal paused ; for grim before him lay,
Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
Fix'd like the gazing serpent's on the lyre,
An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd,
Half brute ; half human ; whose terrific beard,
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace ;
Limbs worn and wounded ; a majestic face,
Deep-plough'd by time, and ghastly pale with woes,
That goaded till remorse to madness rose.
Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
With savage beasts in solitude to roam ;
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
No art could tame him, and no chains could bind :
Already seven disastrous years had shed
Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head ;
His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
His heart was wither'd by the cold night-moon.

“ 'Twas Cain, the sire of nations ; — Jubal knew
His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew ;
He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire,
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre :
Sooner with life the struggling bard would part,
And ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
He hurl'd his hand, with one tremendous stroke,
O'er all the strings ; whence in a whirlwind broke
Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
Cold, breathless, motionless through all his frame ;

But soon his visage quicken'd into flame,
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear;
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

“ Slowly recovering from that trance profound,
Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound,
Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
And reason, by alternate frenzy crost,
Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.
So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,
When windy darkness rides upon the clouds,
Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
She reigns in full tranquillity of light.
Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chace
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,
And waked his noblest numbers, to controul
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul;
Through many a maze of melody they flew,
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
Pour'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
And soothed remembrance till remorse grew calm,
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.
O! had you seen him to his home restored,
How young and old ran forth to meet their lord;
How friends and kindred on his neck did fall,
Weeping aloud, while Cain outwept them all:
But hush! — thenceforward, when recoiling care
Lower'd on his brow, and sadden'd to despair,

The lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
Repell'd the demon, and revived his heart.
Thus song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
In chains of harmony the mightiest mind;
Thus music's empire in the soul began,
The first-born poet ruled the first-born man."

THE GIANT CHIEFTAIN.

"WHEN war, that self-inflicted scourge of man,
His boldest crime and bitterest curse, — began;
As lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,
And terrible as torrents in their fall,
Headlong from rocks through vales and vineyards hurl'd,
These men of prey laid waste the eastern world.
They taught their tributary hordes to wield
The sword, red-flaming, through the death-strown field,
With strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,
Glance the light arrow from the bounding bow,
Whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke,
And stand to combat, like the unyielding oak;
Then eye from eye with fell suspicion turn'd,
In kindred breasts unnatural hatred burn'd;
Brother met brother in the lists of strife,
The son lay lurking for the father's life;
With rabid instinct, men who never knew
Each other's face before, each other slew;
All tribes, all nations learn'd the fatal art,
And every hand was arm'd to pierce a heart.
Nor man alone the giant's might subdued;
— The camel, wean'd from quiet solitude,

Grazed round their camps, or slow along the road,
Midst marching legions, bore the servile load.
With flying forelock and dishevell'd mane,
They caught the wild steed prancing o'er the plain,
For war or pastime rein'd his fiery force;
Fleet as the wind he stretch'd along the course,
Or loudly neighing at the trumpet's sound,
With hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground.
The enormous elephant obey'd their will,
And, tamed to cruelty with direst skill,
Roar'd for the battle, when he felt the goad,
And his proud lord his sinewy neck bestrode,
Through crashing ranks resistless havoc bore,
And writhed his trunk, and bathed his tusks in gore.

“ Thus while the giants trampled friends and foes,
Amongst their tribe a mighty chieftain rose;
His birth mysterious, but traditions tell
What strange events his infancy befell.

“ A Goatherd fed his flock on many a steep,
Where Eden's rivers swell the southern deep;
A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
Yet far abroad his evil fame was known,
The first of woman born, that might presume
To wake the dead bones mouldering in the tomb,
And, from the gulph of uncreated night,
Call phantoms of futurity to light.
'Twas said his voice could stay the falling flood,
Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to blood,
Roll back the planets on their golden cars,
And from the firmament unfix the stars.
Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land,
Came at his call, and flew at his command;

His spells so potent, that his changing breath
Open'd or shut the gates of life and death.
O'er nature's powers he claim'd supreme controul,
And held communion with all nature's soul :
The name and place of every herb he knew,
Its healing balsam, or pernicious dew :
The meanest reptile, and the noblest birth
Of ocean's caverns, or the living earth,
Obey'd his mandate : — Lord of all the rest,
Man more than all his hidden art confess'd,
Cringed to his face, consulted, and revered
His oracles, — detested him and fear'd.

“ Once by the river, in a waking dream,
He stood to watch the ever-running stream,
In which, reflected upward to his eyes,
He giddily look'd down upon the skies,
For thus he feign'd in his ecstatic mood
To summon divination from the flood.
His steady view a floating object cross'd;
His eye pursued it till the sight was lost. —
An outcast infant in a fragile bark!
The river whirl'd the willow-woven ark
Down to'w'rds the deep; the tide returning bore
The little voyager unharm'd to shore :
Him in his cradle-ship securely bound
With swathing skins at eve the Goatherd found.
Nurst by that foster-sire, austere and rude,
Midst rocks and glens, in savage solitude,
Among the kids, the rescued foundling grew,
Nutrition from whose shaggy dams he drew,
Till baby-curles his broader temples crown'd,
And torrid suns his flexile limbs embrown'd :
Then as he sprang from green to florid age,

And rose to giant stature, stage by stage,
He roam'd the vallies with his browsing flock,
And leapt in joy of youth from rock to rock,
Climb'd the sharp precipice's steepest breast,
To seize the eagle brooding on her nest,
And rent his way through matted woods, to tear
The skulking panther from his hidden lair.
A trodden serpent, horrible and vast,
Sprang on the heedless rover as he pass'd;
Limb lock'd o'er limb, with many a straitening fold
Of orbs inextricably involved, he roll'd
On earth in vengeance, broke the twisted toils,
Strangled the hissing fiend, and wore the spoils.
With hardy exercise, and cruel art,
To nerve the frame, and petrify the heart,
The wizard train'd his pupil, from a span,
To thrice the bulk and majesty of man.
His limbs were sinewy strength, commanding grace,
And dauntless spirit sparkled in his face;
His arm could pluck the lion from his prey,
And hold the horn'd rhinoceros at bay,
His feet o'er highest hills pursue the hind,
Or tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind.

“ Yet 'twas the stripling's chief delight to brave
The river's wrath, and wrestle with the wave;
When torrent rains had swoln the furious tide,
Light on the foamy surge he loved to ride;
When calm and clear the stream was wont to flow,
Fearless he dived to search the caves below.
His childhood's story, often told, had wrought
Sublimest hopes in his aspiring thought.
—Once on a cedar, from its mountain throne
Pluckt by the tempest forth he sail'd alone,

And reach'd the gulph ; — with eye of eager fire,
And flushing cheek, he watch'd the shores retire,
Till sky and water wide around were spread ;
—Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led,
With shouts of transport hail'd its setting light,
And follow'd all the long and lonely night :
But ere the morning-star expired, he found
His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.
Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes,
When in the east he saw the sun arise :
Pride quickly check'd them : — young ambition burn'd
For bolder enterprise, as he return'd.

“Through snares and deaths pursuing fame and power,
He scorn'd his flock from that adventurous hour,
And, leagued with monsters of congenial birth,
Began to scourge and subjugate the earth.
Meanwhile the sons of Cain, who till'd the soil,
By noble arts had learn'd to lighten toil ;
Wisely their scatter'd knowledge he combined ;
Yet had an hundred years matured his mind,
Ere with the strength that laid the forest low,
And skill that made the iron furnace glow,
His genius launch'd the keel, and sway'd the helm,
(His throne and sceptre on the watry realm,)
While from the tent of his expanded sail,
He cycled the heavens and flew before the gale,
The first of men whose courage knew to guide
The bounding vessel through the refluent tide.
Then swore the giant, in his pride of soul,
To range the universe from pole to pole,
Rule the remotest nations with his nod,
To live a hero, and to die a god.”

ICE-BLINK AND AURORA BOREALIS.

'Tis sunset : to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene :
Broad in the cloudless west , a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere ; above unroll'd
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight ,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light ,
Through which the evening star , with milder gleam ,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east , , what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone ?
—Amidst black rocks , that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks , and mark receding land ;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas ,
That shine around the arctic Cyclades ;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent ,
In many a shapeless promontory rent ;
—O'er rocks , seas , islands , promontories spread ,
The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head ,
On which the sun , beyond th' horizon shrined ,
Hath left his richest garniture behind ;
Piled on a hundred arches , ridge by ridge ,
O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine bridge ,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky ;
With glacier-battlements , that crowd the spheres ,
The slow creation of six thousand years ,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime ,
—Winter's eternal palace , built by Time :

All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust; — mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument, where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
That shews a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulph, immoveable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.
Midnight hath told his hour; the moon, yet young,
Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung;
Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades :
Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;
Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air,
As though from heaven's self-opening portals came
Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
—Flame, that from every point an arrow sends,
Far as the concave firmament extends :
Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines :
The constellations in their pride look pale

Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil :
Then suddenly converged, the meteors rush
O'er the wide south, one deep vermilion blush
O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood;
Again the circuit of the pole they range,
Motion and figure every moment change,
Through all the colours of the rainbow run,
Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

NORWEGIAN TRIBES.

AGES had seen the vigorous race, that sprung
From Norway's stormy forelands, rock'd when young
In ocean's cradle, hardening as they rose
Like mountain-pines amidst perennial snows;
—Ages had seen these sturdiest sons of Time
Strike root and flourish in that ruffian clime,
Commerce with lovelier lands and wealthier hold,
Yet spurn the lures of luxury and gold;
Beneath the unbrage of the Gallic vine,
For moonlight snows and cavern-shelter pine;
Turn from Campanian fields a lofty eye
To gaze upon the glorious Alps, and sigh,
Remembering Greenland; more and more endear'd,
As far and farther from its shores they steer'd;
Greenland their world, — and all was strange beside;
Elsewhere they wander'd, here they lived and died.

At length a swarthy tribe, without a name,
Unknown the point of windward whence they came;
The power by which stupendous gulphs they cross'd,
Or compass'd wilds of everlasting frost,
Alike mysterious; — found their sudden way
To Greenland; pour'd along the western bay
Their straggling families; and seized the soil
For their domain, the ocean for their spoil.
Skraelings the Normans call'd these hordes in scorn,
That seem'd created on the spot, — though born
In trans-Atlantic climes, and thither brought
By paths as covert as the birth of thought;
They were at once; — the swallow-tribes in spring
Thus daily multiply upon the wing,
As if the air, their element of flight,
Brought forth new broods from darkness every night;
Slipt from the secret hand of Providence,
They come we see not how, nor know we whence.
A stunted, stern, uncouth; amphibious stock,
Hewn from the living marble of the rock,
Or sprung from mermaids, and in ocean's bed,
With orcs and seals, in sunless caverns bred,
They might have held, from unrecorded time,
Sole patrimony in that hideous clime,
So lithe their limbs, so fenced their frames to bear
The intensest rigours of the polar air;
Nimble, and muscular, and keen to run
The rein-deer down a circuit of the sun;
To climb the slippery cliffs, explore their cells,
And storm and sack the sea-birds' citadels;
In bands, through snows, the mother-bear to trace,
Slay with their darts the cubs in her embrace,
And while she lick'd their bleeding wounds, to brave

Her deadliest vengeance in her inmost cave :
Train'd with inimitable skill to float ,
Each , balanced in his bubble of a boat ,
With dexterous paddle steering through the spray ,
With poised harpoon to strike his plunging prey ,
As though the skiff, the seaman , oar, and dart
Were one compacted body, by one heart
With instinct, motion , pulse empower'd to ride ,
A human Nautilus upon the tide ;
Or with a fleet of Kayaks to assail
The desperation of the stranded whale ,
When wedged 'twixt jagged rocks he writhes and rolls
In agony among the ebbing shoals ,
Lashing the waves to foam ; until the flood ,
From wounds, like geysers , seems a bath of blood ,
Echo all night dumb-pealing to his roar ,
Till morn beholds him slain along the shore.

INCOGNITA.

WRITTEN AT LEAMINGTON, IN 1817, ON VIEWING THE
PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

“ She was a phantom of delight. ” — WORDSWORTH.

IMAGE of one, who lived of yore !
Hail to that lovely mien ,
Once quick and conscious ; — now no more
On land or ocean seen !
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass ,

Many as fair as thou might be,
But oh! not one, — not one like thee,

Thou art no child of fancy; — thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreathed with luxuriant hair;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but one.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once-resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood; — upon her birth
Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth,
That frolic round the child;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record, which hath told,
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess:
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush, — a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face —

One passion's changing colour mix;
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain,
Would fancy here recall;

Her throbs of ecstasy or pain

Lull'd in oblivion all;

With her, methinks, life's little hour

Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,

That leaves upon the vernal wind

Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she? — Ask yon aged tree,

Whose boughs embower the lawn,

Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy

Awoke her here at dawn;

Whether beneath its youthful shade,

At noon, in infancy she play'd;

—If from the oak no answer come,

Of her all oracles are dumb.

The dead are like the stars by day;

—Withdrawn from mortal eye,

But not extinct, they hold their way,

In glory through the sky :

Spirits, from bondage thus set free,

Vanish amidst immensity,

Where human thought, like human sight,

Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,

Could I explore that round,

In bliss, or woe, there is a place,

Where she might still be found;

And oh! unless those eyes deceive,

I may, I must, I will believe,

That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below —

An angel in that glorious realm,

Where God himself is king :

— But awe and fear, that overwhelm

Presumption, check my wing;

Nor dares imagination look

Upon the symbols of that book,

Wherein eternity enrolls

The judgments on departed souls.

Of her, of whom these pictured lines

A faint resemblance form,

— Fair as the second rainbow shines

Aloof amid the storm;

Of her this “ shadow of a shade ”

Like its original must fade,

And she, forgotten when unseen,

Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,

Of all that e'er I sung,

A lorn memorial may remain,

When silent lies my tongue,

When shot the meteor of my fame,

Lost the vain echo of my name,

This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be

The only trace of her and me.

With one who lived of old, my song

In lowly cadence rose;

To one who is unborn belong

The accents of its close :

Ages to come, with courteous ear,

Some youth my warning voice may hear;

And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,

Reader! if I am blest,

Again, as spirits, may we meet

In glory and in rest :

If not, — and I have lost my way, —

Here part we; — go not thou astray;

No tomb, no verse my story tell!

Once, and for ever, fare thee well.

WILLIAM SOTHEY.

AN ESSAY ON SOTHEY'S POETRY.

WILLIAM SOTHEY, Esq. F. R. S. F. A. S. is a gentleman of considerable fortune and of a liberal education, which he has improved by taste and diligence. He formerly resided at Bath, where his first publication was printed in a very splendid style. The country seat of Mr. Sothey is London Lodge in the county of Surrey, and the gardens are laid out in a very beautiful manner. Mr. Sothey has deservedly the character of a poet and of a refined scholar. He is known principally by his imitation of Wieland's *Oberon* by far superior to the German poem and by a translation of Virgil's *Georgics* which would be the best in any language, had not Delille translated it with an equal elegance. There is perhaps in Mr. Sothey's translation as in the French one a tendency to the Darwinian mannerism.

As an original writer, Mr. Sothey has written several tragedies, a mask and a scriptural poem, "*Saul*"¹: the name of the poem is Saul; but the hero is David; and it contains just so much of his history as is comprehended within the period of his first appearance as a harpist before the king, and the death of that monarch. In accommodating this story to poetry, Mr. Sothey has run into two opposite excesses: he has in many places adhered to the narrative, and to the very words of the scripture so closely, as to injure both the dignity and the interest of his composition; while, on other occasions, he has departed too widely from his original, and has used a much

¹ His literary performances are: *Poems*, consisting of a *Tour through parts of North and South Wales*, *Sonnets*, *Odes*, and an *Epistle on Physiognomy*, 4to. 1790. 2d edit. 4to. with plates, 1794. — *Oberon*, a poem from the German of Wieland, 8vo. 1798. — *The Battle of the Nile*, a poem, 4to. 1799. — *The Siege of Cneco*, trag. 8vo. 1800. — *The Georgics of Virgil*, translated into English verse, 8vo. 1800. — *Julian, or the Monks of the Great St. Bernard*, trag. 8vo. 1801. — *Poetical Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, on the Encouragement of the British School of Painting*, 8vo. 1801. — *Oberon, or Hnon de Bonrdeaux*, a mask; and *Orestes*, trag. 8vo. 1802. — *Saul*, a poem, 4to. 1807. — *Constance de Castile*, a poem, 4to. 1810. — *A Song of Triumph, on the peace*, 8vo. 1814. — *Six Tragedies*, 8vo. 1814.

greater license both in suppressing and in interpolating, than we can easily pardon in the case of a narrative so familiar. The work, after all, however, is the work of a poet; or at least of one who possesses poetical taste and feeling. There is a delicacy and grace in many of the descriptions; a sustained tone of gentleness and piety in the sentiments; and an elaborate beauty in the diction, which frequently makes amends for the want of force and originality.—The first book opens with a long account of the symptoms of Saul's being possessed with the evil spirit. Mr. Sotheby's theory of the case, though it derives no support from the scripture history, is poetical and ingenious. He supposes the unhappy king to be haunted by a spectre, which successively assumes his own form and character, as he was in the days of his shepherd innocence or aspiring youth, and tortures him with the afflicting contrast of those happy times, before he had tasted the cares of royalty, or known the pangs of remorse, for his disobedience of the divine commandment.

E. R.

AN APPARITION.

A YOUTH IN SHEPHERD WEEDS, ADDRESSES SAUL IN THESE
STRAINS :

“UP from thy couch of woe, and join my path ;
And I will wreath thy fav’rite crook with flow’rs.
Lo! this thy crook, which from the flinty cleft,
Sprung wild, where many a gurgling streamlet fell.
Pleasant the spot wherein the saplin grew;
And pleasant was the hour, when o’er the rill
Thy fancy shap’d its pliant growth; ’twas spring :
Sweet came its fragrance from the vale beneath,
Strew’d with fresh blossoms, shed from almond bowers :
Still blooms the almond bow’r : the fragrance still
Floats on the gale : still gush the crystal rills,
And Cedron rolls its current musical.
Why droop’st thou here disconsolate and sad?
Look up! the glad hills cast the snow aside :
The rain is past, the fresh flow’rs paint the field :
Each little bird calls to his answering mate ;
The roes bound o’er the mountains. Haste away!
Up from thy couch, and join my gladsome path,
Where shepherds carol on the sunshine lawn!”

“I come, I come, fair Angel!” Saul exclaims.
“Give me my shepherd’s weeds... my pipe... my crook ;
Aid me to cast these cumbrous trappings off.
Yet stay;” — but swift at once the vision gone,
Mocks him, evanishing. Groans then, and sighs.
And bitterness of anguish, such as felt,

Of him, who on Helvetia's heights, a boy,
Sung to the Alpine lark; and saw, beneath,
Prone cataracts, and silver lakes, and vales
Romantic : and now paces his night-watch,
Hoar veteran, on the tented field. Not him,
Fresh slaughter fuming on the plain, — not him
The groan of death, familiar to his ear,
Disquiet; but if, haply heard, the breeze
Bring from the distant mountain low of kine,
With pipe of shepherd leading on his flock
To fold : oh then, on his remembrance rush
Those days so sweet, that roof, beneath the rock,
Which cradled him when sweeping snow-storms burst :
And those within, the peaceful household hearth
With all its innocent pleasures. Him far off
Regret consumes, and inly-wasting grief,
That knows no solace, till in life's last hour,
When, o'er his gaze, in trance of bliss, once more
Helvetia and her piny summits float!

OPENING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF SAUL.

FAIN would I turn my destin'd path, awhile,
From tumult, and contention of fierce focs
In arms, and Canaan realm clanging beneath
Th' array of battle. Other scenes delight
Me more, and draw my willing spirit forth,
In shadow, and faint imag'ry of song,
Accompanying, celestial muse! thy course
Where Siloim's fountains flow : to seek some spot,
Yet unprofan'd, where the meek Hermit chants

His orisons, and, heard at twilight, breathes
The hymn of peace; more grateful to the bard,
Than war's loud pean, or triumphant shouts
That echo o'er the dying. Yet, awhile,
On Sion, or lone Carmel's height, repose
My brow, and to my wistful gaze unfold,
Rude tho' the realm and desolate, the waste
Whose champaigns wild the pastoral times recal
Primeval; when the Patriarch, firm of faith,
Past from Chaldean as through lands unknown,
A sojourner, and pitch'd his tent, the flock
And herd beside, where'er green valley gave
Fresh pasture, or cool well the noon-thirst slak'd:
And lead me, deeply musing, to each mount,
And high hill top, where patriarch fires sent up
The flame of sacrifice, and angel guests
Alighted, and Jehovah not disdain'd
Familiar converse with the sons of earth.
Ah! consecrated haunts! pure scenes of peace,
Farewell! dire strife and contest claim the song?

THE APPROACH OF SAUL AND HIS GUARDS.

HARK! hark! the clash and clang
Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
Of martial movement regular: the swell
Sonorous of the brazen trump of war:
Shrill twang of harps, sooth'd by melodious chime
Of beat on silver bars: and sweet, in pause
Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,

Choirs, whose match'd voices fill'd the air afar
With jubilee, and chant of triumph hymn :
And ever and anon irregular burst
Of loudest acclamation, to each host
Saul's stately advance proclaimed. Before him, youths
In robes succinct for swiftness : oft they struck
Their staves against the ground, and warn'd the throng
Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
Of chariots roll'd with each an armed band ;
Earth groan'd afar beneath their iron wheels :
Part arm'd with scythes for battle, part adorn'd
For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
Warriors, his watch and ward, from ev'ry Tribe
Drawn out. Of these a thousand, each selects,
Of size and comeliness above their peers,
Pride of their race. Radiant their armour : some
In silver cas'd, scale over scale, that play'd
All pliant to the liveness of the limb :
Some, mail'd in twisted gold, link within link
Flexibly ring'd and fitted, that the eye
Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
When act of war the strength of man provok'd,
The motion of the muscles, as they worked
In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
Swung in the broider'd baldric : each right hand
Grasp'd a long-shadowing spear. Like them their chiefs
Array'd ; save on their shields of solidore,
And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
Its subtlety in rich device of war :
And o'er their mail, a robe, Punicean dye,
Gracefully play'd : where the wing'd shuttle, shot
By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove

Broidure of many-colour'd figures rare.
 Bright glowed the sun, and bright the burnish'd mail
 Of thousands, rang'd, whose pace to song kept time;
 And bright the glare of spears, and gleam of crests,
 And flaunt of banners flashing to and fro
 The noon day beam. Beneath their coming, earth
 Wide glitter'd. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
 Gorgeously mail'd, but more by pride of port
 Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
 Of war and regal ornament, the king,
 Thron'd in triumphal car, with trophies grac'd,
 Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
 Shone like a sun beam. O'er his armour flow'd
 A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starr'd
 With blaze of orient gems : the clasp that bound
 Its gather'd folds his ample chest athwart,
 Sapphire; and o'er his casque, where rubies burnt,
 A cherub flam'd, and wash'd his wings in gold.

AN ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

How oft, when Autumn, in the bleak gale rent
 His robe, all colours, as the last leaves sere
 Fell, have I lingering bade with thee the year
 Farewell! and with enchanted gaze pursued
 The broad illuminations, and deep shades,
 That chas'd each other o'er the champaign wide;
 And striking in their stretch of speed, the woods,
 And high hill tops, brought out, like magic, change
 Of momentary scenes! — My lay, ere long,
 Will cease! I pause upon the closing strain.

A little while, and ye, fair visions pure,
That people the wild solitude, and make
The pathless woodlands echo with my song,
Will cease your inspiration! Haunts of peace!
Where underneath, the hush'd winds murmuring,
I wont through leafy labyrinths to wind
The summer day, and shape, as fancy prompts,
My tuneful meditations!

SEA-FIGHT.

THE Angel of destruction from on high
Rush'd with red wing that blazed along the sky,
Stalk'd on the wave with garment dyed in blood,
And lash'd the billows of the sounding flood.
Death heard his voice; and as he tower'd in air,
Shook arrowy lightnings from his meteor hair.
A wild confusion of uncertain sound,
Loud shouts and shrieks of horror ring around;
The groan of anguish, and the brazen roar,
And the slow wave that heaved the dead on shore;
And all confused came floating on the sight,
Thro' transitory flames of lurid light;
Save where, aloft, 'mid either navy raised,
Tower'd a vast wreck, that far o'er ocean blazed;
Like Etna, pouring from the sea-girt height,
A fiery torrent thro' the storm of night.
There frenzy's thrilling outcry smote the ear,
And visions flash'd that struck the brave with fear.
Thro' the torn decks, rent sides, and shiver'd sails
As rush'd th' expanding flame before the gales,

Pale swarms were seen, that dash'd in wild dismay
Thro' bursting fires, that clos'd around their way :
Some on the masts and blazing cordage hung,
Or headlong plunged the crowded waves among;
And on the pile of dying and of dead,
Gash'd with wide wounds, th' unyielding chieftain bled!
Now seen, and now no more! 'Mid globes of fire,
That burst around, and blazed above the pyre,
Death waved his torch and fired th' imprison'd blast,
High in mid air the shiver'd fabric cast,
And rode upon the storm, and shouted as it pass'd!

LINES

WRITTEN BETWEEN MUNICH AND AUGSBOURG.

THE traveller onward speeds his pace,
Regardless of thy scene;
And resting on some lovelier place,
Forgets thou e'er hast been.

But — on the loveliest spot on earth,
Though home that spot may be,
As thou had'st welcom'd in my birth,
My spirit dwells on thee.

The woes I here endured awhile
Thy memory more endear,
For thou beheld'st my brightest smile
Beam from my bitterest tear.

TO JOANNA BAILLIE.

SISTER of Shakespeare! so not wrongly named,
For his divinest spirit on thy birth
Looked kindly down, revisitant on earth,
And with like fire thy kindred soul inflamed.
Thou, too, enchantress! with a sceptered hand
Beckon'st the Passions forth, and at thy call
Love, Hate, Ambition, robed in tragic pall
Rise, and before thy throne subservient stand,
To do thy bidding. — Many a future age,
And bards unborn, shall, as thy strains inspire,
Weep o'er thy scenes, and catch from thee their fire.
Me other thought and milder scenes engage;
And as I share thy converse, gay and free,
And hear thy unambitious language mild,
I doubt how artless nature's simple child
Can strike the chords that breathe sublimity;
And how the dove's smooth plumes, and level flight
Can soar where eagles sweep, and bathe their wings in
light.

THE FAULTS OF THE DEAD LIE IN
THEIR GRAVE.

HARD is his heart, who never at the tomb
Of one belov'd, o'er the sepulchral urn

Has mus'd on days that shall no more return,
And call'd around from the funereal gloom,
Shades of past joy; while tears that lenient flow,
Seem to obliterate the sense of woe.

Lo! on the mirror bright of former days,
Whereon we love to gaze,
Repicturing the scene of happiness,
No forms unkind intrude;
O'er each hard feature rude
Gather the shadows of forgetfulness;
While all that minister'd delight,
Floats like a blissful dream before the sight.

'Tis as a pleasant land by moonlight seen,
Where each harsh form that met the day,
In darkness dies away;
Smooth gleams and tender shadows steal between,
While the pale silvery orb glides peaceful o'er the scene.

FANCY SKETCH.

I KNEW a gentle maid; I ne'er shall view
Her like again; and yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I traced regardless by;
For her pale cheek, unmarked with roseate hue,
Nor beamed from her mild eye a dazzling glance.
Nor flashed her nameless graces on the sight,
Yet beauty never woke such pure delight.
Fine was her form, as Dian's in the dance;
Her voice was music; in her silence dwelt

Expression, every look instinct with thought;
Though oft her mind, by youth to rapture wrought
Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new;
The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt;
And on her lips, where gleamed a lingering smile,
Pity's warm tear gushed down her cheek the while :
Thy like, thou gentle maid ! I ne'er shall view.

C. R. MATURIN.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, was the descendant of a French protestant emigrant family (whose history is almost as romantic as any recorded in the pages of fiction) and the son of a gentleman who held, for many years, a lucrative and respectable situation under government. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of fifteen, and his academical progress was marked not only by the attainment of premiums and a scholarship, but of prizes for composition and extempore speaking in the theological class, and of the medals bestowed by the (now abolished) Historical Society, on those who distinguished themselves by rhetorical and poetical productions. At a very early period of life, he married Henrietta Kingsbury, and became the father of several children. For several years after his marriage he continued to reside in his father's house, till that father's dismissal from the situation which he had held 47 years, with a spotless and esteemed character, plunged the whole family into a state of horrible distress.

Mr. Maturin, was now obliged to apply himself to means for the subsistence of his family, which the stipend of a Dublin curate, his only preferment, could not afford. He proposed to take pupils, as inmates in his house; and, encouraged by the recollection of his own success at college, applied himself to his task with industry and hope. For some time he was successful, and we have been informed that "Bertram" was written while the author had six young men residents in his house, and four who attended him for instruction daily, to all of whom his attention was unremitting.

Mr. Maturin was compelled to give up his establishment, and was since, to his death which happened in 1825, dependent solely on his literary talents for subsistence.

His first production was "Montorio," and this was followed by the "Wild Irish Boy," and the "Milesian."

To the zealous friendship, the judicious monitions, and

the indefatigable patronage of Sir Walter Scott, our author has been heard gratefully to ascribe all the distinction and success he has subsequently enjoyed. Excited by the success of Mr. Sheil's first tragedy of "Adelaide," in Dublin, he wrote "Bertram," and offered it to the manager of Crow-street theatre, by whom it was rejected in the year 1814. Mr. Maturin not possessing any means of access to the London theatres, suffered the manuscript to moulder by him for a year and a half, and then submitted it to the perusal of Sir Walter Scott: by Sir Walter Scott it was transferred to Lord Byron, then a member of the committee of Drury-lane theatre, and, through his influence, brought out at that theatre in May 1816, with an effect and popularity unparalleled since the production of "Pizarro."

The popularity of dramatic works is, however, proverbially transient; the moral feeling of the public was wounded by an alledged fault in the narrative, and "Bertram," after carrying all before it for the first season, and being successfully represented in England, Ireland, Scotland, and even America, is now, we believe, finally discarded from the list of stock-plays. "Bertram," was followed by "Manuel," and Fredolpho.

Mr. Maturin's last works, "Bertram," — "Manuel," "Women, and Melmoth," — with all their defects, have no parallel or resemblance in modern composition. They all appear purely the works of the author's *mind*. They are, as Johnson says — "painted out with resolute deliberation;" — his characters have no prototype in nature or life — they never existed, and never could have existed — yet they are not unnatural. They are the creatures of a powerful and poetical imagination, that can make us believe in its own creation, and with a touch, like magic, invest illusions with all the reality of truth. — He is alike "disdainful of help or hindrance." He has neither image, sentiment, or style, or way of thinking, in common with his contemporaries. He is original (no small praise in this day of imitation); and his *melancholy* is neither that "of the poet, or courtier, or scholar" — *it is his own* — the predominant and awful tincture of his mind. His own feelings have communicated themselves to his writings; it is not the fastidious melancholy of surfeited luxury, not the maudlin tear of the bacchanal in the interval of intoxication, but that melancholy which arises from a sadly experimental acquaintance with real sufferings and their practical results.

Of "Bertram" so much has been said in praise and in dispraise, that it would be idle for us to add any thing — it *was*

the most successful tragedy of its day — and *is* still a powerful monument of poetical ability. Of “Manuel” we are inclined to speak more favourably than the public has yet spoken, after its failure. But the reader who turns to the description of the “Battle of Osma,” in the first act — to the thrilling exclamation of “*let none but fathers search*,” in the second — to the beautiful and poetical pleadings of Manuel and De Zelos, in the third — to the feeble delirium and officious debility of Manuel in the fourth — and to the exquisite dialogue between the *guardian daughter* and the *lunatic father*, in the fifth, will acknowledge they have scarce a parallel in English dramatic poetry.

The most singular contrast did exist between the general character of Maturin’s writings and the temper and taste of the author; and the sorcerer, whose wand and word of power could evoke the awful but distorted phantoms of “Montorio,” the vivid delineator of the dreaded and dreadless “Bertram;” the faithful and agonizing tracer of the conflicts of blasphemy, suicide, and despair, was in real life, the gayest of the gay, passionately fond of society, and of all that can exhilarate or embellish it — of music, of dancing, of the company of the youthful, and the society of females.

X.

A SCENE FROM BERTRAM.¹

PRIOR — The dark Knight of the forest.
So from his armour named and sable helm,
Whose unbarred vizor mortal never saw.
He dwells alone; no earthly thing lives near him,
Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dank weeds muffling his stagnant moat.
BERTRAM. I'll ring a summons on his barred portal,

¹ This scene, suppressed at the representation, was preserved by Sir Walter Scott who has made the following observations on the subject: — In this scene Bertram is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes, by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being. The description of the fiend's port and language, the effect which the conference with him produces upon Bertram's mind, — the terrific dignity with which the intercourse with such an associate invests him, and its rendering him a terror even to his own desperate banditti, is all well conceived, and executed in a grand and magnificent strain of poetry; and, in the perusal, supposing the reader were carrying his mind back to the period when such intercourse between mortals and demons was considered as matter of indisputable truth, the story acquires probability and consistency, even from that which is in itself not only improbable but impossible. The interview with the incarnate fiend of the forest, would, in these days, be supposed to have the same effect upon the mind of Bertram, as the 'metaphysical aid' of the witches produces upon that of Macbeth, awakening and stimulating that appetite for crime, which slumbered in the bosom of both, till called forth by supernatural suggestion. At the same time, while we are happy to preserve a passage of such singular beauty and power, we approve of the taste which retrenched it in action. The *suadente diabolus* is now no longer a phrase even in our indictments; and we fear his Satanic Majesty, were he to appear on the stage in modern times, would certainly incur the appropriate fate of *damnation*.

Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.
PRIOR. Thou'rt mad to take the quest. — Within my
memory

One solitary man did venture there —
Dark thoughts dwell with him, which he sought to vent
Unto that dark compeer; we saw his steps,
In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass;
But days and years are gone, and he returns not.

BERTRAM. What fate befel him there?

PRIOR. The manner of his end was never known.

BERTRAM. That man shall be my mate—contend not
with me;

Horrors to me are kindred and society,
Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

(Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the
fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview
which he had courted.)

BERTRAM. Was it a man or fiend? — Whate'er it was,
It hath dealt wonderfully with me —
All is around his dwelling suitable;
The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
The hidden waters rushing to their fall,
These sounds of which the causes are not seen
I love, for they are like my fate mysterious —
How tower'd his proud form through the shrouding
gloom!

How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion!
How through the barred vizer did his accents
Roll their rich thunder on their pausing soul!
And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp,
And though his closed morion hid his feature,
Yea all resemblance to the face of man,
I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,
I felt those unseen eyes were fix'd on mine,

If eyes indeed were there —

Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs
Foul fertile seeds of passion and of crime,
That wither'd in my heart's abortive core,
Rous'd their dark battle at his trumpet-peal :
So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
Waking its myriad hosts of burning death :
So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
Of blood and bone and flesh and dust-worn fragments,
In dire array of ghastly unity,
To bide the eternal summons —
I am not what I was since I beheld him —
I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway —
All is condensed, collected, callous now —
The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er,
Down pours the dense and darkening lava-tide,
Arresting life and stilling all beneath it.

(Enter two of his band observing him.)

FIRST ROBBER. See'st thou with what a step of pride he
stalks —

Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen ;
For never man, from living converse come,
Trode with such step or flash'd with eye like thine.

SECOND ROBBER. And hast thou of a truth seen the dark
knight ?

BERTRAM. (Turning on him suddenly.) Thy hand is chill'd
with fear; well! shivering craven,
Say I have seen him — wherefore dost thou gaze?
Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal?
Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
Crumbled to dust at sound of magic horn;
Banner of sheeted flame whose foldings shrunk
To withering weeds that o'er the battlements
Wave to the broken spell — or demon-blast
Of winded clarion whose fell summons sinks

To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
O'er the charm'd towers ——

FIRST ROBBER. Mock me not thus — hast met him of a
truth? ——

BERTRAM. Well, fool. ——

FIRST ROBBER. Why then heaven's benison be with you.
Upon this hour we part —— farewell for ever.
For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon ——
But man that leagues with demons lacks not man.

THE BATTLE OF OSMA.

(A SCENE FROM MANUEL.)

MANUEL. —— Kinsman, I greet you well. (carelessly)

(Victoria goes to them, and appears to make amends for their
cold reception by others.)

Nay, is there not

A heavy, sultry faintness in the night?

1st. GUEST. A lovelier sun-set never lit your towers,

MAN. I mark'd it too. —— did you not mark it, friends?

I saw the setting sun go glorious down

'Mid clouds of form and hue inimitable ——

Like some high chieftain in his victor-tent,

O'er-canopied with glory —— with his train

Of floating banners crimson-hued, and plumes

Tinted with gorgeous coloring —— blazonry

Of hand divine! ——

But round his sinking orb a dark cloud hung ——

A sable speck malignant —— through whose shade

All the fair pageantry of lights and hues

An ominous and gloomy lustre shed.

GUESTS. We mark'd it not.

MAN. Was it not wond'rous strange?

VICT. Good Perez, rouse thy master with some tale
Of my brave brother's deeds.

His spirit will kindle at the stirring theme,
As starts the slumbering warrior from his dream
At the far trumpet's sound.

TOR. Nay, let us hear some of his own high deeds.
I love to hear an ancient warrior's tale,
When stirred by recent glory.

MAN. Ay, many things come thronging to my brain
Feverish and troubled, but they make me feel
I was a warrior once.

Heard ye the tale of Osma? sword of heaven,
Thou'st put on strength as in the ancient days —
Days of the deeds of old! —

Night hung on van and rear : we moved in darkness,
And heavily did count our echoed steps :

As men who marched to death! — Osma, thy field,
When the pale morn broke on the battle's verge,
Seemed as an ocean, where the moorish turbans,
Toss'd like the white sea foam! amid that ocean
We were to plunge and — perish! —

For ev'ry lance we couch'd, the moslem host
Drew twenty scimitars — and, when the cry
“ God and st. Jago! ” burst from our pale lips,
Seem'd as if every Spanish soldier peal'd
His requiem, not his battle-shout! — oh sirs!

We stood not then on terms of war, — devices
To give the coward the cold praise of art :
We fought with life and soul upon the issue, —
With sword, once drawn, whose battle knew no end :
With hand, that, wedded to the faithful hilt,
Knew no divorce but death, and held it *then*
With grasp which death unlocks not! —

We charg'd beneath their javelins' iron show'r,
Clashed cymbal, sabre-gleam, and banner's float,
That hid the light between! — we charged in blood,
And left our trampling steeds to tread out lives
That foil'd our blunted swords! — we charged in death;
Flung life away, as an incumb'ring garment;
And, like the *greek*, grappled with glory *naked*!
'Twas noon, — when, like a mountain earthquake shook,
I saw their battle reel.

Then waned the troubled crescent, while aloft,
Banner'd in chivalrous display, the cross,
Like meteor, flew and blaz'd! — Miramolin,
Like the proud leader of the evil host,
The first in stature, glory, and despair,
Still trod the edge of battle — still his sword
Swept with resistless range where thickest fell
The bloody harvest round! — “ Miramolin —
“ Turn, turn, ” I cried! — “ tis Manuel calls. ” —

(Falls back exhausted.)

Oh! I had voice to hush the battle *then*,
But have not voice to tell it now! —

BALLAD.

ROUND Padua's towers the clouds that rolled,
The parting sun had tinged with gold:
Her spires are reddening with his rays,
Her domes are wrapt in purple blaze. —
And lo! as fades the lingering light,
A thousand joy-fires burst to sight;
And her streets, beneath the kindling ray,

Burn with the busy glow of day, —
In tower and spire the bells are ringing;
In holy domes the mass is singing;
From warder's hold the clarion braying;
In lady's bower sweet music playing :
Minstrel and mime alternate chaunt
Of love and war and wild romaunt —
Tales of the might of Charlemagne,
Or British Arthur's fairy reign.
The light Morisco twirls his bell,
The jongleur plies his cunning well :
Pardoner and pilgrim, through the crowd,
Vaunted their godly gear aloud;
Or turned to hail with wondering eye
The masquer's torch-light revelry.
They come, in mystic pageant quaint,
Paynim and prophet, fiend and saint;
And classic legend blent uncouth
With mysteries deep of sacred truth :
While from the latticed casement high,
Roof, battlement, and balcony,
The clustered gazers fling below
Their bending torches' umbered glow,
While, with each shadow's fitful change,
They image forth expression strange.

'Mid the mixed group beneath, —
Now tinge a pilgrim's dark grey cowl, —
Now flash upon a demon's scowl;
Flit from the churchman's tonsure white
To steely form in mailed might;
From laughing beauty's up-cast eye
To tortured saint in agony;
From gibing dwarf, and antic folly,
To tapered shrine and relique holy,

And cross upreared, in awful state,
Rich and red with the precious weight,

Of him who died the death. —

Thus did in truth the pageant seem,
Like minstrel lover's haunted dream.

Yet might the bookman's thoughtful mind
Apt food amid the triflers find; —

Childhood was there, with wondering cry,
And restless step, and flashing eye;

And Manhood grave, intent the while
To taste the joy, but veil the smile;

And hoary Eld, with joyless eye,
Marvelling, with retrospective moan,

How younger sights such charms can spy
In what no longer charms their own.

WHEN their red light the torches lent,
They feasted full in the victor's tent:

And ever, with loud and lavish boast,
The stranger youth's acclaim they raise, —

For wonder vanquished jealous pride,
And joy had made them prone to praise —

The stranger youth, who sought that morn
Their leader, with petition high,

To bear his banner in the fight,
And plant it there in blood — or die;

And how, when chiefs of bearded might
Deemed it foul scorn, that stripling light,

Who never, as his words confess'd,
In sportive tourney's bloodless jest

So much as shivered spear, —
Dared now, in dread and mortal fight,

Of chief assayed and well-fleshed knight
To hold himself the peer :

How the proud blush of conscious worth
His hero features burned,
And his cheek, so pale with awe and hope,
To speaking crimson turned :
And while he pleaded yet, and prayed,
And still the pausing chief delayed,
The standard from its staff he tore.
And where upon the heath's dim bound,
Rung conch and cymbal's heavy sound —
And faintly rose the Paynim moon,
In dim eclipse to set so soon —
Where the dark battle mustered well
The turbaned bands of Ishmael —
Headlong in desperate charge he bore :
Then closed around the Paynim bands
In unavailing strife;
For lo! a thousand weapons aimed
Against a single life! —
And there are lightning lance, and spear,
And sabre-flash, and scimitar,
And arrows are hailing from the rear,
And javelins glance like falling star.
Then sprung each warrior to his steed,
To aid their champion at his need,
And as the heath they win —
Like oarless bark on ocean tost —
Now seen, now sunk, now safe, now lost —
His victim head was seen.
Not heaven itself, in this dread hour,
To save that desperate life has power, —
When loud was heard the blood-choked cry,
That shouted — “ God and victory!”
And ere the aids can come,
Through brand and blood his way he wore,

To earth the struggling foemen bore,
And on to meet the rescue sprung,
And, mid the shouting champions flung
The banner blessed by Rome. —
Like lightning that precedes the storm,
Ere the clouds dark battle form,
Was that wild sally's desperate strife; —
Then, like the whirlwind in its sway,
Joined the dark hosts in dread array,
That parted but with parting life —
And he who still aloft that day,
With bloody hand, the banner bore,
Who, thrice that day, his bold breast threw
The Christian leader's life before;
And from the yelling Paynim's grasp
Their waning moon in triumph tore;
Amid the assembled chieftains proud,
In that dread day's tremendous close,
While his proud eyes' new-lighted fire
Still lightened on his breathless foes,
Low kneeling 'neath his leader's sword,
Knight-banneret arose :
" And bear henceforth," the chieftain said,
" The *cross of blood* upon thy shield;
And mayest thou still, as on this day,
The sword of God resistless wield :
And saints still give thee faith in death,
And valour in the field. "

FRAGMENT.

NIGHT sunk upon the field — by Brenta's side,
Whose troubled currents red with slaughter swell,

Paynim and Christian bands their might have tried.

The arm of God hath smote the infidel,
The shades that loured where many fought and fell
(Shrouding in darkness day's last gleamings red),
Wild image of the battle pictured well
To wanderer lone — or bard with shuddering tread —
If bard might venture well, unscathed, near scene so
dread.

For clouds are furling there their volumes deep,
Like folded banners of retiring host.
The parted sun hath sunk in fiery sleep,
Like tented chieftain on his victor-post!
Wild as the cry that murmured "All is lost!"
The night-winds sweep the field with hollow dirge —
While (as he mourned his bloody purpose crost)
The sanguine streaks that in the darkness merge
Like war-fiend's angry scowl, glare o'er the battle's verge.

Hushed is the battle's roar — the breeze of morn
Waved standard sheet, and woke the clarion —
Low sung on evening's blast the distant horn
To the cold ear of flight, its warning tone; —
Fallen is the battle's pride — where gonfalon
O'er peer and paladin in glory streamed;
Hovering in hungry swoop on dark pennon
The vulture and the bird of carrion screamed,
Where, wan beneath the moon, their mailed corpses
gleamed.

